

Chatelaine

JULY, 1937

TEN CENTS



In This Issue: **Are You Ruining Your Husband's Chances For Promotion?**

Pretty lips cost her a pretty penny—
but never a second for her tender gums



— ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

LET HER study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that *dull, dingy, shadowed* smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the care she gives her lips

on her dingy teeth, her *tender, ailing gums*—not until she knows the meaning of that "tinge of pink" upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"

When that warning tinge appears on *your* tooth brush—go at once to your dentist. He can give you proper advice. Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he'll suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and

often the stimulating help of Ipana and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of "pink tooth brush." Begin at once to help protect the health of your teeth and gums, in this simple, easy way. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually *firmer, sounder, healthier*.

With gums awakened to healthy life, teeth brilliant, sparkling—how much more attractive will be your smile! Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste



Maligne Lake
Jasper National Park



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Air-conditioned
Equipment

You'll enjoy every minute of your stay at JASPER PARK IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

When you discover Jasper, you capture for your book of memories a brilliant scenic page outstanding in this broad Dominion. Here, in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, Nature is found in a most lavish mood, mingling vivid strokes of grandeur with rare and delicate beauty.

On the main line route of Canadian National's famous *Continental Limited*, Jasper offers everything that the vacationist might desire, in a setting of breath-taking loveliness.

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The welcoming hospitality of Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge assures a delightful social life, where charming informality is an invitation to relax... where meals are tempting, delicious. Jasper Park Lodge rates are from \$7.00 a day, including meals.

Any Canadian National Ticket Agent will gladly give you complete information on Jasper and details of All Expense Tours.

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(including room and meals at Jasper Park Lodge)

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A delightful tour including motor drives to Mt. Edith Cavell, Glacier of the Angels, and Maligne Canyon. Time available for golf and other unscheduled activities.

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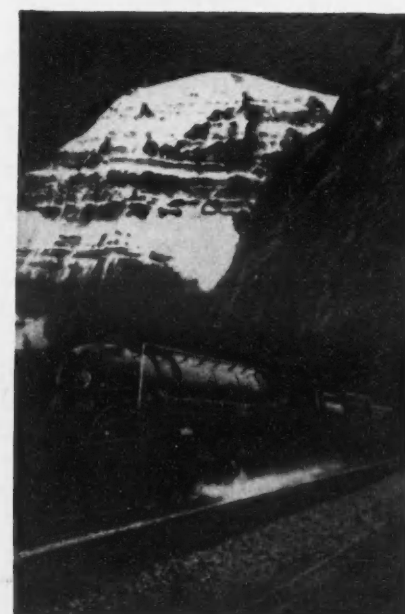
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A really comprehensive tour of Jasper and surroundings, with all features of 3-day tour plus magnificent scenic drives to Pyramid Mountain, Pyramid and Patricia Lakes, and up the valley of the beautiful Miette River to the Tonquin Trail. Further added time for unscheduled activities.

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It's not only delicious and wholesome . . .

"IT'S GINGERVATING"

The only ginger ale in the world made by the famous
Dr. Lloyd "Liquid Ginger" Process

The one process that captures all the elusive flavour, the delicate aroma, the wholesome stimulating qualities of pure, natural ginger. (The patented Lloyd Process is owned by Canada Dry and cannot be used by anyone else.)

More people every day are discovering the refreshing, healthful advantages of Canada Dry—the drink with a reason



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QUICK ENERGY**
Invigorating after
a game of tennis,
golf or other sports.



IT PICKS YOU UP
Great when you're
tired from a day's
shopping.



**IT AIDS
DIGESTION**
Give everybody a
glass or two with
meals.



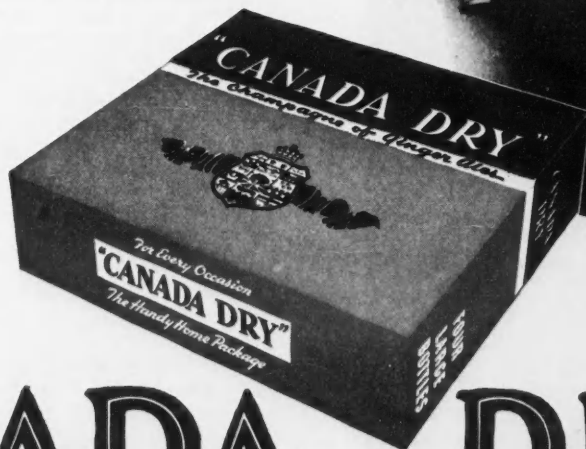
**IT SOOTHES
AND REFRESHES
INWARDLY**
Try a glass when
you feel dull in the
morning.

In other words . . .

"IT'S GINGERVATING"

Drink Canada Dry anytime you like. It's good for you. Enjoy the mellow flavour that's neither too sweet nor too dry...the zesty, thirst-quenching sparkle. You'll find Canada Dry blends smoothly with other beverages. Keep some in the refrigerator. And give the children all they want... "IT'S GINGERVATING."

Now you can get Canada Dry in a handy home carton containing four large family size bottles or six regular 12-oz. bottles. It costs no more, saves you time and trouble.



CANADA DRY

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"



Good to look at?

Yes!

Popular?

You Bet!



Wise?

She proves it!



No smart girl risks Cosmetic Skin...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish when ACTIVE lather protects your skin. No risk of the dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores that mean unattractive Cosmetic Skin, when you remove cosmetics *thoroughly* with gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

This mild, pure soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use frees the pores of every hidden trace of dust, dirt, stale rouge and powder. To protect your skin, use it before you put on fresh make-up during the day — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Smooth, soft skin wins out!

GINGER ROGERS

RKO-RADIO STAR



I USE COSMETICS,
BUT I NEVER WORRY
ABOUT COSMETIC
SKIN—THANKS TO
LUX TOILET SOAP



Chatelaine

A MAGAZINE FOR
CANADIAN WOMEN

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director
BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor
N. ROY PERRY, Advertising Manager

FOR MONTHS I've been deluged with requests from readers, asking for the companion picture to the beautiful flower study by Archibald Barnes we published some time ago. *Chatelaine* brings it to you now, in this month of lavish blossoming—a distinctive and beautiful piece of work from a famous Canadian painter who delights in a modern handling of the usually sentimental flower groups. Frame it with a wide white mat and a narrow black frame. You'll be enchanted at the way it will glow on your walls with the dark richness of old jewels.

Flower tending and golf are two of the most important aspects of summer enjoyment to most women. So with flowers on the cover, we lured Ada Mackenzie into the columns, as the best-known woman golfer in the Dominion. *Chatelaine* asked Miss Mackenzie what her special suggestions were for players who were beginners—or pretty good. For the mature women golfers, too. This year there are 23,522 women members of the Canadian Ladies Golf Union—and in Ontario alone over a hundred clubs in which women play.

Ada Mackenzie began to play golf at eleven—trailed her father around the course with one club. She has been Canadian open champion four times, "closed" champion five times, and in 1933 she was both. What she has to say about good golf playing will have special import. It's the same way with her smart sports shop in Toronto.

In Montreal a young Canadian mother with four little girls tap-taps her typewriter whenever she can grab a free moment, and is writing stories that have a rare quality of honest - to - goodness people about them. Melanie Bennett, who has been in *Chatelaine* many times, starts the issue off this month with her charming "Old Stars Never Die." I'll wager you have met every one of the characters yourself.

How many mothers have dreaded the thought that some enchanting little pick-me-up would catch at their young son's imagination and lead him, too soon, into the misery of disillusionment? In "Scarlet Halo"—a story you mustn't miss—you'll learn of how two women met this situation in widely different ways. Both these women fiercely protected a youngster, who, when it was all over, only had the

vaguest idea of what one woman had done, and not the slightest comprehension of the other one's wisdom.

Women seem to know, instinctively, their responsibility toward their children; but too often they overlook it entirely when it comes to affecting their husbands' business life. Allison Richards has been interviewing some of the employers of Canada. Each one of them felt that a man's business success depended a great deal on the little woman at home. Perhaps you'll want to argue the point. If so, make your letters short—and write soon.

You've got an extra special treat coming next month in the first installment of "The Girl Who Asked for Trouble," by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. It's a grand mystery story, with no involved crime clues or minute detail of plot development. I know you'll like it a lot!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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on the last page

THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL



UMM—THAT SWEET SMOKE TASTE! Sweet and mild. Smoky and tangy. A distinctive flavour you get only in Swift's Premium Bacon! Because, first, it's Premium-cured for delicious mildness. Then it's *Ovenized*—smoked the exclusive Swift way in ovens. You can identify this famous bacon by the brand on the package or by the name Swift stamped in little brown dots down the side of the piece.

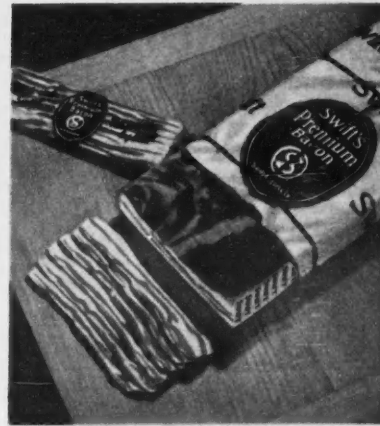
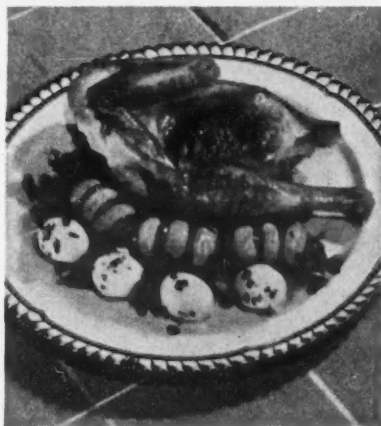
Try this tempting platter at breakfast or luncheon! Swift's Premium Bacon, evenly streaked with tender ruddy lean, sweet fat, is fried. Pineapple rings, and squares cut from stale bread and dipped in beaten egg and milk, are pan-fried in bacon fat. The red sauce in the rings (and enough of it to pass) is: a glass of currant jelly and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the pineapple juice heated to boiling point, thickened with cornstarch.

LOTS MORE WHITE MEAT! You get it when you choose chickens with the blue label on the breast which says *Swift's Premium*. These finer chickens have been given the special Swift milk-feeding that plumps them with extra juicy white meat. Split tender broilers, rub with salt and butter. Broil under low flame about 45 minutes until brown, turning once. Add potato balls; any kind of fruit arranged on toothpicks, as shown.

DON'T PARBOIL—JUST BAKE. Place Swift's Premium Ham (Premium-cured and *Ovenized*) with 2 cups water in covered roaster. Bake in 325° F. oven (25 minutes per pound for half hams; 21 minutes per pound for whole hams). Skin, score, dot with cloves. Brown, uncovered, in hot oven (400° F.) 20 minutes, basting with maple syrup. Simmer cored apples in red cinnamon syrup and fill them with cocoanut.

BUY ROASTS BY BRAND! And be sure of getting a fine tender piece of meat always! The brand is *Swift's Premium*—stamped on the side of the beef chosen for you by experts. Look for it! Rub roast with salt and oil, cook in uncovered roaster (300° F.) 28-30 minutes per pound for rare, 32-35 for medium, 37-40 for well-done. Before serving, insert skewers holding vegetables which you have boiled and buttered.

THIS—ON PIECE OR PACKAGE! The Swift's Premium brand on bacon, ham, or other meats, denotes special selection by experts from the volume of meat these experts see each day, on the basis of tenderness, flavour, quality. *Only the finest meat* gets this famous mark. Look for it on the meat itself and on the package. Ask to see it at your dealer's. The Swift's Premium brand is your guarantee of extra goodness!



Swift Canadian Co., Limited

SWIFT'S PREMIUM: *brand name of the finest meats*

Has Your Husband Made a Will?

by
ISABEL DINGMAN

*It is Every Woman's Own Problem
to Prepare for Emergencies*

HAS YOUR husband made a will? Does he carry enough insurance to look after you if anything happened to him? If you don't know, or if the answer is "No," it is time you took some action.

Reaching an understanding on these points may not be the easiest thing in the world, however. No matter how sweetly a woman asks, "Darling, have you made your will?" or "Don't you think you should take out more insurance?" a husband is likely to be hurt and suspicious. Every married man worth his salt intends to provide for the future some day, but many have a superstitious fear of wills. They hate to think of dying; the very mention of heirs and executors seems to bring the inevitable a little closer. So they put off the unpleasant business as long as possible, just as all men think up excuses for avoiding the dentist. Even when there is no such fear, there often seems no need for haste. The man is young and strong; he comes of a long-lived family; there is plenty of time. Of course if he is going to tour Europe or have an operation, he will perhaps do something, but why rush things otherwise? He forgets that more people meet death crossing our highways than crossing the Atlantic. Any person who moves away from his own doorstep is taking risks, and even those who stay within the four walls of home are not necessarily safe. Plenty of hearthbound people manage to slip on the soap or take the wrong medicine or light fires with gasoline.

It is every woman's own problem how she can best bring up the subject of death, but she falls down on her job badly if she does not sooner or later persuade her husband to prepare for emergencies. Most people who have considerable property wisely engage lawyers to draw up their wills, but Judge Wearing, of London, Ontario, told me this is not at all necessary in many instances. Any intelligent person can make his own will. The rules to remember are: Keep the will simple, avoiding any attempt at legal phraseology. Make sure that the testator signs it, somewhere at the foot; many people have made excellent wills but neglected to sign them afterward. Have two witnesses sign, immediately to the left of the testator, all three taking care to sign in the presence of each other.

"Ignorance of this last rule has prevented many a will from being valid," Judge Wearing observed. "It is most likely to be broken when the will is not made until a man is on his deathbed, and a kindly doctor or minister offers to draw one up. He learns the wishes of the testator, expresses them clearly on paper, gets the dying man's signature, and signs as a witness himself. Then he remembers that two witnesses are necessary. Probably there is no one in the house except members of the family mentioned in the will, and he recalls that beneficiaries should not be witnesses. So he goes to a neighbor, explains the situation, and says, 'You know John Smith's signature. Just put yours down here as a witness and everything will be all right.' But when it comes to probating the will, there has to be a sworn statement from one witness that the signatures were affixed in the presence of both witnesses. This cannot be done, so the will is valueless, and the property has to be divided as though the man had died intestate."

INCIDENTALLY, the fact that signatures of witnesses have to be proved makes it important that the people chosen as witnesses are not likely to move to California or disappear from sight. Difficulty in locating witnesses has often caused long delay and extra expense in probating wills.

This possible trouble over proving signatures can be avoided in Quebec, Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, where holograph wills are valid, as well as the usual kind. A holograph will is one written and signed by the testator himself, all in his own handwriting, and does not need to be witnessed at all. A prospector all alone in his northern cabin could amuse himself some winter's night by drawing up his will if he lived in any of the provinces named, but would have to walk miles in search of witnesses if he lived in any of the others.

Actual provisions of a will can be anything the testator wishes, except that a husband cannot leave his wife less than her dower rights, if any, and a wife cannot leave her husband less than the rights, if any, which he has in her property. Dower rights are a life interest in one third of the husband's real estate in Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island; a life interest in one third of the homestead in Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. In some provinces a father must also provide for the maintenance of young children until they are sixteen years of age.

But in none of the provinces does a man have to provide comforts for his wife after his death, or mention grown-up children at all. As a result, some men who don't get along with their wives deliberately leave them as little as possible. If a woman has had the bad luck to pick a mean husband, or the bad sense to annoy a good one, she may find herself in sadly reduced circumstances if she becomes a widow. For generations it was the inherent right of a citizen to dispose of property as he pleased aside from dower rights, but in 1929 Ontario passed a revolutionary piece of legislation, the Dependents' Relief Act, which gives wives, husbands, and children under sixteen the power to apply to a surrogate judge for a larger share of the estate than they were given by will. The judge may increase, at his discretion, the amount sufficiently to allow for modest comfort, but not to give more than the share they would have received had the testator died without a will. Similar laws in some other provinces prevent dependents from being in actual want while a man's property is given to others.

HOWEVER, it is obvious that getting her husband to make a fair will is not in itself a guarantee of security for any woman. He can change the terms any time he feels like it, and if she makes him hate her by nagging, flirting, putting him on freak diets, or any other reason, he can walk right out and make a new will cutting her off with a pittance. It is in the interests of both present and future happiness for women to keep on the good side of their husbands!

Besides apportioning property, a will should name an executor or executors, though this is not essential. It is legal to name someone who is also a beneficiary, and when a wife has business ability a husband may think it a good idea to

[Continued on page 66]

*Life Insurance
for fathers*



The Prudential
Insurance Company
of America

Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, President

BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL LEADING CANADIAN CITIES



Chatelaine

FOR JULY



When they'd forgotten everything about her but scandal, she came back to teach them about life . .

by MELANIE BENETT

THE LETTER arrived on Saturday, costing Paul and Claire Widgeon both a sleepless night.

They brought it up at the Sunday dinner table.

Midday dinner on Sunday in the Widgeon household remained a relic of a past regime, curiously at odds with Claire's new décor of lime green and dead-leaf-colored woods. Claire said: "Read it aloud, Paul. We're all interested in this. It's from Aunt Emma."

"Who is this Aunt Emma?" Vera, of course, had never heard of Aunt Emma, not being in actual fact a member of the family. She was Claire's bosom friend and partner in her interior decorating shop; at least, Paul having put up the capital, Claire paid Vera a salary out of the not too tangible profits to help her run it, but they always spoke of themselves as partners—Vera was living with the Widgeons, because the house really was too enormous, and after all, it was much more convenient.

"The black sheep of the family," said Paul, looking stern and awful as the historic Mr. Barrett, so that Claire and Vera both broke into ripples of mirth. Dodie didn't even smile. She was eating roast beef and Yorkshire pudding as though it were her own heart nicely cooked and dished before her. "We never speak her name!" said Paul, enjoying his role.

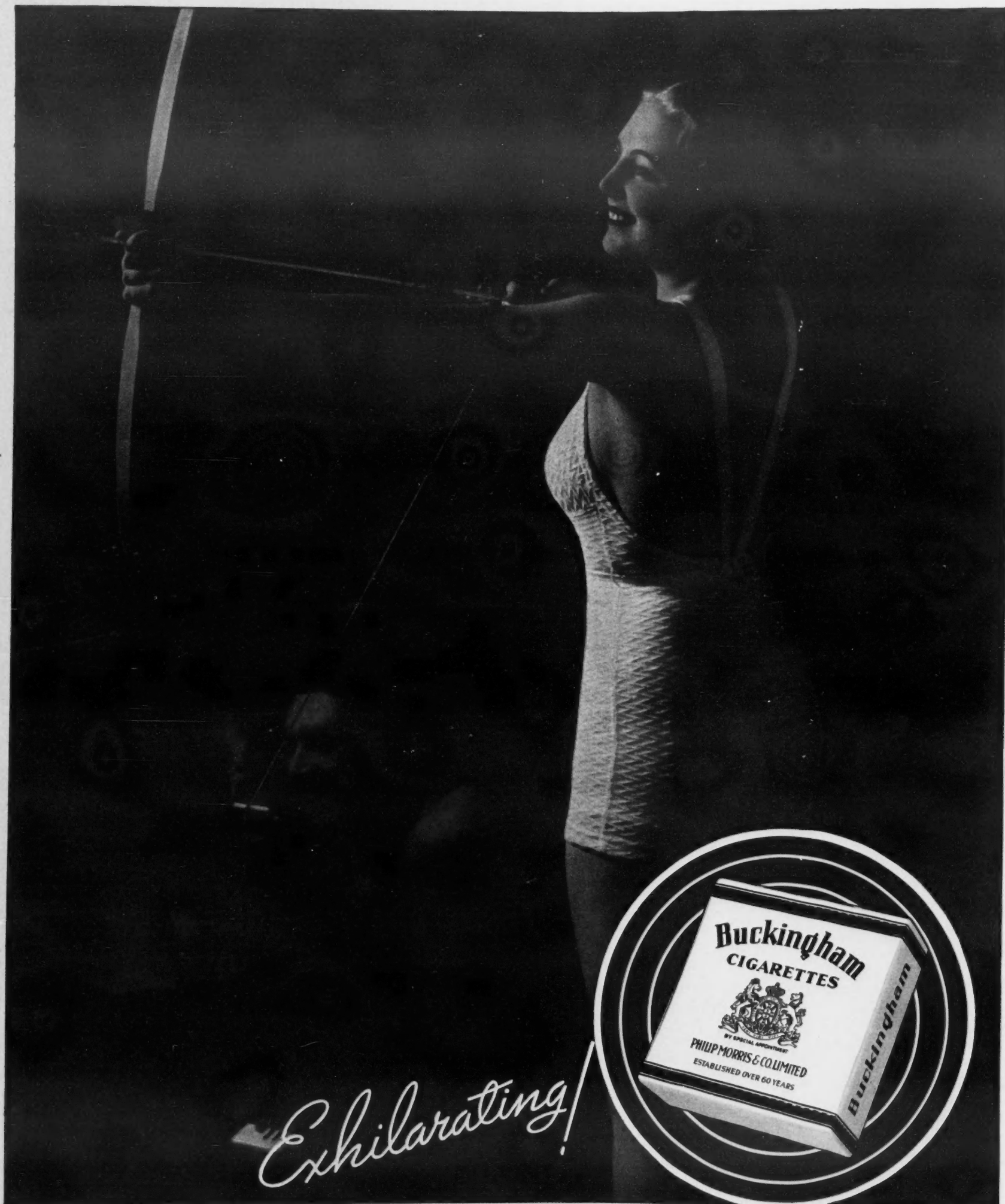
"My dear," said Claire, "she ran away, centuries ago, with her singing teacher. And the wretched man already had a wife and six children. Was it six, Paul?"

"Oh, at least! You see, Vera, Aunt Emma wanted to sing in opera. But of course great-grandfather wouldn't hear of it."

"She's really only a grandaunt, of course," said Claire. "Heaven only knows how old the poor creature is now! Do read the letter, Paul."

They danced together most of the evening . . . and everything they said to each other seemed so breathlessly important.

CHARLES
LA SALLE



This Year it's

Buckingham

When
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Illustrated by
Charles La Salle

spell was broken. In this uncomfortable environment they could not find each other.

SHE WENT UPSTAIRS and powdered her nose rebelliously, disliking her reflection in the glass, small and demure in a dark blue printed silk with tiny pink flowers on it, and a childish collar. Claire undoubtedly this afternoon would wear her new housecoat, very dramatic red taffeta, the glowing jewel-deep red of stained glass windows. Claire in red was something to make the heart stop beating.

When at last she came downstairs they were all in the living room, and Claire's newest young man had added himself to the party. This was a musical young man, addicted to a small soft brown beard and lavender-tinted hairy tweeds, who considered Stravinsky rather *vieux jeu*. The doorbell rang furiously, and Claire said with her most helpless gesture: "They're all gone, Dodie. You answer—" Wind caught the heavy door and practically flung it out

of her hand. A gust of sleet and coldness whirled into the hall, whirling in with it a stranger, a tall stout woman with brazenly improbable red hair. She shook wet from her sable coat and flung her arms around Dodie. "Darling! You precious pet. You must be Paul's wife." Her cheek, soft and wrinkled beneath its thick cosmetic mask, pressed against Dodie's. Under the creased and darkened lids, under the frivolous little veil that hung from an absurd tilted hat, her black eyes were bright and impudent as a squirrel's. "Darling, I'm your Aunt Emma!"

"And I'm Paul's sister—Dodie." She wriggled out of this overwhelming embrace. "They're all upstairs. Won't you come up?"

Aunt Emma shrieked faintly. "My dear, it's all so changed. This hall—too precious! What's become of the hatstand, and the antlers? There was a moose over the door there that used to terrify me. It had such a child-eating grin—all teeth." Her own teeth were suspiciously small, white, and even, but her smile was enchanting. Dodie felt her heart warming to this astonishing aunt.

The living-room door was open, and her voice, though husky and low-pitched, had a curious carrying quality. It cracked unexpectedly, like a schoolboy's, when she bore down on any word too emphatically. So the others had fair warning of her approach. They were all silent, stiffened into attitudes of tense and somewhat alarmed watchfulness. Dodie said with sudden enjoyment: "Paul, dear, here is Aunt Emma! And this is Claire, and that's Miss Obolensky, and—and Mr. deCoste—"

Aunt Emma kissed Paul fervently, leaving blurred impressions of her mouth on each cheek. She kissed Claire, in spite of her obvious shrinking. She waved a hand gaily at Vera and deCoste. Her rings glittered, her earrings and her impossible hair sparkled together as she tossed her head. "Did you get my letter, darling? Were you expecting me?"

Paul said weakly: "Well, we hardly knew when to expect you, Aunt Emma. But of course we're delighted to see you." and avoided his wife's outraged glance.

Aunt Emma sat down in a huge overstuffed chair, covered in the thickest kind of putty-colored satin with furry caterpillar bindings of black chenille. Deep-piled beige broadloom stretched to the dead white walls. There were exactly two very modern paintings, in white frames. She let her fur wrap slide from her shoulders, revealing pearls and a grand high bosom draped in purple crepe, and gazed around her. "I wouldn't know the place. You've certainly made a clean sweep."

"It was impossible," said Claire, shuddering. "Simply too impossible, Aunt Emma."

"Yes, I know," said Aunt Emma. "Buttoned-down chairs and ball fringe. Coming back in style again, I hear. Myself, I like things kind of crowded and cosy."

Vera said smoothly: "But you realize, of course, this room is the perfect setting for Claire. So cold, so chaste. It is a frame for the color, the vibrance, if I may so call it, of her personality."

Aunt Emma looked at her with interest. "Well, maybe. It looks like a decorator's room to me."

"Claire is a decorator, Aunt Emma," said Paul. "A very talented one."

"You must come and see the shop, of course," said Claire without enthusiasm. "Vera and I run it together. Will you have tea, Aunt Emma? Or do you prefer sherry?"

"Have some sherry, Aunt Emma," said Paul hospitably. The doorbell was ringing again. Dodie went down and admitted two more of Claire's particular friends, both looking chilled and hungry. The stoutish middle-aged man was a poet, and never wore a hat. His ears today were uncomfortably crimson below his untidy thatch of iron grey hair. His wife's nose was red too with cold, but her expression was eager. Dodie wondered if this was because of the intellectual stimulation in store upstairs, or in anticipation of a substantial tea. She greeted them with all the warmth she could muster, and was about to close the door when her attention was caught by the

figure of a tall young man in a trench coat, head bent against the storm, coming up the street. Something about the shoulders—the swinging stride—She said to the poet hastily: "Do go on up—" and waited.

The tall man turned in at the Widgeon gate, looked up and saw her.

And it was Gratton Fraser. "Hi!" he said, and saluted. Dodie said: "Hello there!" trying to be utterly casual, but her voice, in spite of herself, lilted. She said: "Such an awful day! What brings you out?"

He hung his hat and coat in the cupboard beside the poet's extraordinary green plush ulster. "What do you suppose? I wanted to make sure you were really as sweet as I thought you were. I haven't had a chance to get away for weeks. The life of an interne! I think you might have called me."

"A shy girl like me!" she protested, half in earnest. "Besides, I don't know which hospital—"

"You don't! But I told you everything. The whole story of my life."

[Continued on page 36]

Paul read: "Dear Nephew Paul—You cannot remember me; you were not even thought of when I left the old house, in fact your darling father was quite a small boy and of course not even dreaming of matrimony. I am horrified to realize how long ago it all is—"

"Rambling!" said Claire. "Simply rambling! Go on, Paul."

"—It makes me realize," he read on, "that I am no longer a young woman, and that I would love to see the old place again! I hope, my dear Paul, you will not find a visit from me too unwelcome, even after all these years of silence. We Widgeons have always had a strong family feeling—"

Claire, who after all was only a Widgeon by marriage, made a tiny clicking sound of exasperation, rousing Dodie at once from her helpless abstraction.

"Claire, I'm so sorry. I didn't hear what you said."

Not unnaturally, Claire clicked again. "Dodie, my dear, I haven't said a word. Paul is reading a letter from Aunt Emma. Aren't you interested?"

"Aunt Emma? Grandaunt Emma? But isn't she dead?" Dodie looked utterly bewildered.

"Really, Dodie! What is the matter with you? You simply live in a dream!"

Vera's green eyes narrowed a little. "My dear Claire, it is at least three weeks, is it not, since we saw that so good-looking young doctor?"

For a woman who prided herself on her intelligence Claire at times could be comfortably obtuse. "What on earth has Dr. Fraser—was his name Fraser?—got to do with it? Paul, read it again!"

So Paul began at the beginning, and continued: "—A strong family feeling. And I am so anxious to meet your wife. I am hoping to be able to make the trip very soon, so you may expect me for a nice little visit. Lovingly, your Aunt Emma."

"Yes—but when, when?" cried Claire, with one of her dramatic gestures of despair. Claire was slender and dark, and her small tense face expressed emotion swiftly and changeably as wind ruffles water. "Did you ever hear such a letter? And for how long? And what are we to do about it?"

"She says—'a little visit,' " said Dodie.

"But don't you see," said Claire, "she is hinting that we should give her a home?"

"Oh well," said Dodie, "there's lots of room in this old barracks."

"I suppose we will have to take her in," said Paul. "After all, if she has no one else to turn to—"

"Oh, Paul, really! A greataunt that you have never even seen! Don't be too absurd. What possible responsibility have you? And I couldn't endure it—I loathe old women—"

Paul said abruptly: "Perhaps she'll never come at all. Let's go into the other room." Dodie, knowing his mind so well, understood that he was shelving Aunt Emma, shelving the whole problem. Claire would have her own way anyway. She waited in the dining room to speak to cook, letting the others drift past her.

There was a perpetual feud between cook and Claire. Cook flatly refused to address her as "Mrs. Widgeon," and Claire, who was perfectly satisfied to allow Dodie to manage the domestic arrangements, never hesitated to exercise the mistress's prerogative of criticism. It was a crazy household, Dodie decided, sunk in an unfamiliar dependency, a small scale private lunatic asylum, and she was the keeper. She felt old and tired and utterly fed-up. Impossible to believe she was hardly twenty-four. After all, she had been keeping house for Paul since she was sixteen. She would go on keeping house forever—for Paul, for Claire, for Vera. Dodie gritted her teeth, hating everybody and everything; the sleety Sunday afternoon, her handsome helpless brother, Claire, cook who had to be pacified with kind words and little jokes. And of course Vera.

Vera was their evil genius. Vera with her wide Slavic cheek-bones, pale hair, and tilted greenish eyes; a cat's face, and a cat's mind to match. Flattering Claire, smiling sideways at Paul, sharpening her claws for little Dodie, who didn't count. Despising them all, like a cat that permits itself to be fed and petted and cares nothing.

And Vera had known about Gratton Fraser, though Dodie had never spoken of him since that other Sunday. A queer increasing unhappiness rose in her again, and she tried to tell herself she was a fool. A fool to let her mind become so utterly obsessed with the image of a man who had stepped into her orbit exactly twice. There had been young men in her life before who came to the house for Sunday supper, and had either fallen victim to Claire's vivid fascination or been frightened away entirely by the desperately intellectual tone of the whole group. And it hadn't mattered. But this did matter.

IN THE FIRST place they had met at a party to which neither of them had wanted to go. A famous surgeon's wife found herself short a man for dinner, and her husband had literally to shanghai an interne for her, an interne who looked presentable and owned dress clothes. Gratton Fraser was the victim. And Claire on the same evening succumbed unexpectedly to one of her rare attacks of

"It's been quite a life," said Aunt Emma, raising her cup. Then, suddenly "Dodie, my dear—I am a wicked old woman. But in those days I was very like you."



"doing something" for Paul's little sister. Protesting bitterly, for she really didn't enjoy big dances, Dodie had been forcibly inserted into one of Claire's discarded dresses. Pale blue net with big puffed sleeves; Claire had worn it once and decided it bored her stiff, it was entirely too naive. It had been instep length on tall slim Claire, on Dodie it swept the floor, with just that unnecessary inch of length that means tripping and stumbling on stairs. But it made her grey eyes soft as summer rain clouds with blue sky breaking through.

And then someone quite casually introduced Gratton Fraser.

He was tall—tall and rather too thin; and wearing pince-nez. Yet Vera had been observant enough to call him good-looking. The bones of his face were fine and strong; if his mouth was a little too stern for a young man's, his hazel eyes had a compensatory twinkle. And he had smiled as he looked down at Dodie's curly brown head. They had danced together most of the evening. And they had talked. Everything they said had seemed so breath-

lessly important. Impossible to feel that anything, even the imminence of an Aunt Emma re-

surrected from the past, could be half as important—

Then he had dropped in the next Sunday, and it had been a fiasco. Twenty people in the room, chattering at the tops of all their voices in the incomprehensible jargons that hallmarked Claire's friends. Dodie felt herself, as always, tongue-tied and colorless among them. Vera, with that eagerness in the presence of a new man that accorded so oddly with her vaunted emancipation, had fastened on him like a leech—a leech in black satin pyjamas—until Claire had skilfully pried him loose and annexed him herself. Neither could bear to see the other acquire a new scalp. It simply didn't occur to either that he might have been interested in Dodie, and Dodie, frozen with a familiar misery and helplessness in this room that had once been home to her, had almost deliberately avoided him. The

time. Molly sighed. It would be just this identical time that Ann would choose to descend. "I love my sister," Molly told herself firmly, "but I love her best when she's in New York."

If anything, Molly knew, were needed to complete young Joan's complete disillusion of life at this particular time it was her Aunt Ann. Even when Joan was riding any happy wave her Aunt Ann could dampen everything. Molly weighed the sleeping arrangements at hand. Ann would have to go in with Joan. That meant that at least two bureau drawers must be cleared, that closet hooks must be denuded. She started for Joan's room. If you were sixteen and had lost your beau you couldn't, Molly felt, be asked to empty bureau drawers.

Joan and Dick came stamping up on the narrow porch and Molly had to go out. "Ann's coming tonight. We'll have to meet her right after dinner."

Dick put a lot of feeling in his response. "Well, glad she's coming. We'll have a good old family party then." Molly doubted it. Something dark and depressed brushed past her. She realized it was Joan.

"Slip into your new wash silk, darling," Molly called. "You'll have to drive in with us." Again Molly tried to save her small daughter's pride, even before her father, by becoming the stern parent. Dick's left eyebrow rose. "Why does Joan have to take that dusty drive? She can play around the hotel with the kids and we—"

Molly led Dick into their bedroom. "And watch Walter McGuire moon at that Laura Belle?" she whispered fiercely. "Dick," Molly picked up Dick's bathrobe, "he's going to take her to the dance tomorrow night!" From the depths of the closet her voice came back. "Not content with teaching her eternally to swim—"

Dick accepted his white flannels. He still did not grasp catastrophe. Perhaps no man would because, as Dick had

pointed out, men had never been girls of sixteen. "Oh well, what's one dance?" Dick said easily. Much more urgently he enquired, "Where's my blue tie?"

Wanting to shake him, Molly found the tie and kissed the top of his red head. She tried to remember if there were guest tooth brushes; Ann would certainly have forgotten hers. Suspicious sounds came from Joan's room. Molly dug out Dick's fresh socks from under his shirts and crossed what was practically no hall. Joan was sobbing privately on the bed.

"Mother," Joan began between sniffs, "I feel kind of awfully sick. I just guess," she went on solemnly, "I'm probably coming down with something. I expect I'll have to stay here in bed. I mean I don't feel able to go to that ole hotel for dinner. Mother, I'm practically sure I have a fever." Experience had taught Joan that mothers seldom pull children with raging temperatures out of bed.

Molly saw that Joan's white pumps needed cleaning indeed. The bottle of cleaner was, happily, propping up "Ivanhoe." Molly made two gestures that encompassed both shoes and cleaner. Her mind skirted skilfully the borders of her little daughter's defensive masquerade.

"Don't you think," Molly suggested carefully, "you'd feel better to put on your new dress—Joan, it's the most becoming thing you ever owned—and go over to the hotel with us? You wouldn't want anyone," Molly rubbed vigorously, "to think you're not having a good time here at the lake."

"Mother, I just don't think I'm able—" But the thought, Molly perceived, had percolated. Joan, nevertheless, was doing her best to look pale. The beautiful tan that had been everyone's envy until the would-be fish arrived with conserved peaches and cream for a complexion, made the effort strictly unsuccessful.

"Your Aunt Ann," Molly briskly polished off the second

shoe, "would be so disappointed if you didn't meet her." That, she hoped faintly, would make Joan feel a martyr to duty and martyrs must find some satisfaction in martyrdom.

Joan gave a final sniff and Molly stood up. "Darling, you can borrow my jade clips." She did not even add, "Be careful of them." She remembered the bureau drawers. They were worse than she'd expected. Molly shut them one after the other. Ann would have to live out of her travelling bag until tomorrow.

THE HOTEL dining room was without a breeze. "At home," Dick remarked several times, "it's been really grand. I keep the windows all open." His look of regret made Molly wish she could make it cool for Dick here. She glanced at the long table where Wallie McGuire sat, his mind, apparently, entirely on his spinach. Laura Belle and her mother never appeared until quite late. "If you don't want your custard," Molly said at last, "let's go. I think I heard the car rattling up—"

At the dining-room door, of course, the Lanes ran into the Lees. With determined gaiety Molly nodded. She nudged Joan. "There's Laura Belle." She was proud of Joan's obedient greeting smile. No one except Molly knew what that smile had cost. Laura Belle saluted vaguely. Her head, covered with hair Molly thought looked exactly like curly yellow pine shavings, turned toward Wallie McGuire.

But introductions were essential. "Mrs. Lee, I don't think my husband has met you. Or your daughter."

The Lanes stood quietly while Mrs. Lee told them the lake was lovely, that her l'il Laura Belle had wanted to go abroad as usual, but— Though she was clear and certain that Laura Belle Lee had ruined her life, Joan was fascinated by her. Laura Belle's [Continued on page 41]

Joan, watching, was profoundly shocked. "She's just a woman of the loose world," she said.





Which is harder to endure--being mother to a sixteen-year-old in the throes of an unhappy love affair--or to be the sixteen-year-old herself?

MOLLY, preparing to leave the beach, piled warm sand on Dick's bare feet and looked toward the little lake.

"The one with no cap is our child," Molly told Dick. "The only one with no cap," she added and stood up. Watching the bobbing, capless head surrounded by the blue waters hurt Molly. Young Joan had never looked so lonely.

"I suppose," Dick grumbled, "like all my week-ends, I'll hardly have a sight of my beautiful daughter. I suppose," he propped himself on an elbow, "fleeting glimpses as she dashes away to be the life of a party elsewhere are all I'll get. Do you think that just once," he asked hopefully, "we could persuade her to have dinner at the hotel with her adoring parents?"

Molly made a tiny sound.

Dick wriggled his toes and demolished Molly's sand tent. "What's the matter, darling?"

"I'm afraid," Molly said in a thin voice. "Joan'll be with us. All the time. Dick—" Molly stopped. She wanted to tell Dick all about it, naturally.

"What?" Dick sounded concerned. When he got no answer he jumped up and stood beside Molly in trunks and a sufficiently white sweater. With her flat-heeled sandals Molly fitted under his shoulder which, as usual, was a comfort. He had an eye on the lake. It was polka-dotted with swimmers.

"There's Wallie McGuire!" Dick cried as one discovering something promising. "But the mermaid with him has a cap, Molly. A scarlet cap." In a surprised voice Dick imparted, "It isn't Joan."

"No," Molly agreed wearily, "it isn't Joan."

Dick squinted with concentration. "Well, who on earth is it then? Because now that I think of it, it's practically the only time I've ever seen Wallie either in or out of a lake without Joan alongside."

"Walter McGuire," Molly answered bitterly, "is with the new girl who came last Monday. Laura Belle Lee." She answered without looking. She explained further. "A few yards to your right, Dick, on the beach, you'll see an elaborate contraption under a purple parasol. That," Molly said, "is Laura Belle Lee's mother. They're from Virginia." Her gaze travelled and became secured on her little daughter. It was not only because Joan was swimming alone that she looked lonely. It was because Wallie McGuire was so definitely not alone that Joan's watery isolation seemed emphasized.

"I'm blown!" Dick announced profoundly.

"If you hadn't just come today," Molly informed him, "if you'd been here all week as we have, you'd be deflated. Dick, if I rush back to the cottage, I'll have time to make some fudge on that terrible gas ring before dinner. I suppose Joan's white pumps need kid cleaner too." Though disjointed, Molly's remarks had an identical source.

Dick hadn't heard. "Wallie's teaching that girl to swim." "Wallie has been teaching her to swim day in and day out," Molly reported as viciously as possible. "At other times he has been teaching her to paddle and to sail. But mostly to swim. You would think," Molly said feelingly, "that by this time she might take at least two strokes without Wallie's manly support. But, no. Wallie," Molly

leaned a little closer to Dick, "has displayed unprecedented powers of both patience and—er, earnestness." Molly's grey eyes flew again to her lonely little daughter.

Dick gave Molly a small shake. "Darling, what of it? What do we Lanes care for the McGuires? Surely there are hundreds of other swains for our Joan—"

Molly regarded him deeply. "There aren't, Dick. I mean here at the lake there just aren't anywhere enough boys to go around. What there are," Molly explained unhappily, "are paired. Joan and Wallie, like other summers. Until," Molly returned to viciousness, "this young siren arrived. Dick," Molly added tragically, "she's twenty if she's a day. Anyway eighteen."

Thinking that Molly never looked so pretty as when she was actively engaged in mothering Joan, Dick pressed her bare arm. "So what?" he persisted. He couldn't for the life of him take this very seriously. Remembering Wallie's gangling youth, even more cheerfully recalling Joan's frequent bickerings with Wallie at home, Dick laughed.

"Don't!" Molly ordered. "You don't understand that when you're a girl of sixteen—"

"Of course, it's true I've never been a girl of sixteen," Dick admitted, "still I can't see that our Joan's life is going to be ruined because an absurd boy pays attention to someone else—"

"I don't know," Molly fumbled with some of the dark intimations acquired at her child psychology lectures. Perhaps, Molly thought, Dick had been right when he had told her to go to a movie instead. If such serious, actually frightening eventualities hadn't, according to the lectures, come from apparently innocent causes, she wouldn't, she told herself, have been so worried now. "You see," she tried to make Dick see, "a thing like this that makes Joan feel left out, inferior," Molly produced the word triumphantly, "well, it might have all kinds of an effect, Dick. Besides," unconsciously Molly touched the high point of her argument, "making her downright miserable now."

"Oh my grandmother!" Dick groaned. "Don't you go talking psychoses and whoses, Molly, my lamb. You're just plain mad."

That, Molly considered reasonably, was perfectly true. She asked Dick what mother wouldn't be. Dick said, "Here comes Joan. Behave, darling."

JOAN HAD RISEN from the waves and was plodding toward them over the sand. Even if Joan's hair was drenched it was all right. A wet tangle of natural curls, Molly felt, a little consoled, must have an advantage over any incipient psychosis. However, in the lake, Walter McGuire still bent with passionate interest over the red-capped girl. Molly raised her voice with determination.

"Hurry, Joan." That, Molly hoped, carried not only to the amphibious Wallie and his pupil but to the elaborate, the chiffoned figure under the purple parasol. "Joan, I want you to come right home with your father. Hurry now." Molly turned in the direction of the family bungalow. She could very well bear being considered a strict, even an uncompromising parent. What she couldn't stand, what she wouldn't bear, was Joan lonely and unattended on the beach after that solitary bathe. Feeling there must be a ton of sand in each buckskin sandal, Molly cast a troubled

glance in the direction of the parasol. Was Mrs. Lee a better mother than she? The parasol swayed. Honeyed accents carolled. Molly, wondering if there was a pan suitable for fudge at the furnished bungalow, had to stop.

"Going up so soon, Mrs. Lane?" Like her daughter, though not quite so much, Laura Belle's mother had charming difficulties with her R's and her G's.

"Oh, good afternoon Mrs. Lee. Yes, I have some things I must do," Molly was firmly friendly. Really, this woman in her floating chiffons looked as if she was about to do a scarf dance on the beach.

"Our young people" (what Mrs. Lee really said was, "Oah yung peu-ple") "are havin' the best time. My l'il Laura Belle was so disappointed when we didn't go abroad. As usual." She made a separate and distinct sentence of that. "But Laura Belle has sort of a gift for havin' a pleasant time wherever she is."

Molly shifted in the sand. She murmured, "Isn't that nice!" She was bound not to let this woman know how she was feeling. She had an uncomfortable conviction that Mrs. Lee exactly knew.

"That McGuire boy," Mrs. Lee went on a shade too casually, "well, he's just bein' so devoted." She laughed gently. "Of course my l'il Laura Belle just seems to have the gift of inspirin' devotion."

Molly swallowed quickly. Laura Belle's gifts appeared to be limitless. "Yes, Wallie is a dear," she said lightly. "The McGuires live next door to us at home, you know. Wallie and Joan," Molly went on, as it were dreamily, "are like brother and sister." Gazing toward the lake she added politely, "I'm afraid Wallie isn't a very good swimming instructor. Your Laura Belle doesn't seem to make much progress."

"It's so sweet to see them together." The mothers of Laura Belle and Joan looked at the lake with entirely different emotions. "I'm afraid my l'il Laura Belle has done more dancin' than swimmin'. Abroad." It was remarkable how the word "abroad" could be expanded into an apparent paragraph, what amounted, Molly thought, to an autobiography. "Laura Belle and the McGuire boy are goin' to the hotel dance tomorrow night." Mrs. Lee settled a floating chiffon spray. It was clear she was enjoying herself.

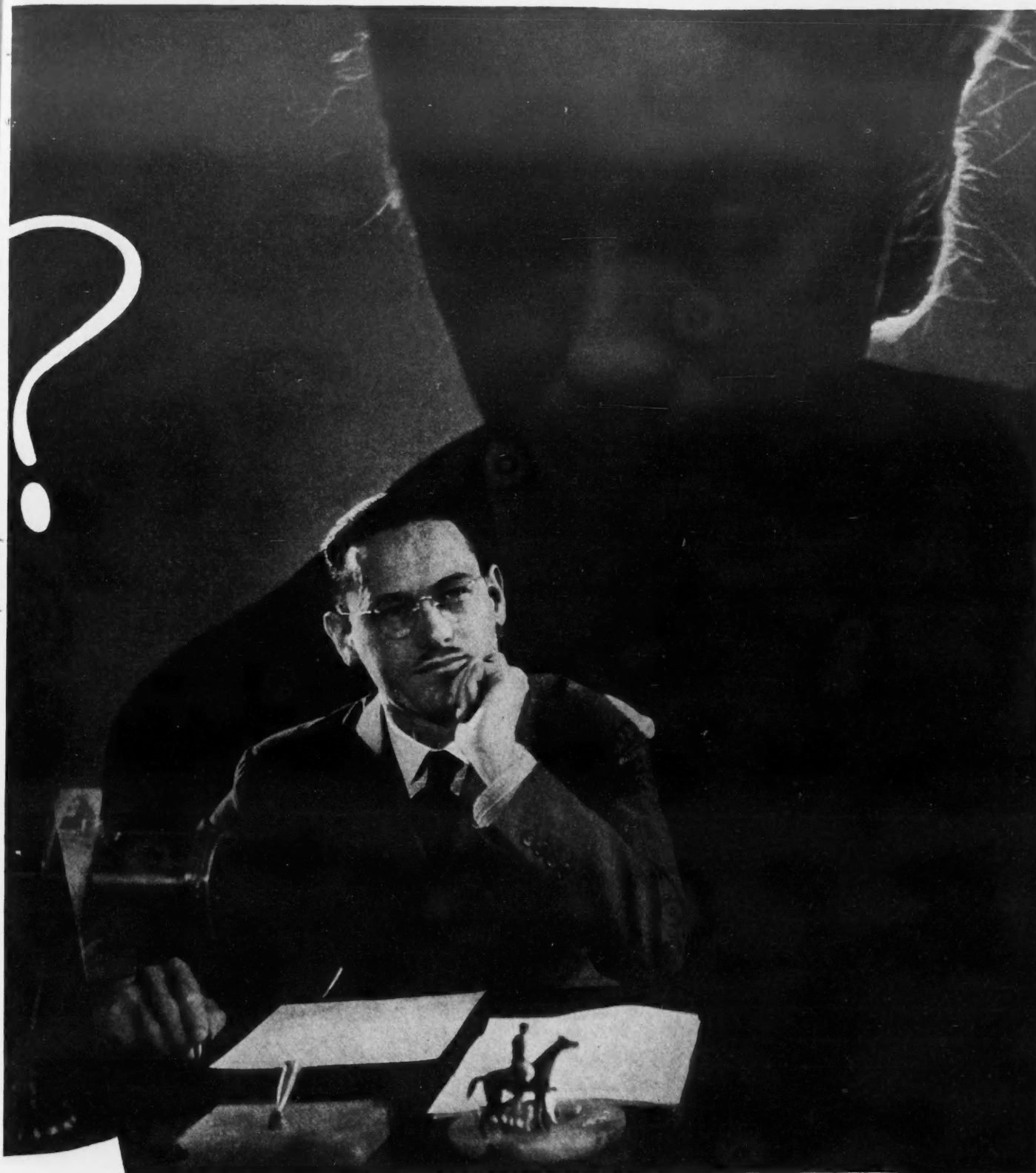
Molly said, "I must trot along." With her feet feeling absolutely leaden, her mind whirled with this latest news. Of course Joan knew about the dance! Never, Molly considered bitterly, had she ever felt so helpless. She stopped and watched the ancient bellboy from the hotel amble toward the Lane cottage. "This just came, Mrs. Lane."

Surely even Dick must see that this dance was serious. Molly accepted the telegram. "Thank you, Hector."

"Not bad news I hope, Miz Lane."

"Not special. My sister is coming on the eight-eight. Will you please tell them to have the hotel car to take us to the station in plenty of time?"

THE COTTAGE was an oven. Not for the first time Molly thought of the cool, the convenient comforts of home and wondered why they had come to the lake this summer. The answer was, definitely, that Joan might have a good



nine times out of ten a worth-while spouse can straighten them up. As far as we're concerned, a good wife is A1 insurance to our company," he concluded pleasantly.

"CERTAINLY a wife has the power to make or break her husband," agreed C. L. Burton, president of the Robert Simpson Company of Toronto. He's chief executive over forty-five hundred employees, and has some strong ideas about the part their home lives have in their success—or failure—downtown. Often it's sheer lack of realization on the part of a wife that she plays so important a role in her husband's career that makes her so poor a helpmate. Yet the greatest wives—Mr. Burton believes—are those who make their contribution behind the scenes.

If a wife wants to help her husband in his work . . . her first lesson must be one of unselfishness. Plenty of disrupting domestic trouble—which is immediately reflected in a man's work—is caused by selfishness. A lot of wounded pride and emotional disturbance is just so much piffle!

"My own wife interferes less and influences more than anyone I ever knew," says this chief.

"What about the value of social contacts that a wife can make for her husband?" I asked.

He laughed. "Social activity from that standpoint is a waste of time and energy." And that was that.

"A man's home must be a refuge from everything else. If it isn't that a wife's falling down on her job," he contends.

He believes that people should marry early and struggle and build together. And he's firm in his conviction that the man must be the financial mainstay of the family. It's all right for the wife to use any special talents she has. But her role of homemaker must come first. It's her greatest contribution to her husband's job—and life.

I WONDERED what the secretaries of big companies thought about it. Could a wife interfere with her husband's work? Could his home life affect his efficiency?

"You should have seen our office the winter day our chief's furnace went out,"

[Continued on page 58]

Whether you know it or not, you may be the biggest stumbling block on your husband's road to success

by ALLISON RICHARDS

I'VE NEVER seen a henpecked man who made a good executive. He just can't stand up to the strain of big decisions when he's been lying down under the iron rule of the domestic tyrant. And I'll tell you this, too. It takes a pretty big man to get anywhere if he's being bucked by a fractious wife. In my experience, a wife is almost entirely responsible for her husband's failure or success in business."

Pretty strong stuff, that. Especially when it comes from the manager of a great Canadian factory. Spread beyond his office where we talked were rows and rows of whirring machines with their workers. More than a thousand men and women. And this man knows about the domestic affairs of most of them. He makes it his business to.

"The goodwill of a wife means a lot of money to a company," he said. "Ours makes a point of trying to earn it."

But all too frequently it can't be done. The wife doesn't understand enough about her husband's work. Or she wants to interfere too much in it. Or she believes that the company buys her husband's time from nine till five and they can jolly well get along without his ideas and energy before and after. Hasn't she some right to his time? Doesn't she deserve some consideration? The manager shook his head. Then he pointed out:

"When the odd wife—and I wish it weren't just the odd one—really puts her husband's job first, he's made a big step forward on the road to achievement. Why? Because our company, like many others in Canada, hires every employee with the idea that they may be getting a prospective executive, no matter how lowly his position. And we've found out that the big jobs don't always go to the men with the most brains. It's often the ordinary, industrious individual with training who makes the best man for up-top."

I went to see some other Canadian business tycoons. Men who hire and fire hundreds of workers in the course of their careers. They all agreed that an employee reflects his home habits like a magnifying mirror. It was also pretty generally accepted that a man who picks himself an industrious, clean, tidy and orderly wife has a lot on the ball when he sets out to compete with his fellows in the business world.

"No matter how big a plant is, it's still a matter of individuals," one captain of commerce explained to me. "For that reason, many organizations only build units that one man can handle, so as not to lose the personal touch between boss and worker. Since the human equation is still the biggest thing a company has to deal with, it's pretty important to us what our men are thinking and feeling, and why. And oftener than not, that's up to the little woman back home."

For instance, there was that young executive he had been worrying about. They picked him from the ranks about the time he married. Felt he'd be settled, dependable and bent on getting ahead. But the girl he married didn't think he needed to spend so much time at his work. She wanted him home at a certain hour and was pretty definite about it. The manager helped the young husband send his wife off on a holiday—a change of scene might give her a new viewpoint. It didn't. She started being troublesome all over again when she got back. That chief spoke to me as though he were laying a little tribute on the grave of a promising career. "Too bad," he said, "and he had such a good chance to get to the top, too. I don't think he'll make it now."

This company has a system of testing prospective employees to see if they're henpecked. It's as important to them as drunkenness or epileptic fits. The manager told me how.

"I make some utterly ridiculous statement—and ask a man if he agrees. Anybody will deny it for a while. I hold out stubbornly for my point. The man who is going to be a force in our company continues to argue doggedly with me. After all, remember, I'm upholding something absolutely absurd. But the henpecked man will give up after a while and agree. He's broken in spirit and can't be bothered with an issue. We've a pretty good idea that if anything goes wrong or he's put in a position of any responsibility over men, he won't be sufficiently determined or decisive. So we don't want him. His wife has ruined his career before it ever started."

MOST REPUTABLE firms or organizations like to see their men happily married. In many cases the manager approaches a man who has just been promoted, or is in line for it, with, "Guess you're making enough to be comfortably married now, eh, George? How about settling down?"

A factory executive told me, for instance, that while a married man often works with less complete absorption and spends less time at his job, and won't drive others so hard or expose them to danger when he has children, yet the added balance and stability make him a more desirable employee. He won't pick up without a second thought and go somewhere else for a five-dollar raise in pay. He's more apt to consider a lot of things . . . including his wife's friends, his home, his children's school. Therefore a good marriage tends to make him a more satisfied and particularly a more certain worker.

"Domestic trouble? It takes heavy toll of a man's work, we've found," said the factory manager, emphatically. "So we often try to help things out when we can. For instance, there's the question of the 'other woman.' Sometimes the wife comes to us, if he's met her through his work. If we can't approach either man or girl directly, we just make their tasks a little difficult for a time. Pick them out the less pleasant jobs. Usually one or the other comes to complain about it soon. Then we talk the situation over. It often works wonders."

In this company it is definitely felt that as a man goes higher in the organization and gives more of his time and ability, some compensation should be made to the wife. So a definite salary allowance is provided with the idea of giving her a maid, a mid-season holiday, a second car—or some such tangible reimbursement for her part in the labors of her husband.

The boss told me about a fine chap in his organization who seemed to be distracted and upset just before an important business trip. Sensing trouble on the home scene, his chief made a lightning decision to send the wife along, all expenses paid. She came back with a new slant on things entirely.

ARE YOU SPOILING HIS CHANCES

"Not that we'd make a habit of it," he explained, smiling, "but there's a lot in knowing the psychological moment at which to make a gesture to the power behind the throne."

When we talked about the interfering wife his lips set in a firm line. "We won't put up with her for a minute," he said. "We encourage ideas and pay bonuses for them, in our organization. But if the wife is responsible, we want to get them through her husband."

And he added, "I think marriage is a pleasure . . . and business and pleasure don't mix."

This company puts its foot down the minute a wife attempts to dictate . . . and it's surprising how often that happens.

There's no objection to family phone calls in working hours . . . it just happens that the phone is very public and it takes the operator a long time to get the call through. Wives usually decide it's simpler to wait until their men get home.

"We've seen a lot of men get into scrapes . . . and

arm. He slowed down but he let his arm hang as if he didn't know he had it, as if it was a board he was carrying along with him by accident.

"My! What muscle!" she exclaimed, and squeezed it a little. "How do you get that way?"

"Oh, basketball and gym and things like that."

"Where?"

"Y. M. C. A."

"Every night?"

"Practically."

"What a life! Don't you ever have any fun?"

"That's fun."

"I mean—" She stopped, laughing a little. "Gosh! You're sure scared to death of me, aren't you?"

"I'm not scared of you a bit. Why in the world should I be scared of you?"

"Whyn't you ever look at me, then?"

They were at the subway entrance. He turned and looked at her quickly. He swept her with a quick, eager, shy glance and saw everything. Brown hair showing smooth and dark and in a point under the red halo of her hat. Brown eyes laughing up at him daringly. Red painted mouth laughing, too. Clear, pale skin. Clean white neck disappearing into a crisp, red collar. His glance ventured farther and he saw the outline of her small young breasts and her small, flat flanks moving beneath her tight skirt as she jiggled there on her high red heels before him. She said, with a kind of sweet boldness, "Well, now you've had a look, what do you think of me?"

"You—You're—" His thoughts went into a huddle. She was nice, he kept saying to himself. She was only kind of acting as if she wasn't because she wasn't sure what else to do, any more than he was. But underneath she was nice.

She watched him, thinking—"Gee! He's good-lookin'. Gee! He's a sweet kid." She said, slipping a hand under his arm, "How about a little date tonight?"

He answered fiercely—"You ought not to talk to me this way!"

She laughed again. "Why not?"

"Because you don't mean it!"

She looked surprised at that for a minute, then her brown eyes darkened with comprehension. "Oh! Don't I! Well, come along and see if I mean it. Come on! We'd have fun. We'd have a swell time."

"No! Wait! Listen!" His voice was rough and hurried with his trouble. "What I mean is—I haven't any money. Do you know how much I make a week? Twelve bucks. Twelve bucks! Where could I take you on that? Except just home to where I live."

The words popped out. He thought—"That was dumb, all right. That was sure dumb." She said slowly:

"Well! Not bad, goodlookin'. How about it?"

This is a mess, he thought. He'd meant to go around something and here he was in it. "How about it!" he repeated savagely.

"I mean—do you mean it?"

"You don't know how I mean it."

She flashed him a glance. His face was set and desperate. She sang softly—"My head's goin' round and ro-hound! Whoa-ho-ho-ho—" He didn't smile. He was the serious kind. But that was all right. She could make him feel all right. "Suits me," she said. "Now?"

He didn't look at her. "Yeah. Now," he said. "Right now."

"How about somethin' to eat first?"

"We'll eat there."

"Eat there? Oh! What you got? A stove in your room?"

"Yeah. A cook, too. You'll be surprised."

"And a butler, I s'pose. Gee, you're funny, goodlookin'."

But I don't mind. You're sweet, too." She hooked her arm through his. "Whatever you say! We can eat later or not at all." And they went down the subway steps together.

Well, that was that, and he couldn't help himself now.

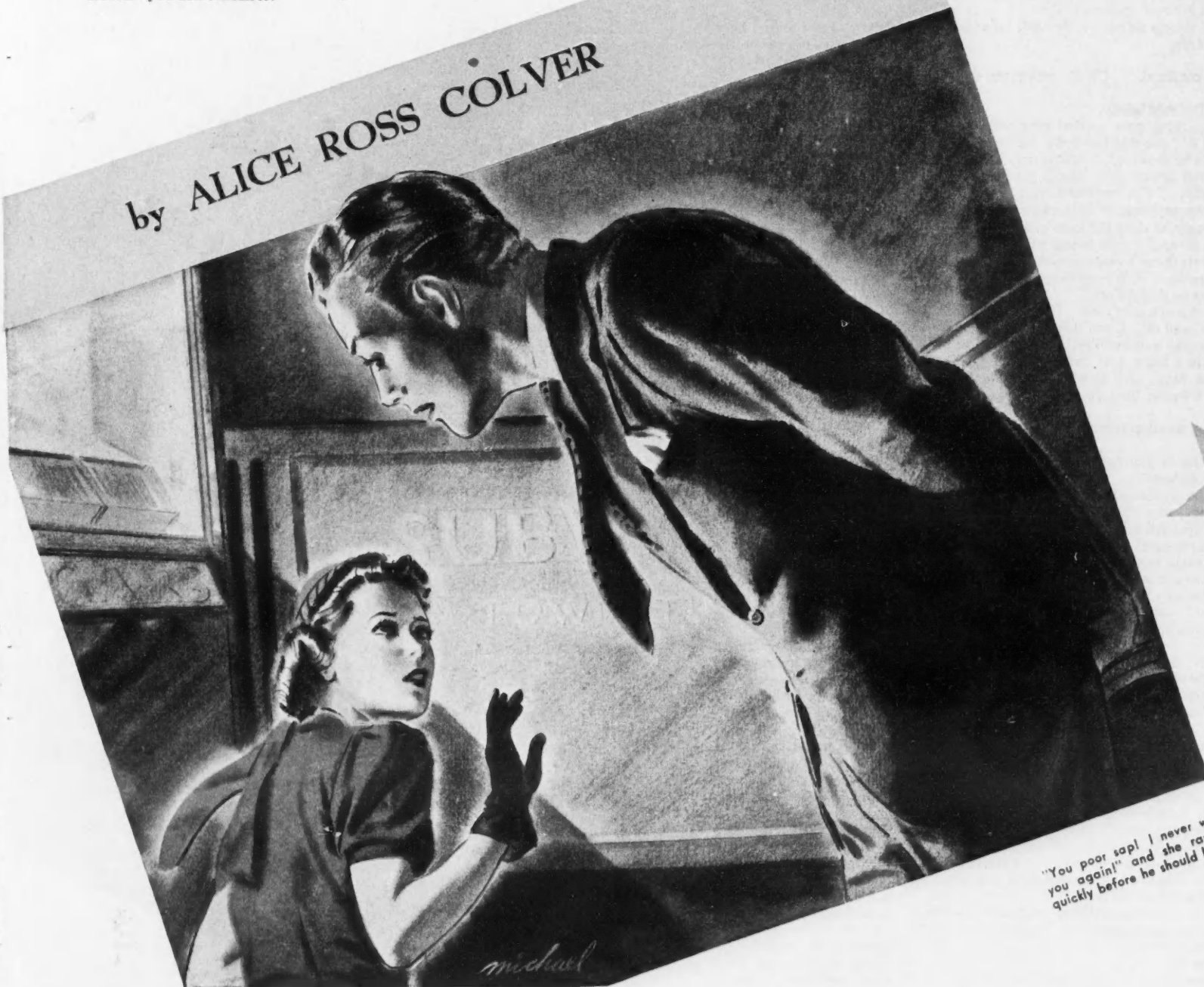
For a few minutes he was miserably anxious, then, relief over having taken a step, even if it was the wrong one, swept over him and he was suddenly at ease. He began talking. He laughed and made little jokes. He took her elbow and steered her through the turnstile as if she belonged to him. She looked up and saw his bare head—red-brown and curly. She saw his eyes, red-brown, too, and shining and warm as they met hers. Saw his cheeks, red-brown like his hair and eyes, with the red coming and going through the soft fuzz near his ears. They rode uptown quite a way. They had to stand up and they were crowded so close that he could smell her faint perfume and she could smell soap and cigarettes on him. Suddenly he said, in a happy, excited way, "Here we are!"—and they got off.

It was a nice neighborhood for twelve bucks a week. She said, "Hey! Where're you takin' me?"—and stood still in suspicion. He stopped, too, and looked down at her and told her gently she didn't have to come if she didn't want to, but he wished she would. He honestly wished she would. She said, "Well! I just want you to know I'm no gold-digger! I believed you about the twelve bucks. I only wanted a little fun." He said, "I know that. I know that perfectly well." She went along with him, then, quietly. They were both quiet. She was thinking, "What is this. I don't get it." And he was thinking, "I'm sure dumb. My gosh! I'm sure dumb. But what else could I do?"

They came into a hall and went up in an elevator. He said—"Hello, Jimmy"—to the elevator boy and the elevator boy said hello back to him so she still didn't know his name.

They got off at the sixth floor and went down a lighted hall. It had a carpet on it and was clean and freshly painted. At a door marked 606A, he [Continued on page 28]

by ALICE ROSS COLVER



"You poor sap! I never want to see you again!" and she ran from him quickly before he should hear her sob.

He swept the dishes up with his big hands. He made her laugh again and thought, "She's having a good time."

Illustrated by Michael



ONE BY ONE the men in the office left, but he hung around. He wanted to be late in leaving. He thought—Maybe if I am, she won't be there then. He thought—I could go down five blocks instead of up three and not see her. He thought—Well, she won't wait all this time. She'll be gone by now. I'll just go see if she isn't. So he went up, as usual, his hope a plunging wild thing in his heart, his shyness a physical weight on him, his niceness a torture.

She was there at the first corner. He could see her little red hat rolled up like a scarlet halo off her face. He could

see her white hand high in the air in greeting. He came toward her as if he were wading through heavy water, pretending not to notice her, pretending to be surprised when she joined him. But she stepped out from the building and said, laughing—

"Hello, goodlookin'!"

"Oh! Hello."

"Here we are again."

"Yeah. Here we are."

"You're so late I thought you'd run out on me."

"Nope."

"Is that encouragement! Gosh!" She laughed again. "I wish I knew your name, goodlookin'."

"You're getting along all right."

"But you know mine."

"Well, you didn't have to tell me."

"Boy! Do you make me hot! Listen, I'm telling you I wanted to tell you."

"Thanks."

"And why? So you could use it once in a while." She peered at him. "But you never do. Why don't you?"

"I only see you for a minute. Just as far as the subway."

"Listen! Is that my fault?"

He strode along in angry confusion. Every time she put him in a spot like that. Every single time. He'd got to do something about it. A fellow couldn't keep meeting a girl and doing nothing. A fellow couldn't keep meeting her and turning her down. She probably thought he was pretty dumb. She'd get tired after a while. Well, he *was* dumb. There must be something the matter with him to make him so dumb. It wasn't anything the matter with *her*. She was all right. She was cute. And she was nice, too. Nicer than she knew. Well, you couldn't just go ahead with a girl if she was really nice.

She said, running along beside him in her high, red heels, "Where's the fire?"—and put out her hand and caught his



She was happily crooning to herself when the door opened and Tod walked in. With an exclamation of dismay she scrambled to her feet.

a punishment and a deserved one. Annoyed by her mistake and the gush of pitying tenderness she had felt toward him she said almost brutally: "I was referring to that." She pointed to the newspaper folded so that the photograph was the first thing which struck the eye. "Evidently you haven't seen it."

"No," he said, picking it up. "I haven't seen a paper all day. I've been" he broke off short and in deadly silence he read while she watched him. The silence lengthened unbearably and something in the droop of his shoulders, in the bowed, averted head, filled Beverly with apprehension so that she found herself longing for the laughter which did not come and which had it come as she had expected would have filled her with contempt.

SUDDENLY TOD was released from the immobility which had gripped him and he crushed and twisted the paper and flung it from him. Then he turned to Beverly and his face shocked her. He had gone quite white and his eyes were those of a little boy hurt to death by a bewildering cruelty. In a harsh, unfamiliar voice he said:

"I didn't think he'd do that to me. Not dad. Why he . . ." He could not go on and stared at her dumbly.

"Don't take it like that, Tod. He's only done it because he thinks it's best for you. It's been done before, over and over again. Why nobody thinks anything of it." But her tripping, stammering words scarcely seemed to reach him. He said in that same harsh, broken whisper:

"He must hate me, to have done that."

"Of course he doesn't hate you. You're his only son. He loves you. Probably he means this . . . all that has happened, really to affect me. He thinks I'm to blame, that I married you for your money or something."

"Love?" Tod interrupted. "People who love you don't turn on you like that. Evidently I'm not the kind of fellow people can go on loving." He laughed, an unpleasant, tormented sound. "Odd isn't it? I'd always thought rather well of myself. But apparently the kind of feeling I arouse isn't the kind that stays the distance."

"We can only take what we give to people, you know," Beverly's voice was low, imbued with the spirit of crisis.

"I don't know. I don't know anything, it seems. A fellow goes along for years being what he is and everyone seems satisfied, then they all turn on you. I think I'll go for a walk if you don't mind. I've got to find a garage. I've brought the car up."

Before she [Continued on page 58]

This vividly told story of an impulsive marriage and the struggle two young moderns had to adjust their ideals to their individualities, sweeps towards its exciting climax

Daughter of a spectacular swindler who finally blew his brains out, Beverly Raine elopes one night with Tod Firth. They had met clandestinely and Beverly had never seen Tod's wealthy family. On the honeymoon in Paris, Beverly learns that Tod had been engaged to marry Annette—and that Annette and his family do not know of his runaway marriage. She insists upon returning. In the very unpleasant scenes which follow, Tod, who is charming but spoiled, allows them to think it was all Beverly's fault. Beverly is intensely unhappy, and decides to run away.

She arrives in the city and goes to Tod's friend Geoffrey Matheson, whom she had met just before her marriage. He tries to arrange a reconciliation with Tod, but Beverly refuses, until Tod explains that his father has threatened to cut him off financially, unless they set up an establishment together. Tod has no way of earning a living. Neither has Beverly. Tod's father will give them a small allowance if they live together. Beverly agrees to do it for six months, to allow Tod time to prepare himself for a position.

THROUGH A FRIEND of Geoffrey's Beverly was guided the next morning to a sunny apartment on the fifth floor of an old building. It was cheap, but unfurnished.

When Tod came to the hotel at noon she forgot momentarily all her complicated antipathy toward him and tumbled out the story of her morning's discovery. The dormant instinct of the woman to create a home had been awakened during the morning, and for the time it overwhelmed all other feeling.

"But what can we do about furniture?" she said, almost in tears. "It will cost more than we can possibly afford."

Tod was amused. "Well if furniture is all that is worrying you we can get plenty of that. The attics at home are full of junk . . . anyhow I'm sure mother would let us have whatever we want. It would make a good impression too—show we are really settling down."

She considered, not entirely approving. "I hadn't thought of that. I don't know if it would be a good idea," she said slowly. But her scruples were not putting up much of a fight against her new, exciting desire.

"And it could always go back afterward," she said with apparent irrelevance.

"Afterward?"

She became confused. "Well, when we decide to separate."

"Of course," Tod said briefly.

"I suppose anything your mother gave you would be lovely, wouldn't it?" she said hopefully, her face eager like a child waiting to be shown a Christmas tree.

"You're excited about this, aren't you?" Tod said, eyeing her keenly. "I'm surprised that you could be enthusiastic about anything so impermanent."

She became angry, to deny the hurt which his words had caused her. "Is there any need to make things worse than they are for me? It doesn't worry you surely, that I'm able to pretend and make a little happiness for myself, even if the happiness has no foundation."

"Of course it doesn't worry me. I'm glad. There's no need to bite my head off. I was just surprised, that's all. I suppose women like messing about with a house. I don't know. The girls I know just call in a firm of interior decorators when they take themselves a home and a husband—or I suppose they do. I've never given it a thought."

"Well I'll enjoy messing around, as you call it," she said defiantly.

"Good. As long as you don't expect me to help. I'm afraid I'm quite useless."

"You think the whole thing's stupid," she said sulkily and turned away. She was deflated; sunk again to the flat level of her life. All this was purposeless and futile of course. She had managed to forget that during the morning. But his reaction to the thing was the right one. Her own was exaggerated; a fuss and a fictitious delight in finding a temporary dwelling-place for two strangers. Strangers couldn't make a home. Love was the soil in which the roots of a home must be bedded. And there was no love here.

"All the same," she said bravely. "I'm going on with this, if it's all right with you. I need something to do." Her wistful face affected him.

"I wish I'd been a different sort of fellow," he said abruptly. "The kind who could give you what you want and make you happy."

Her heart's beating was queerly painful. She felt sad and despairing and wanted to cry. But she said coldly:

"Do you? It's a bit too late to wish that, isn't it?"

"You say it is. I suppose one is what one is."

Across the incomprehensible seas which divided them they regarded each other's remoteness.

"I'd thought of going out of town for the week-end," Tod said. "The invitation includes you if you wish to come. But I suppose you don't."

"No, thank you. Later on perhaps. I suppose we'll have to meet people and go together to places to make it all convincing for your parents."

"It would be as well."

"Well . . . later then," she said lamely.

"I'll go down to Fairholme and see dad. The Freeland's place is only about sixty miles from home."

Her eyes were lighted by a faint contempt. "I thought you'd do that, though I'd hoped you wouldn't. That you'd stick it out without whining."

"Your insults are getting rather monotonous, Beverly. As a matter of fact what I hoped to achieve was your release from an intolerable situation."

"I don't believe that, and I don't want to be released. When I make a bargain I'm prepared to stand by it. Whatever you do, you do for yourself. I shall go ahead with the flat and you please yourself. Did you mean what you said about the furniture?"

"Of course I meant it." He was angry now, tight-lipped and cold. "If you'll just write out what you think you'll need, I'll send it to my mother."

BUT ON SUNDAY afternoon she got a shock. Mrs. Bonati's bland large face came round the door of the empty room where she sat reading listlessly.

"What about this I read in the papers?"

Then Beverly saw the newspaper clutched in the fat beringed hand and her heart missed a beat.

"What is it? Anything—anything that concerns me?" She knew, with apprehension, from the expression in her visitor's eyes that she had not walked up here for nothing.

"Well, that's your husband, isn't it? Theodore Firth."

Beverly went white. She grabbed the paper and as she read, the color came back slowly into her cheeks. "Is that all?" she said in her relief.

"All!" Mrs. Bonati said sharply. "Isn't that enough? What's that husband of yours been up to? A father doesn't put in the newspaper that he won't be responsible for his son's debts unless there's been some funny business. Now you're my tenants and I have a right to know all about this."

Beverly stared at her and as the import of what she had read sank in she realized that it was really dreadful. It would be a shock to Tod.

"I expect him back tomorrow evening or the following day," Beverly said, staring at a discolored patch on the wall. "Quite soon anyway," she said confusedly and with a grunt which might have meant anything Mrs. Bonati went. She put her head in again to say:

"I've some cans of varnish you can have to do these floor surrounds. Do it yourself. Easy as winking. These men charge what they like. No point in it."

Beverly could not return to her book with any enthusiasm and after a few minutes she picked up the newspaper which had slipped on to the bare floor. She read the disturbing paragraph again and again. Yet Tod might laugh at the whole thing. Probably he would. He laughed at everything, didn't he? But her breast hurt her oddly and for the rest of the afternoon she could do little.

She went for a walk, then returning found the solitariness of her rooms unbearable and thought of telephoning Geoffrey. But her natural shyness made that difficult for her. After all he was a bare acquaintance though he had been so kind and it would be unfair to impose on him when he was such a busy man. In the end she went or another lonely walk.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she returned and as she let herself into the tiny hallway she purposed going straight to bed. The disturbing newspaper was on the table and she picked it up again. She knew the words by heart now, and it was the photo-

graph holding her attention when the doorbell rang, a long single pressure which startled her. She hurried to the door, expecting Mrs. Bonati and a little irritated by the thought of that acute and overwhelming presence, but it was Tod and for a few moments they stared at each other.

Tod moved forward, his hands coming up as if he were going to take her in his arms, but he did not achieve the embrace. He straightened and said:

"Hello, dear. So this is the place?"

She closed the door quietly, and stood watching him as he glanced round the room. For those few minutes of surprise at seeing him her heart had raced but she was calm enough now.

"What brought you back so soon? I didn't expect you until tomorrow."

"I know. I meant to wire you. But I—well I've had things on my mind." He turned to face her, while he thrust at his pocket for his cigarette case. He was frowning and his lips were tightly compressed. So he knew, Beverly realized. Moved to a painful, wholly maternal pity which she could not repress she approached him and said impulsively:

"I'm terribly sorry, Tod. I know this must seem awful to you."

"Then you knew they'd gone? Was everyone informed except me?" His hand was unsteady as he struck a match. "Gone?" she said blankly. "Who has gone?"

"The family—mother and father and Annette—they sailed today on a round-the-world trip. Aunt Lilian's at Fairholme and told me the news. What did you mean then, if it wasn't that? What are you sorry about?"

"It wasn't that. I knew nothing of it. I didn't know you'd been to Fairholme. I thought, when you came in . . ." But she did not complete her sentence. For a moment she had thought that he had abandoned the idea of going whining to his father, that he had discovered some pride and was going to take his punishment. Because it was

Marriage Made on Earth

by VELIA ERCOLE



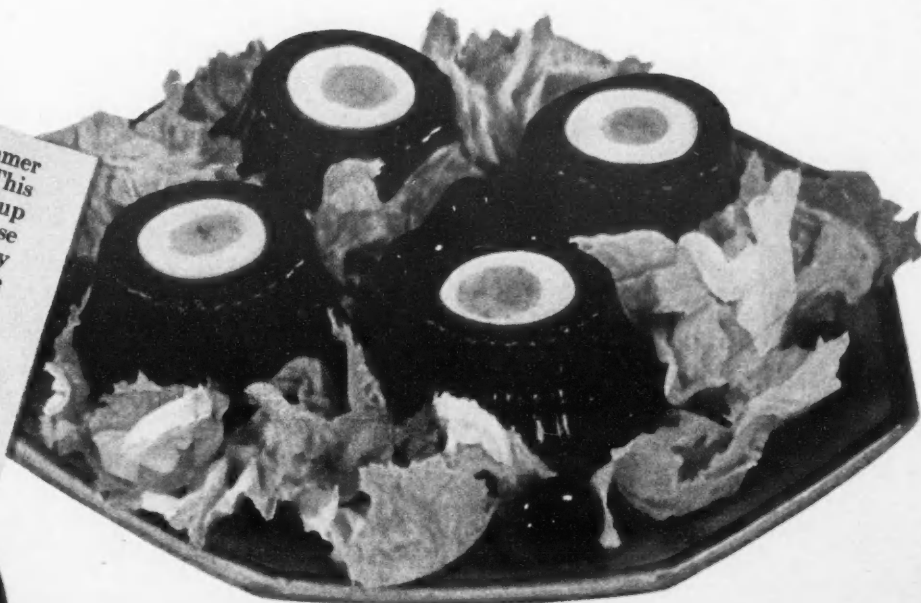
Calling all Wives.....OUT OF HOT KITCHENS!

Get away from the kitchen . . . out under the glorious summer sun. Fourteen minutes to make ready for the noon or evening meal . . . then freedom. The road to happy hours is paved with red-and-white labels from Campbell's Soups. Here are 3 letters from 3 ladies giving 3 summer menus.



"Soup and salad is the summer day bill of fare with us. This is typical: Vegetable Soup (Campbell's, of course, because it must be the homey, hearty kind), eggs in tomato juice aspic*, thin toast, and a cup of tea. It's a meal that's wonderfully nourishing yet light.

*Right after breakfast, mix 1 package of unflavored gelatin with 1/4 cup cold Campbell's Tomato Juice. Heat the remainder of the can of tomato juice to the boiling point and add it to the gelatin mixture. Stir until dissolved. Cook hard one egg for each serving. Use plain or regular or individual molds. Set the eggs on the aspic. Cover with the remaining jelly, having it slightly cool. Jell in the refrigerator and then serve for lunch on lettuce with mayonnaise. Serve with ripe olives if desired."



"With such a satisfying dish as Campbell's Vegetable Soup on the table it doesn't take much else to make up a meal these days. Often I fix a big plate of assorted sandwiches, a bowl of spiced applesauce, with ginger cookies, and iced tea. Start a summer menu with Campbell's Vegetable Soup and the rest is as simple as one — two — three!"



"Here's a first rate summer supper that I build around left-over roast veal or some other cold meat. First, Campbell's Tomato Soup for the very necessary one hot dish. (Its lively red and its tingling taste are so appetizing!) Then the sliced cold veal, with sweet pickles, and sandwiches of chopped cucumber and onion. To top off, canned pears and chocolate cookies. A first rate supper. And (sh!) it's quick to fix, too."



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

MISS ADA MACKENZIE

Famous Canadian Amateur Golf Champion

Gives these Golfing Tips in an exclusive
interview with Chatelaine

For the Beginner

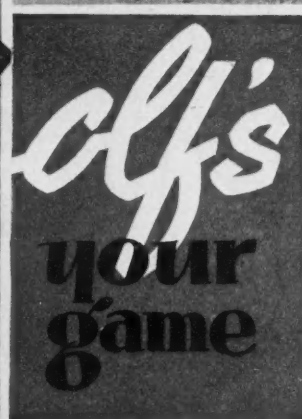
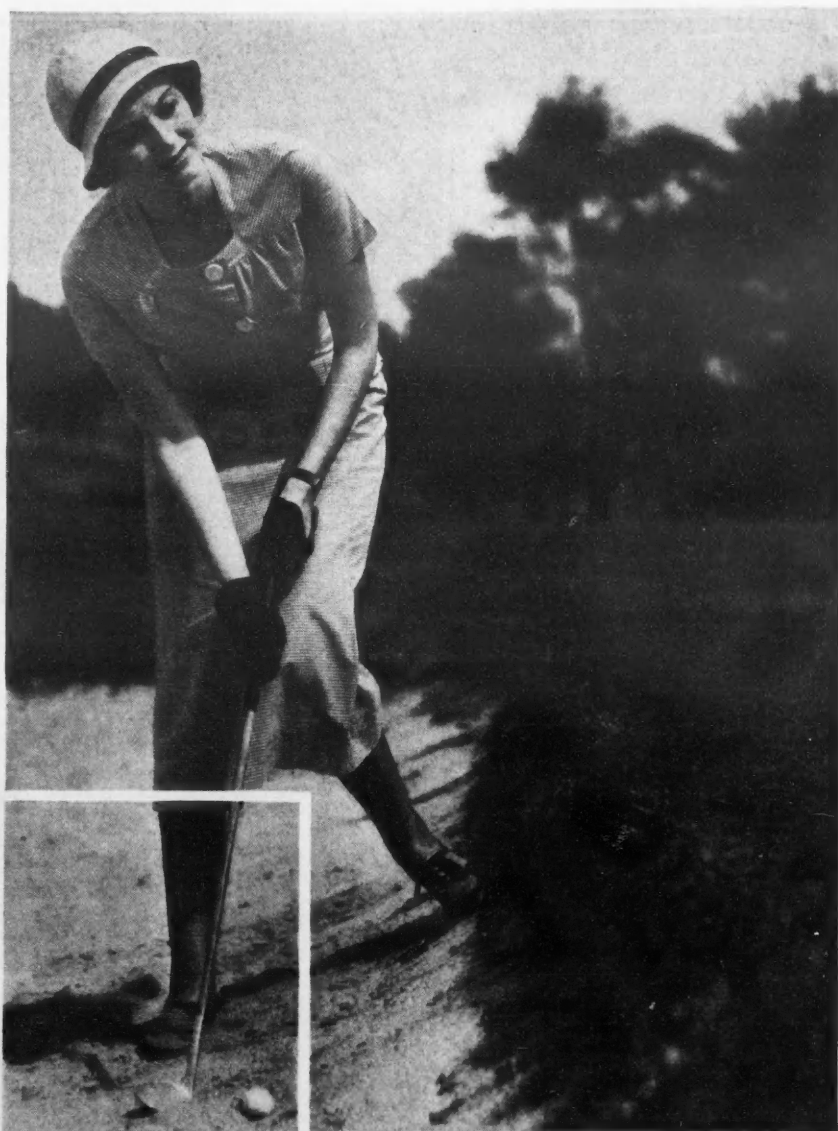
For the Average Player

For the Older Woman

•

And some simple rules about what to wear
in order to look and play your best

Armstrong Roberts.



For the Beginner

RESIST THAT impulse to swat the ball too hard. Let the club do some of the work, no matter how peppy you feel. See that the clubhead gets into the ball before your hands reach their lowest position. It's important. And that's a matter of Timing. A good professional will set you up in proper position . . . stance, gripping the club, etc. Saves a lot of unlearning later on. Don't stoop too much because of your keenness to get close to the ball. Most women do when they're beginning. Get lightness into your swing. Don't be muscle-bound. And don't start out by taking your golf too seriously . . . after all, you're in it for fun! And if you play a reasonable game, it's a tremendous social asset. You can play at—or with—any age. And please be patient!

Start off with simple clubs . . . three or four are enough. Get a good type of steel-shafted ones, a matched set, and really fitted to your size and type. Start with a brassie (one wooden club), a number three iron, a number six iron and a putter. Then add to them as you develop and feel the need for more. Just as too heavy a racket retards a tennis player, so the wrong clubs will hold you back in your game.

And you need to play at least once a week if you're going to work into a decent game.

For the Average and Middle-aged Player

DON'T LET yourself get set and feel you can't go any farther. There's no deadline in golf. No matter how advanced you may be there's always something new to learn. New ideas, new theories, new rules, are important. Keep up with them. You're never too old—or too good—to take a lesson. It brushes you up and gives you a fresh interest. Don't use too many clubs. Fourteen is the limit now for tournament play. Six or seven (as carried by Miss Mackenzie in ordinary play) that will see you through splendidly are driver, spoon, three, five, seven, nine and putter.

Be open-minded about new ideas. Don't be too selfish to play with poorer players now and then. Don't take your tournament play too seriously. Some women want to win too much to be able to do it. Golf is a matter, chiefly, of co-ordination. For tournament play you need to develop a special temperament. You may [Continued on page 26]

**PROCEED
WITH
CAUTION**



4. RIGHT-OF-WAY — (Below)
That's what you give a protruding chin if you wear a hat far back off your forehead. Wear it low.

6. STOP!—(Above) Wearing a small hat with glasses. Conceal and shadow the rims with a charmingly wide brimmed model.



1. SHARP CURVE AHEAD—(Above)
Upturned Nose and Uptilted brim don't travel well together. Try the face-shadowing model instead.



3. HEAD-ON COLLISION—(Above)
Results when you combine massed flowers on top with a receding chin. A hat low over the forehead will be becoming.



5. VISIBILITY, GOOD—(Above) Too darned good for that double chin, if you wear a hat with heavy folds or curves. Your bet is a chapeau with interest centred especially high.



2. HAZARDOUS TWIST—(Above, left)
Comes from wearing a tricorner hat with a long nose. Get a model larger in front.



The Girl in the Photograph—Looks smart, doesn't she? Because her hat is right for her . . . from every angle. Posed by the Stetson Company.

If you want to get the best mileage out of your new model, you'll check the new styles with your own particular type of beauty pretty carefully. And study your defects before you buy your hat. Then pick one to fit your personality as well as your head.

There are some good tips in this little group of new models. To the far left, below, is the hat that goes round and round and up and up. It's built to add inches to your height. So don't wear it unless you want to. Next, the latest turban. Smart, isn't it? But not for the tall, thin woman. It emphasizes height.

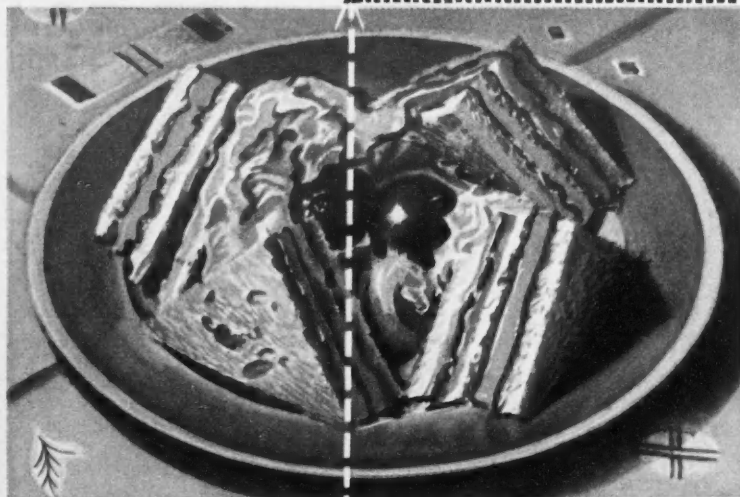
And just above is a trick which involves two generations and one hat. A nice convertible—wear it straight on, after forty. Tip it back before. Right, is the wide straight brim that makes you appear shorter than you really are. If you droop the brim you'll seem even shorter. If you slant it and put trimming low down, you're shorter still! If you put the trimming high on the crown, up you go.

Have a good time!

KRAFT SUGGESTIONS FOR

cool, nutritious meals
on sweltering days

FILE-SIZE RECIPES; CLIP THEM AND SERVE A CHEESE DISH TOMORROW!



Triangle Club Sandwich—Spread a slice of toast with chili sauce; cover with a slice of full-flavored Kraft Canadian or zesty Creamed Old English Cheese; then a second slice of toast spread with chili. Spread the top of this slice with Kraft Mayonnaise, cover it with a slice of tongue and a third slice of toast spread with Mayonnaise. Cut the sandwich in four triangles and stand upright on a plate. Garnish with crisp lettuce and stuffed olives. Cool-to-make, and so nutritious—this tasty sandwich can be a luncheon main dish for the family.

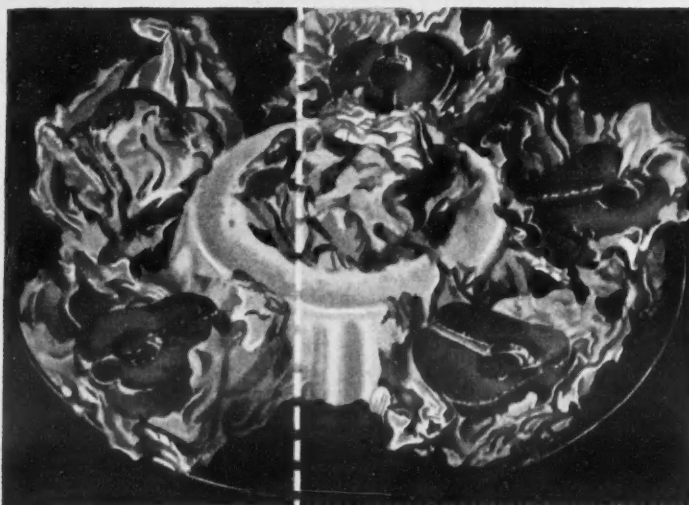
**Cheese Tray Luncheon—a Swell Idea!**

On a tray arrange slices of full-flavored Kraft Canadian . . . nut-sweet Kraft Swiss . . . zesty Creamed Old English Cheese. Include in your assortment, too, delicately flavored "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese . . . the cream cheese that's *guaranteed fresh!* Make little bread and butter sandwiches. And for the salads . . . peel four tomatoes and cut each in five sections almost to the stem end. Place the tomatoes in lettuce cups and fill with Kraft Mayonnaise. Remember this for party refreshments. And serve this summer tray, too, for family lunches and suppers. The Kraft Cheese supplies important food values the family needs—and you keep cool preparing the meal.

HERE'S HOW to take it easy on hot days, and at the same time give the family meals that are intriguing and nutritious. Open up a Kraft package or two or three . . . let these tempting cheeses supply the fundamental food values so apt to be skimped in "refrigerator meals."

Kraft Cheese is rich in food energy, highest quality protein, Vitamin A—nutritive values we all need the year around. And it supplies a wealth of the precious milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. In fact, it takes *more than a gallon* of rich milk to make a single pound of Kraft Cheese!

Clip the Kraft suggestions on this page! See how wilted appetites pick up when you offer cold combinations made with the Kraft varieties, so famous for flavor!



"Philadelphia" Cucumber Ring—In $\frac{1}{4}$ c. cold water soften 2 tbsps. gelatin; dissolve in $\frac{1}{2}$ c. boiling water; add $\frac{1}{4}$ c. sugar and cool. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, 2 tbsps. lemon juice, 1 tsp. scraped onion, 1 c. grated, drained cucumber. Soften 3 pkgs. "Philadelphia" Brand Cream Cheese with $\frac{1}{4}$ c. gelatin mixture. Chill remaining gelatin until partly thick; then beat with Dover beater until foamy. Combine with cheese mixture; chill in mold. Let canned pears stand 1 hr. in a syrup of pear juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. red cinnamon candy. Fill unmolded ring with lettuce; garnish with pears on lettuce cups.



Tune in on the Kraft Music Hall—Bing Crosby, Bob Burns and famous guest stars. Thursday nights, NBC stations.

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* **PLAYING GOLF** — swinging clubs, walking, teeing up balls — uses up a surprisingly large amount of energy. Yet 3 slices of your baker's good white bread supply enough energy for 9 holes of this active game. No other food supplies so much energy at such low cost. And bread is the *best* energy food you can eat — regardless of cost.

Bread is the best energy food you can eat. Diet authorities advise **AT LEAST 6 SLICES EVERY DAY . . .**

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It's an amazing fact that 85% of the food you eat is used up just to supply energy!

And bread is the best known source of this vital food necessity. For bread supplies *sustained* energy. Not just a short, quick spurt . . . but the enduring kind of energy that carries you right through from one meal to the next.

If you eat plenty of bread at every meal, you're not apt to feel let-down and weak in the middle of the morning or afternoon. And you're ready to enjoy your social life when working hours are over.

So, if you want to get a lot done, and feel splendidly *vital* for work and play, eat plenty of bread — at least 6 slices every day!

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helps you reduce safely!

To keep up your strength and energy while you reduce, you *must* eat bread. Bread is not fattening, as many people suppose. It is a combination of carbohydrate and a form of protein that stimulates the *burning up* of fat. If you want to reduce with safety, don't cut down on bread.



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HAVE YOU HAD YOUR 6 SLICES TODAY?



Captain and Mrs. George Black, at the time the Captain was at the front, and Mrs. Black doing war work in London

My 70 years

by MRS. GEORGE BLACK
M.P. for the Yukon, as told to
ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

Telling of thrilling experiences during the war and noble work as "Yukon Mother" to sick and wounded soldiers



THE Yukon Infantry Company, two hundred and seventy-five strong, recruited by my husband, left Dawson under his command on the *S. S. Casca*, October 16, 1916. Aside from the company and the crew, the only other person aboard was myself, the only woman. We were like a great party of comrades and there were many surprises on the trip out. My dear friends of the Martha Munger Black Chapter I.O.D.E., had made "housewives" (small sewing kits, which the men called "hussies") for every member of the Company, and these were presented with due ceremony. They had also made several pairs of socks for the Captain, my husband, while I, too, was called forth and presented with a poke of gold nuggets, one from each member of the Chapter. These (which I still have today), I put in a small glass bottle, and exhibited proudly to everyone.

Before leaving Dawson, the Martha Munger Black Chapter gave me several yards of white linette, to make an autographed quilt, which they intended to raffle, to raise funds for War work. The men helped me tear this in four-inch squares, on which they autographed their names. Later these blocks were sent back to Mrs. Frank Osborn, the Regent of the Chapter, who, with other members, etched the names in red cotton. The quilt was handsomely made up, and hundreds of chances were sold at "two bits" each.

Months later, in England, after I had quite forgotten all about it, I received a marked copy of the *Dawson News*, which told me that one of my tickets bore the winning number. When my son Lyman was married, I gave it to him as a War souvenir.

Until January the company was in training in Victoria, and Mrs. Black did any kind of War work that she could find. Then, early in the year, Captain Black received orders to "stand by," and Mrs. Black determined to try to go overseas on the troopship with him. This was a very difficult ambition, but Mrs. Black went to Ottawa, and, as she says, "Interviewed everybody from the Prime Minister down" to get the desired permission. Finally she hurried to Halifax, and shortly before the troopship sailed, Captain Black came with the good news that Mrs. Black could travel with them. The trip was a rough one but the ship docked safely.

THE DAILY newspapers gave a good deal of publicity to the arrival of the Yukoners, "who had come eight thousand miles to fight for the Empire." They told how we had sent ten per cent of our population to fight for King and Country; and that we had given twenty dollars per capita

to the patriotic fund (more than any other part of Canada). Members of the Boyle Yukon Machine Gun Battery had distinguished themselves, too, all original officers getting military crosses, twenty-four men military medals, and one officer awarded a D. C. M. for conspicuous gallantry at Passchendaele.

In consequence, we received a great deal of attention. One of our first invitations was to dine with T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The Duchess was amused to hear the story of the raffling of a dozen pairs of socks she had knitted on her machine, and given to me to sell for War work. Three pairs were raffled for twenty-five dollars, and three pairs sold for the same amount. The winner of the raffle returned the socks to me. I, in turn, gave them to a Red Cross organization in Los Angeles, California, which again raffled them, netting one hundred dollars. So, in all, we made one hundred and fifty dollars from the royal socks, which pleased Her Royal Highness immensely.

We had special cards of admission to the House of Commons. George was taken to the Distinguished Visitors' Gallery, while I was led by devious ways and dusty passages, to the top of the building, and put behind an iron grille in the Ladies' Gallery. I told some of the Members later that this was my first visit to a country where men were so frightened of women, that they had to keep them behind bars! This story appeared in the press later, and within a month the grille had disappeared. We felt, too, the general opinion of most visitors to the House of Commons, in this country as well as in England, that too much time and breath are spent in haggling over unimportant business.

Everywhere I went I was introduced as "The Lady from the Yukon." "Oh, is it cold there?" was always the question, and my invariable answer was: "I've never suffered with cold there as I do here." And it was true—the misery of trying to keep warm over grate fires that barely took the chill off the rooms! I used to feel it was a criminal waste of fuel, as most of the heat went up the chimney. Our little Klondike stoves could have warmed the rooms with half the fuel. Preparing for the night was a real ceremony. First, I took a "red hot" bath, then donned my long-sleeved, high-necked flannel nightgown (yes, I gave up all my preferences for thin, silk, lacy robes de nuit), put on my bed socks and crawled into a bed warmed by two hot water bottles. To think I had to go to London to get chilblains in my toes and fingers!

WE HAD our chuckles over getting used to the English accent. One Englishwoman, with whom my husband and

I were staying for the week-end, said: "I can almost understand what you say—as I am quite accustomed to Americans, having met so many on the continent . . . and then I had an aunt from Boston."

"But, of course, you understand my husband, don't you?"

"Not always. It is so difficult to understand Canadian. A friend and I attended some Canadian sports last summer, and it was really like being in a foreign country, they all talked so strangely."

At this time the people had just been put "on honor" food rations, and it was at a dinner party at the Savoy that I first fully realized there was a food shortage. One guest asked for more sugar for her strawberries. The waiter brought a large plate on which was a dessertspoonful. When coffee came, again she asked for more sugar and he put his hand into his trousers pocket and pulled forth three lumps. I saw him do it. At the Savoy! One of the swankest places in London!

But the time was to come, and soon too, when I used one week's sugar rations (half a pound) to make Lyman's favorite layer cake, when he was on leave; when I almost forgot what "normal" sugar looked like, it was so dark brown and sandy; when we had to use honey and saccharin instead. When my husband was convalescing, he had such a craving for sweet food, that I, the "Yukon Mother," actually went forth and almost made love to the groceryman before he would sell me a pot of strawberry jam. Anyway, "All's fair in love and war," and in my case, I was more than justified by having the two combined.

I NEVER worked as hard in my life as I did during those overseas years. People used to envy my opportunity for service, but there were many times I was deeply discouraged. My poor efforts seemed like those of a caged squirrel, always turning the wheel but to no avail. As I saw the silent grey cars of the Red Cross, standing in long sombre lines at Charing Cross, Waterloo and Victoria stations, while the wounded were gently hurried from the train to the ambulance, like so many others not in front-line service, I felt indeed I was only "on the outside looking in." It was hard to keep up my spirits, especially during those days of suspense, when my men were somewhere in action, two at the front, one on the high seas, and another in aviation.

Immediately on arrival in London I went to Lady Drummond, of the Red Cross. I told her that I didn't care what kind of work I did, as long as I was "near a radiator." She placed me under the direction of Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley (formerly lady-in-waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, when she was in Canada), in the Prisoners-of-War department, where from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. I had piles of letters to type—just ordinary work, with no frills or glory, only the reward of knowing that I was doing something necessary.

I was here steadily for three months, the work being interrupted by the loss of Canadian mails, delays of prisoners-of-war letters, governmental regulations cutting the amount of food parcels in half, an epidemic of measles (which meant double shift) and two attacks of appendicitis. I filled in the odd hours with lectures on the Yukon, Y. M. C. A., canteen work, Women's Battersea English Pension Board meetings and investigations, Red Cross sewing meetings, visiting Yukoners in hospital, writing letters to my family, and also news letters for two Northern newspapers, as I was "our own correspondent" of the *Dawson News* and *White Horse Star*. I tried magazine writing, but when I came to the point of actual recording, my pen scratched, my machine needed cleaning, and by the time this was done, inspiration was ever jeering at me from the bough of some distant tree and I set to work darning socks.

I particularly enjoyed talking about the Yukon, my own part of Canada, which is always so inspiring to me. I gave almost four hundred lectures, many illustrated, averaging a daily talk for months, to audiences of from fifty to seven hundred. One day I gave three, but this was too much. Of course, it meant catching trains at all hours, to all places, carrying heavy "boxes" of slides and clothes, blocks on end, in all kinds of weather, and all kinds of accommodation, from the humblest to the highest, as my "hospitality" was provided. It was extremely wearisome at times, but always interesting. [Continued on page 45]

THIS *Freshening Up*



DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN... IT INVIGORATES IT!

THE freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, sparkling look the world admires.

That's the Pond's way of freshening up, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin—keeps it clear and glowing.

Fight Skin Faults with Rousing Treatments

This is the famous rousing Pond's treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Livens circulation... Invigorates the tissues, so your outer skin will be clear... fine textured... flawless! Begin today to use it.

Beautiful and well-groomed girls in over 50 countries follow this method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat this invigorating treatment with Pond's Cold Cream... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a bright and vital look," she says. "I make it a rule to freshen up with Pond's before I ever go out."



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Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd., Dept. CG, 90 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ontario. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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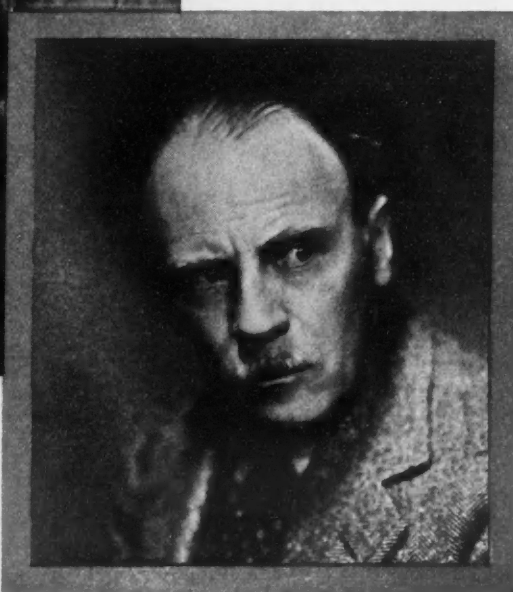
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WHAT'S GOING ON IN HOLLYWOOD?



Eleanor Powell walks out on Robert Taylor's love song.

The death of Sonja Henie's jovial father has saddened the film colony.

Jane Withers entertains the protege she is educating.

Kenny Baker, radio star, with Jane Seymour in "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air."

Roland Young comes back to Hollywood in "Topper" written especially for him by his great friend, the late Thorne Smith.

Chatelaine's Correspondent catches the stars when the cameras aren't cranking—and tells you all he sees

by WHITNEY WILLIAMS

both Metro-Goldwyn and Warner Bros. tried to induce Roland Young to desert Broadway for screen appearances at their respective studios. Despite handsome offers, the English comedian flatly refused to consider leaving the east.

Doing an about-face, Young then signed with the comparatively small Hal Roach studio, to enact the title role in "Topper!"

Why did he do it—accept a smaller salary at a less prominent studio? There's the joker. "Topper" was written by the late Thorne Smith, one of the actor's oldest and dearest friends. And the character of Topper was written with Young expressly in mind! Do you wonder he changed his mind about Hollywood?

Incidentally, this picture promises to be very funny. I watched several of the scenes shot a day or so ago, and even the working crew—always hard shells to crack!—chortled with amusement. Me? I nearly ruined a scene when a chair insisted upon following Young as he walked about a hotel lobby.

Another bit of action I especially enjoyed was offered on the "Mr. Dodd Takes the Air" set. This is the picture that brings Kenny Baker, heard on Jack Benny's radio program every Sunday, to the screen in his first starring role.

Kenny was to follow Alice Brady out on to the roof-garden of her penthouse. Breathlessly, he was to listen to her warble, in her inimitable way, about the stars. But . . . he kept tripping over Alice's long train, and the scene had to be retaken five times. Kenny was frightfully embarrassed. Alice, though, and the rest of the company nearly choked with merriment.

Over on a Paramount set, another troupe nearly choked, but this time not with merriment. They were aghast.

Martha Raye, she-of-the-Joe-E.-Brown-mouth, had just sighted Adolph Zukor, czar of the studio, and instead of greeting him formally, shouted, "Hello, there, cutie!" The expressions on the faces of the cast would have been worth many a dollar, could they have been recorded on film. In many years of wandering about sets I've never seen such reaction. And—need I mention it?—a broad grin crossed Zukor's face, as he chirruped, just as informally, "Hi!"

GOOD NEWS NOTE: The Gary Coopers are expecting a blessed event—some time in September? You should have seen Gary's handsome face light up with pleasure when he admitted this fact to me.

Even the stars suffer their downs as well as their ups. I'm thinking of James Stewart, who can qualify right now as the champion hard-luck guy.

Jimmy was cast to appear opposite Ginger Rogers in "Vivacious Lady." This film meant a lot to him, because, as you know, he and Ginger are "that way" about each other. But he had to leave the cast, due to a serious throat infection.

As though this weren't sufficient, he lost out, too, in the leading male role with Luise Rainer in "Once There Was a Lady." Misfortune never comes singly.

Speaking of Ginger Rogers brings to mind seeing her in the studio restaurant, when I was interviewing Harriet Hilliard. Ginger, in blue slacks, dropped by our table to say hello, refused an invitation to join us when she learned I was getting

a story from the little actress who scored so decisively in "Follow the Fleet," and tramped over to the lunch counter to eat her luncheon with a couple of carpenters.

CLOSE-UPS: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is winding up his affairs in England and henceforth will make his headquarters in Hollywood.

Helen Broderick's love for animals may well be imagined when she jumped into her

[Continued on page 63]

SUMMER HAS hit Hollywood with a vengeance. You can tell it—apart from gentle breezes and romance a-flaming—by the number of picture-folk who have taken their yachts out of dry dock and readied their craft for a busy season of entertaining.

Dick Arlen already has formulated plans for cruising down the Mexican coast with a party of intimates—Gary Cooper and Jack Oakie and perhaps Bing Crosby will be among these—and Lee Tracy is poring over charts of the Inside Passage to Alaska. Preston Foster, one of Screenland's most enthusiastic amateur sailors, intends to spend most of his time between Los Angeles Harbor and Santa Catalina Island, while Buck Jones, if he can find the time, will sail down to Panama, and possibly on to South America. It begins to look as though all Hollywood had turned nautical-minded.

The film colony still is saddened by the sudden death of Sonja Henie's father. In his prime, Mr. Henie passed away after only a week's illness. And, as you might suspect,

Sonja took the passing of her beloved "Papa" like the great little trouser she is.

But a further note of tragedy attends Wilhelm Henie's demise. 20th Century-Fox was about to place the fat, jolly Norwegian under contract!

Henie had appeared in several scenes with his daughter while the "Thin Ice" company was on location at Mt. Ranier, in Washington, and evinced so striking a talent for comedy that Darryl Zanuck, head of the studio, had ordered a contract drawn up. The form was awaiting his signature when news of his untimely death was broadcast.

Here's a little story that bears repeating. For months,



Take an English Complexion with you—anywhere in the world!

At the sunny Princess Pool in gay Bermuda—on the plage at Les Residences—at icy Placid—or snowbound St. Moritz, you'll notice the same type of wonderfully beautiful complexion. For the Englishwoman, famous traveller, now takes her renowned flower-colouring and delicate skin-texture with impunity into any climate.

And nowadays she's more than apt to be greeted with the same clarity and freshness in the faces she encounters. Yardley of London, the renowned house which has made her own beauty aids for more than a century, has placed them for her use—and yours—almost everywhere.

If you would cultivate for yourself a skin that's like a damask rose in texture, then here's her priceless method for you:

A daily facial bath with a soap that summons up the most fragrant, gently purifying cloud of lather. That's **YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER SOAP**—so necessary for exquisite youthful clearness.

A generous application of snowy, smoothing **ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM** for recleansing, softening and refining. (You may add Yardley's Skinfood if your skin is especially dry, and Yardley's Foundation if you prefer a special powder base.)

A fresh mist of glorious **YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER POWDER**—so light and delicate it clings for hours and does its own part to protect skins from modern menaces (oily smoke, dust, drying harshness) at the same time it beautifies.

Finish with a few extra touches, gauged to your own desire or climate, if you wish them—and there's your English Complexion! A fresh radiance that's equally easy to maintain at home or when you travel. Find Yardley's perfect skin aids in fine stores everywhere, with our luxuries for bath and make-up also. And send for our new booklet, "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street," without obligation, to tell you more about them. Address **Yardley & Co. (Canada) Ltd.**—Yardley House—Toronto, Ont.

Yardley & Co. Ltd., 33, Old Bond Street, London; 620 Fifth Avenue (Rockefeller Center), New York City; or Paris; Sydney, Australia.

Yardley's English Lavender—the lovable fragrance—in smart containers, priced from 40c. to \$12. Yardley's English Lavender Powder, in seven glorious shades including delicate English Peach and radiant Gipsy, \$1.10. English Lavender Soap, 35c. a tablet, large size, and English Complexion Cream, \$1.10. For skins aged or dried by climate, use Yardley's Skinfood, \$1.10. Yardley's Foundation Cream, in the pale-rose container at 85c., Yardley's Cream Rouge, 85c. and Indelible Lipstick, \$1.10, to finish off.



YARDLEY'S ENGLISH LAVENDER



ENJOY YOUR SUNSET YEARS

EVEN if you can take age 60 at full stride, it may be wise to slow down a bit. But that doesn't mean that you ought to begin pricing wheel chairs.

More people in this country have now reached the age of 60 than ever before—due in part to better observance of the laws of hygiene. Furthermore, their numbers will increase.

Whether one looks forward to a time when he can be increasingly useful, or to well-earned leisure and contentment, age 60 offers a wealth of future possibilities. Be ready to enjoy your sunset years. Follow these few simple, pleasant rules:

Good Mental Habits. Many have learned to make their lives richer and fuller by keeping their minds young and open to new ideas. Keep up your enthusiasm. Learn more about those subjects you like best, or take time to explore new fields. An interesting hobby adds to the enjoyment of life.

Sleep and Rest. Older people need more frequent periods of rest. While you sleep or rest, Nature does her best repair work—restoring the energy you have used up.

Food. Eat less as you grow older. Three "square" meals a day, easily digested in earlier years, may not be necessary as time goes on. You may

find that if you eat moderately your meals will be just as enjoyable and more healthful.

Water. Drink plenty of pure water, beginning the day with a glass or two and drinking freely during the day. The body needs water to help carry off waste products. When Mark Twain facetiously said, "A moderate amount of drinking water never hurt anyone," he was entirely right.

Sunshine and Fresh Air. You need these two great tonics all year round. Let the sun shine on you; it kills germs and brings health. But in sweltering weather be especially careful not to overtax yourself. Fresh air, like sunshine, is a friend to good health. Breathe it deeply.

Exercise and Play. Get some form of moderate exercise every day. It is an excellent aid in prolonging life. Without exercise the muscles become flabby. If you can make play of your light exercise, so much the better. When recreation stops, old age begins.

Ask your doctor at least once a year for suggestions as to what you may safely do, as well as wisely avoid. Send for free booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life"—a guide to better health all through life—from youth to old age. Address Booklet Dept. 7L-37, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

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Golf's Your Game

(Continued from page 18)

be a good golfer, but poor in tournaments. You need to be keyed up enough to be on the *qui vive*, yet have everything under control. Poor sportsmanship takes away the glory of any winnings, no matter how great.

If your husband or men friends are good golfers, make them take you along now and then. It's good to play with men—their game is swifter and stronger. But don't be a pest. Let them enjoy their game themselves plenty of times.

And don't hold men up on the course. It's a bad habit women have—often they don't want to let masculine players through. Do it quickly, graciously and decisively, if you're slower. You'll win good will for yourself and spurs for women golfers generally.

Don't be over-anxious to smash last year's record the first time out on the course. Be contented to relax and gradually work your game up smoothly. That feeling that you can hit the ball farther than you ever did before is just spring fever. Chalk it down as such.

For the Older Woman

FOR GOODNESS' sake, get all the fun you can out of it. Nine holes or less are enough for you. Don't go too hard—it takes too much out of you, and kills any benefit you might get from the grand exercise in the open air. When you get tired—stop. On the average, it's a good idea to play a leisurely game with someone your own age—do plenty of verandah sitting at the clubhouse and be as social as possible about your playing. Don't keep younger members of the family playing with you all the time. Simplify your clubs again, now that you're older. Have a caddy whenever possible. And you'll find that fewer clubs cause you less strain. You don't have to think so much. And remember, you're playing now for sheer pleasure. You can even (keep this one in your own age group) pick up your ball if you get a bad lie. Make a gentleman's agreement with your opponent when you start out. It's no fun digging out of a hard hole—nobody likes it. With the privilege of greater maturity, you can both kick your balls out of difficult lies. Let the young 'uns scrape the sand pits. Pick people you like to be with, rather than just people you like to play with, and enjoy companionship. Stop and admire the setting and the scenery—it's your best way of getting into the country.

And if you really are serious about learning Late in Life, remember that Mrs. Opal Hill of the United States didn't start to play until she was over 40—and she's a champion. But most of the others (Miss Mackenzie began at eleven, trailing her father around the course with a single club) went at it early. It's more fun if you don't worry, anyway.

Why not do most of your playing in early morning or afternoon? It's cooler and pleasanter on the course then.

And About Your Clothes—at Any Age DON'T THINK you can play golf in "any old thing." Not if you want a good game. A modern windbreaker's the thing for cold, windy weather. Don't pile on a lot of woollies—they won't keep out the wind, and you'll just be burdened down. Make

no mistake about it, you can't play golf if you're cold. For cooler weather play, try a light woolly or heavy tweed skirt (a matter of choice) fairly short—just below the knee is comfortable—and a light, woolly sweater. Then your windbreaker. You'll be wiser to get special cleated golf shoes right at the beginning. You can lose a lot of yardage, slipping around on a very wet or very dry day. Socks are probably easier on the feet than just plain stockings. If you're very young, you can wear socks alone, or just shoes and your slim brown legs, bare. But if you're older, wear silk or lisle stockings and socks.

For very warm weather, try a tailored skirt, light and cool, and a thin cotton jersey. Your skirt can be light-weight wool or one of the nice noncrushable linens or sleek synthetic fabrics like sharkskin. Get one with plenty of leg room. It's better not to play in silk—it has a tendency to blow too much, and be bothersome. An all-linen suit in a gay color will be nice for mid-summer. Watch that you have the simplest lines and nothing around your neck or waist that flutters or blows. You can get exciting effects with brilliant colors—and the golf course is your chance to wear the brightest, gayest colors in the world, and look smart. The course is big enough and green enough, and you are small enough by contrast, to make it possible to choose a lot of things you couldn't wear on the street or to the office or a tea party. It's nice to have a neckerchief, provided it's soft and soothing and tied in a neat knot that won't allow any temperamental waving around.

It's better in cotton or linen, and will keep the heat off the back of your neck in summer. Some people can play without any shade, and young girls seem to be able to keep their hair tidy without a hat. But most people find they're happier with a hat of light felt or some gay linen or fabric smartly stitched. Dark glasses have a tendency to let the light in at the sides, giving a misleading slant to the ball—so beware. If you can get the kind that just take the glare off, and aren't very dark, it's all right.

Gloves are a matter of choice—but you can't just wear any gloves. Definitely not. If ordinary gloves are loose enough to allow hand action they're in the way—if they're too tight they restrict your hold. You must have regular half gloves—Miss Mackenzie plays with a left-hand half glove only, of soft leather or chamois. It helps her with her grip. For early or late season play there are smart little wool gloves that clip around the little finger and thumb, keeping the back of the hand and wrist warm. Like a half mitt. They wear them in England a lot. For summer, net are very satisfactory. Remember that you can't handle the club properly if your hands are cold.

And here's an important point about foundation garments. If you're accustomed to wearing a girdle don't go out on the course without one. You'll be uncomfortable and conscious of feeling somehow different—and you won't be able to enjoy your game. Of course you don't want a restricting garment—but you can get a light summer girdle of some cool fabric that gives easily. Shorts are all right on very summery courses—again if you're young. Culottes are favorites of some women, but Miss Mackenzie thinks they have too much fullness. Slacks are all right. But a skirt is usually your best bet—if you get just the right kind. Slacks are often good for rainy weather. And there are special rainproof caps, windbreakers and skirts now, that will let you play comfortably, rain or shine.

The main thing is to be dressed so well, so comfortably and so attractively that you can forget about yourself completely and enjoy your game to the full.

"THE GIRL WHO ASKED FOR TROUBLE"

Elizabeth Sanxay Holding's pulse-quickenning murder mystery.
COMMENCING IN AUGUST CHATELAINE.

is an awful way to treat you, isn't it! We ought to have gone to the movies."

She didn't say anything for a minute and when she did, her voice had a kind of funny shake in it. She said, "No, it's a swell way. I always go to the movies. This is different. I've had a swell time. But I've got to go now." And she stood up.

He stood up, too. It was early—not yet ten o'clock—but he thought miserably, of course she was bored, so he said, "Well, all right. If you've got to go, I'll take you." And then—he didn't know how it happened, any more than he knew how anything had happened the whole time, but suddenly she was in his arms with hers right around his neck and her cheek against his and she was kissing him and whispering, "Oh, you're sweet! You're sweet!"

And he was holding her carefully in a great wonder and he was whispering back, "Dyllis—Dyllis—" And his frightened lips touched her hair and came down to her soft eyes and then on down to her full mouth. When he touched her lips, however, fire seemed to go through him and he heard himself give a great gasp and his fright vanished and he jerked her tight to him.

But she struggled away and went around to the other side of the reading table and stood there and didn't look the same at all. Because now all the laughter was drained away out of her face and it was left white and pinched and old. It was terrible the way she looked. He couldn't bear it and he took a step toward her but her eyes blazed at him and she said sharply—"Don't!"

"All right, I won't," he said humbly. "I won't, Dyllis. I didn't mean to scare you. I won't."

"Scare me!" She laughed, but without mirth. Then she sobered and her voice went unsteady and she said, "Listen, Bob. Don't spoil it. See?"

"Don't spoil what?"

"Oh!" She was half-crying, half-laughing. "You're such a nut! Such a darned, silly, sweet nut!" And she turned and ran from the room. He could hear her heels clicking down the hall toward his mother's room.

A few minutes later they were out in the dark street walking toward the subway. His mother had come to the door with them and had asked him if he had his key and then had said to Dyllis—"Goodnight, my dear. I'm so glad you came tonight and I hope you'll come again—any time you want to." And then she had smiled and patted Dyllis on the shoulder in a sort of special way, and closed the door. And now here they were, walking along the dark street together, and pretty soon they'd go

down in the subway and he'd take her home. All the way home.

But he didn't. For as they drew near the subway entrance she stopped suddenly and looked up at him and said crisply, "Say goodnight here."

He stared at her. "Why, no," he answered. "Why, no. I'm going home with you."

"You're not going home with me!"

"But, Dyllis—" He hesitated. Didn't she understand? "Don't you want me to?" asked uncertainly.

"No. I don't." She flung it at him, her head high, her eyes bright and hard and shiny, a little pulse jumping in her white neck. "I certainly *don't*! You poor sap! I never want to see you again!" And she ran from him quickly. Before he should hear her sob. Before she should cry out—"Darn you and your mother, anyway!" He only heard her little red heels clicking along the sidewalk and after a moment he didn't hear them.

He stood looking at the subway down which she had vanished. After a moment he turned around and went slowly back home. He went up in the elevator and let himself into the apartment hoping his mother had gone to bed. She hadn't, but she called out goodnight through the open door of her bedroom. She said, "It didn't take you long, Bob. Does she live near by?"

"I don't know. She wouldn't let me go with her."

"I see. She was a nice girl, I thought. It's too bad she's never had a chance."

He came to her door, then, and lounged against it. His mother was in her kimono, brushing out her long grey silky hair before the mirror. He watched her for a minute, then he said, "Yeah." And then—"But I guess she thought I was dumb, all right."

She turned and looked at him and her understanding came to him all the way across the room on her smile.

"No, she didn't think you were dumb, Bob. She liked you. She thought you were fine."

"Did she? How do you know?"

"She told me so. She said you were the tops. She said she'd never met a boy like you and she'd never forget you even though she never saw you again."

"She said that?" He straightened, marvelling. "What do you know! Gee, life's funny, isn't it?" He stood there, looking at her, his eyes bright. Then he came over to where she was, swooped her awkwardly into a great bearhug, kissed her.

"Thanks a lot," he said roughly. "For supper—and everything. I—eh—I guess you got me out of a kind of a jam."

Three guests were there...and so was a GHOST!



GUEST #1 Sue saw the ghost when she picked up the tea napkin. A dull, dingy shadow! "People will whisper, if Madge doesn't get rid of this ghost," thought Sue. But she said—nothing!



GUEST #2 Betty saw the ghost—lurking in the curtains. The same dingy shadow—"tattle-tale gray." "Poor Madge!" thought Betty. "She'll never get rid of this ghost if she doesn't stop using lazy soap. Her clothes are only half-clean."



GUEST #3 Then Laura saw the ghost dimming a lovely towel. And she spoke up! "Change to Fels-Naptha Soap the way I did, Madge. Its richer golden soap and lots of naptha get clothes so clean and snowy, there isn't a chance for tattle-tale gray. So why let it linger in your house—when it's so easy to chase it out?"

GDPR, 1937, FEL'S & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Win this lovely "Babykins" Doll!

A BIG, pink-skinned, dimpled "Babykins" dolly, that's as cute as a real baby—practically unbreakable, 17 inches high, has eyes that close, with real lashes, and movable head, arms and legs. Finished in absolutely natural tints. Made in Canada, too, by skilful Canadian workmen.



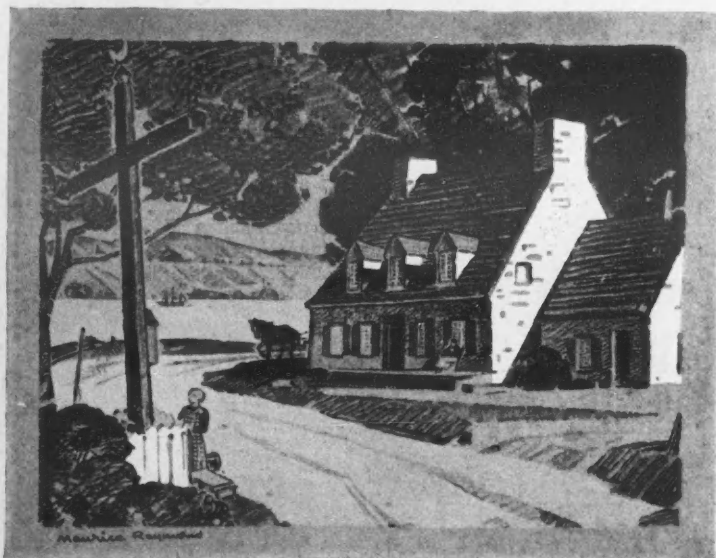
You Need Not Spend a Cent

You can have "Babykins" for your own—without cost, delivered postpaid to your home—if you will send us two One-Year subscriptions to Chatelaine at One Dollar each. You can get these subscriptions from friends, neighbors or relatives—but please remember, subscriptions from your own home, or which your parents have paid for, will not count. "Babykins" is a reward for securing subscriptions from other people.

Write the names and addresses of the subscribers clearly on a plain sheet of paper, and your own name and address. Pin this picture of "Babykins" to it and mail it with the \$2.00—and in a short time this lovely dolly will be yours!

JEAN TRAVIS, CHATELAINE, 481 University Ave., Toronto

QUEBEC INVITES YOU!



QUEBEC invites you to come and know it better. It is said that to know an individual is usually to like him. This is true of people as well as of different sections of a country. Canada can attain true greatness only in unity and understanding, both to be attained through mutual respect and better acquaintance.

Canada is a confederation of units which have kept their own interesting characteristics and made it a land that delights the experienced traveller.

Right at your door lies a land which has preserved the romance and speech of Old France . . . a land where the old customs of *la Normandie* and *la Bretagne* are as alive and cherished as in the first days of *la Nouvelle France* . . . the Province of Quebec of to-day.

Add to the more than four centuries of glamorous history and romance of *la vieille Province de Québec*, the gorgeous scenic beauty of its lakes, rivers, and mountains, its lovely summer climate, and unsurpassed facilities to enjoy your favorite summer sports at their best—and you have the ideal vacation land.

From Sherbrooke, celebrating its Centennial this year—through the Eastern Townships, Cosmopolitan Montreal, the Laurentian mountains, Trois-Rivières and the beautiful valleys of the St. Maurice, the Saguenay and the Ottawa; Quebec City and the far-famed Gaspé Peninsula — holiday-makers will find the ultimate of recreation and pleasure, with relaxation from dull care. Write to-day for beautiful booklet and intriguingly interesting suggestions.

La PROVINCE de QUEBEC

Office du Tourisme, Québec, Canada.

CHATELAINE, JULY, 1937

Scarlet Halo

(Continued from page 15)

took out a key and unlocked it and grabbed her hand and pulled her in, shutting the door quickly behind him. She heard somebody call out—"That you, Bobby?"—and she tried to yank away and get out, but he had hold of her tight. Then his mother came out of the kitchen and she stood still beside him in a kind of frozen fury.

He said, "Hi, Mom!"

"Hello, darling."

She was a little person. Fluffy grey hair. Grey eyes, kind and clear. Soft grey silk dress with a white apron over it, and a sweet smile. He bent down and kissed her. Then he said awkwardly, "I brought Dyllis home to supper, mom. You remember I told you about her and you said to bring her if I wanted to. Well, here she is."

She met his eyes that were begging her for understanding and said evenly, "I'm so glad. How do you do, Dyllis?" Then she put out her hand, smooth and white, and gave it to Dyllis with her smile. She wasn't snooty, Dyllis thought. She wasn't anything. Dyllis might have been a regular person to her. Even in her anger the girl saw that. She said stiffly, "I hope you like surprises better'n I do."

"I love them. But this isn't a great surprise. Bob said only last night he wished I could meet you. I think it's nice you came. I suppose you'd like to wash up, wouldn't you? Come down to my room and take off your hat and I'll give you a clean towel."

"Am I cuckoo?" Dyllis said to herself, and followed her, her hips moving under her tight skirt, her red heels clicking on the bare floor.

He waited until he saw her disappear into his mother's room before he went into his own cubbyhole in the wall and sat down on the edge of his bed. He just sat there. After a while the splashing in the bathroom stopped and he heard her heels go by his door again. Then he took off his coat and vest and shirt and went in and washed, too. He wet his hair and brushed it back tight to keep the curl out, but it didn't do any good. In a minute it had bounced up again. He put on a clean shirt and another necktie and came out to the front room where she was sitting waiting and where a table was set for three. And all this time he hadn't been able to think.

He didn't look at her because he still couldn't think. He could only feel her, clear across the room, mad and uncertain and trying not to be either. He could feel her feelings as mixed up as his. They didn't either of them know what it was all about. It was just one of those things. It was certainly a mess. He barely glanced at her, then he roared out, "Hey, mom! I'm starved! When do we eat?"

"Right away, dear. Come help me carry it in."

He gestured to her—a kind of salute—his glance begging forgiveness. "See? Didn't I tell you I had a cook? But no butler. I buttle. Watch me."

"Hey! Wait!" she commanded, and came close to him. "What's the big idea?"

He looked down and got lost in her brown eyes. "You—I like you. That's all. That's why." He felt he was floundering and pulled himself together with a jaunty—"Anything wrong with that?"

She looked at him for a long minute. She'd thought he might be trying to show her up, trying to make her see how differently he lived so she'd lay off him. But it wasn't that. She was puzzled. He liked her, he'd said. But where did that get them? Home to dinner with his mother! It was a laugh. He must be crazy. She said so.

"I guess I am," he admitted, in such sudden gloom that she was sorry, although she didn't know what for.

"Forget it!" she said. "I can take it. I can take anything once. It's just—queer."

"Yeah," he agreed. But he brightened and went out through the swinging door to the kitchen. In a minute he came back with a tray full of things and shortly they were all at the table. He'd pulled out his mother's chair. Then he'd rushed around to pull out hers. He was funny and awkward in his desperate effort to put her at her ease and perfectly sincere in his gallantry. The sweet baby, she thought, in slow surprise. The sweet baby! Treating her as if she were a lady. She gave him a small, fleeting smile and then sat down soberly.

He was reassured. She wasn't mad any more, then. He drew a breath and slung a long leg over the high back of his chair and said—"Gentleman, be seated!"—and made a sound as of rolling drums by beating his knife and fork on the table all the time he was sinking slowly toward his chair. When he finally did plunk down into the seat it gave off a loud crack like a pistol shot and he sprang up again. It was funny. They all laughed. She laughed most of all, rocking back and forth, her hands on her stomach. In the forgiving sound of it, he relaxed.

Well, they ate and the food was good. You couldn't buy food like that anywhere, she thought. Thin slices of ham baked with sweet potatoes over it, and brown, syrupy gravy running around the platter. Peas in hot, buttered milk. Tea and a salad. There were candles, too, that twinkled on the silver and glasses and made pools of soft light on the polished wood of the table. He talked all the time. His mother talked some, asking her questions about her work and her life as if she was really interested. She answered, but she didn't talk too much because she didn't want to make any mistakes. Somehow, suddenly, she didn't want to do that.

When they were through, he said, "What's dessert, mom?"

"Hot molasses cake, dear. You'll find it in the oven."

He plunged up from his chair. He swept the dishes up with his big hands. He balanced them down his arm from his shoulder to his wrist and staggered with weaving, bending legs to the door. He made them laugh again and he thought, "She's having a good time." He brought in the molasses cake triumphantly.

After dinner they all did the dishes together. He tied a dishtowel around her and another around himself and kept juggling the clean plates in the air and making his mother give little squealing laughs of protest. It was pretty dumb, he knew, but it was the best he could do. Then, when they had finished and everything was put away, his mother went down the hall to her room and he and Dyllis went back to the front room where the dining table had become a living-room table with books and a lamp on it. He sat down at the piano. He could play quite well. He played all the popular tunes by ear and sang them lustily while she stood behind him with her hands resting on his shoulders and sang, too.

At last he said: "Well! I guess that's about enough of that kind of noise or the neighbors'll be coming in to complain." And he stood up suddenly so that her hands fell off his shoulders.

Then he didn't know what to do so he got out a pack of cards and showed her some card tricks. And after that he didn't know what to do so he found an old photograph book that was filled with snapshots of him from the time he was a baby, and he said, "This is dumb of me, showing you these."

But she said, "No, I want to see 'em."

So they sat on the couch and she bent over them and he looked at her dark, smooth head next his arm and the back of her neck so white where the hair was cut, and all of a sudden he said roughly, "This

that's New

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BEAUTY CULTURE

A DEPARTMENT OF STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY . .

Successful Sunning

Don't be careless in your enthusiasm for the sun . . . Unless you take these precautions you'll find yourself looking the worse for it

by ANNABELLE LEE

WHEN YOU see someone like this, posed triumphantly on the beach, and then go home to find your own face reddened, your shoulders sore, your eyes tired, don't get mad all over again. There are so many things you can do about it.

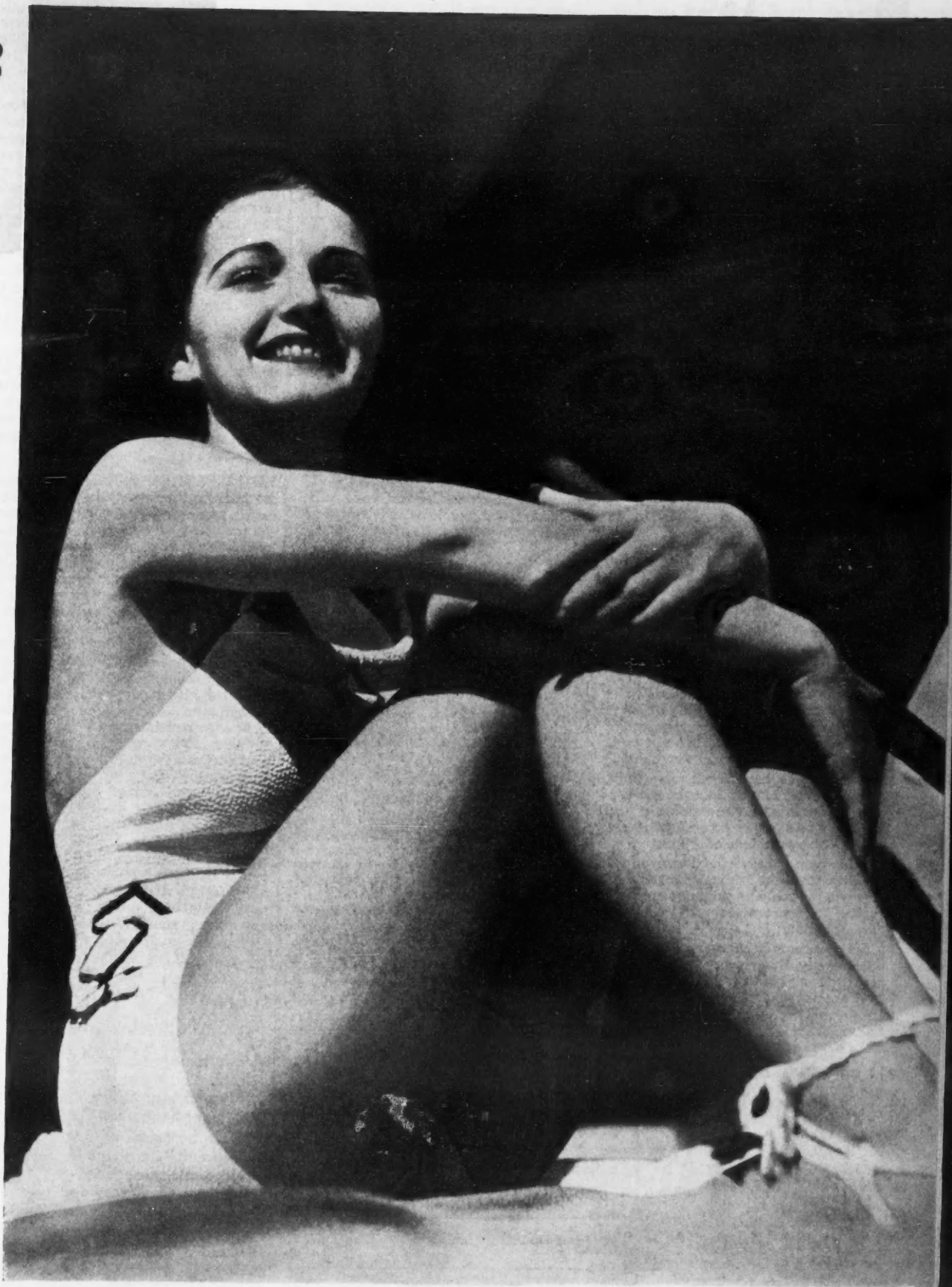
To begin with use good sense in your undressing. Unless you're slim and graceful, don't sprawl in a tight suit. Keep the merciful beach toggery about you. The new "dress-maker" fabric suits are ideal. If you're fair-skinned and can't take the sun—accept the fact and don't try. Some people can't tan successfully.

Of course you know about the wonders which the new beauty creams and lotions can work for you. The lotions that will give a tanned look to the most pallid skin. The creams that screen out certain parts of the ultraviolet rays which cause sunburn. The preparations which can help you keep your own fair skin, or tan lightly, or darkly, just as you prefer—and as you apply them. You can find these at your beauty departments.

Only don't expect them to work miracles. Don't bound in and out of the water, stretch yourself complacently in the sun—and then call your sunburn preparations names because you've been sunburned. The majority of these preparations naturally come off in water. Always apply them after you've bathed, before sunning yourself. And don't lie too long in the sun. You have to discover your own limits. But it's better to be uncooked, than overdone on the beach.

The new crownless hats are ideal as they shield the face, yet give the scalp plenty of sunshine and fresh air. Wear glasses if you're spending some time in the sun. And get good ones. If you find whitish rings underneath them, you can get a lotion to "tan" them to the same degree as the rest of your face. Or else take them off for a bit frequently during the day.

More than ever, during the summer, use a good nourishing cream every night to offset the drying effect of the sun. After you have cleansed your face thoroughly with a fine soap, lathered well into the skin, and your cleansing cream, pat a little extra round the eyes and mouth every night. Use a mild skin tonic every day. The hot weather tends to relax the pores unless [Continued on next page]



Carefree Comfort FOR ANY WOMAN



Only Kotex
has 3 types
for different women...different days

● **REGULAR KOTEX**—IN THE BLUE BOX. For the ordinary needs of most women—combines full protection with utmost comfort. Millions who are completely satisfied with Regular Kotex will have no reason to change.

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KOTEX BELTS. To make Kotex comfort complete. Patented clasps are safe, secure.

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FASHION SHORTS

by KAY MURPHY

Who tracks down the latest trends in play togs

It will be another "slack" season, for we have had such ease with comfortable, cute-looking slacks in the past few summers we'll continue to include a few of them in the play-time wardrobe. They're showing plenty of slacks that are really much more to look at than their casual name implies — Various types of sharkskin cloth — those lovely synthetics that will not crush or wrinkle — are being used to make slacks (or culottes) with matching jacket.

The "faded blue" denim that we generally see in the hired man's overalls is a very fashionable play clothes material this summer — Hollywood has gone wild over it! It is generally trimmed up in white and has a cool, rustic look about it that you'll love.

Some of us prefer the more "skirty" looking culotte — These are really "trousers" but made so full and pleated so generously that they look like a skirt, yet give us the freedom of the slack.

For you lassies who trip out to the tennis courts as a matter of course, you'll still call for the play shorts, and, besides being grand little garments to play around in, they also have the added advantage of letting more sun on your bodies—always a good thing at any time of the year.

They're making slack suits up in those quaint little bolero styles, too. Awfully young and tricky — and some of them have vest jackets, tailored similar to those Himself wears with his suit.

The sailor suit theme is very good, and the Tyrolean mode does well by itself—the latter is generally achieved by means of stripes in three or four contrasting colors running up and down the slack leg, or around the waist.

The four-piece cotton play suit... brassiere, shorts, skirt and bandanna to match... do much to strengthen your intention to get out under the sun! The skirt may be used as a cape, if the notion takes you — and the bandanna may be draped around your neck, or banded around your head — for, who's to stop you?



They have "Fraternity Prints" now in lots of the playtog cottons. You know those magic pins we all try to collect by the bushel while we are very young — well, you can have any fraternity you want right on your play suit. For some smart manufacturer has printed the mystic Greek symbols right on to cottons for play suits... Won't the dignified alumni have a shock?

For those of you who prefer a little more warmth to your play cottons — you'll like the wool or cotton jersey-lined halter tops and shorts they're showing. Grand for days with a chill in the wind... and for active sports, when cottons are apt to "stick."

The jersey or cotton sports shirts, in bright colors, will be worn every minute the sun shines, and they are so comfortable and easily rinsed out that you will get a lot of enjoyment out of them.

If it's a halter top you prefer, they are making them now with the "up-lift" feature, which does away with the need of that extra, warmish garment, the brassiere.

In assembling your vacation or all-summer-long playtogs, get them practical yet pretty — for you can easily have both these days!

The slacks, culottes and shorts should be well cut — not skimpy or binding.

Colors that can stand lots of tubing and will not fade quickly are, of course, the most satisfactory.

See that the fasteners, such as hooks and eyes, or domes, are in the right places, and enough of them. For it is so tiresome to have to stop in the midst of a "perfect serve" to button up some place or other.



That's why the zipper closings are gaining so much ground. They stay "zipped." You can put these zippers on yourself, you know, if you're the least bit ambitious!

Now, don't start throwing your girdles and brassieres to the summer winds! You can do more to ruin your figure and your carriage during the summer than you'd imagine! Your figure needs control even if it is 98 in the shade! Now, all together for one of the nicest summers you've ever had!



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

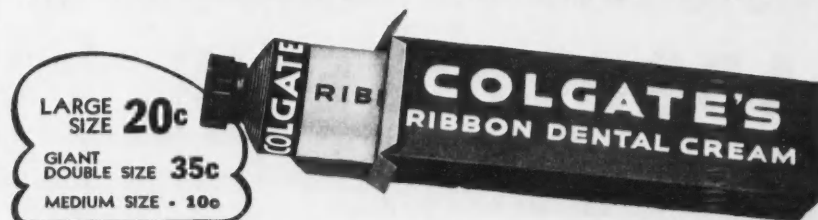
TESTS show that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! Tests also prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth! Decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most bad breath... of dull, dingy teeth... and of much tooth decay.

Ordinary cleaning methods, which merely polish exposed surfaces, fail to remove these odour-breeding deposits. But Colgate's Dental Cream, with its special

penetrating foam, gets into every tiny crevice—emulsifies and washes away the food and acid deposits that cause bad breath.

And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile.

So brush your teeth, gums, tongue, with Colgate's Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!





No matter how sweet and fresh you are, if the slightest moisture has ever collected on the arm-hole of your dress, a stale "armhole odor" will be noticeable to others each time you wear the garment . . .

THAT MAN you just met will never explain why he doesn't ask you to dance the second time. He can't. Bewildered and hurt, how will you know that it is just your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm that is losing you a wonderful new friend?

If you have been deodorizing only, before you see him again, take the precaution, no matter how certain you are that you never offend, of giving yourself this "armhole odor" test.

When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the arm. You will probably be painfully surprised to find that your dress carries a stale "armhole odor"!

Single-action preparations, that deodorize only, though easy to use, cannot give you absolute protection because they are not made to stop perspiration. In spite of them, perspiration occurs and the moisture is absorbed by your dress. Your dress acquires an odor of stale per-

spiration, which the heat of your body intensifies, and people believe it is you!

Take the trouble to be SURE

Girls who want to avoid any humiliation insist upon the scientific double action of Liquid Odorono, and gladly invest the few extra necessary minutes to use it. They know that Liquid Odorono not only keeps the underarm surface odorless, but completely dry. With all moisture banished, your dress can't develop an unpleasant "armhole odor"; you can't offend.

Odorono is safe to use on the underarm. Its action is merely to close the pores of that little hollow, thus diverting perspiration to other surfaces of the body where it evaporates freely and unnoticeably. Women use millions of bottles every year.

Wardrobe Insurance

With Liquid Odorono you have absolute clothes protection. There will be no sudden need to replace a dress ruined by perspiration. Frequent dry cleanings to remove underarm grease or perspiration stains are eliminated.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) requires only two applications a week. Instant Odorono (colorless) is for especially sensitive skin and for quick use. Use it daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to insure complete daintiness and freshness, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.



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I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

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you take care of them. Some women pour their tonic over a bit of ice, and then pat it on with absorbent cotton. Use a feathery light powder and remember to have it darker as your skin gets darker with the summer.

If your skin has a tendency to oiliness, always rinse your face with ice-cold water after washing. Use a good astringent, a good make-up lotion and a light powder base. You'll find cream rouge very satisfactory. Use make-up lightly.

THE REPEATED wettings that summer brings, the bleaching effect of the sun and the general carelessness which follows hot weather inertia quickly make your hair limp, lustreless and dry. Use a good tonic frequently. Most women do not realize that a good hair tonic is as imperative as a good nourishing cream.

I hope you've had a good permanent. Cheap ones ruin your hair and are never satisfactory. Proper permanents like vigorous brushing and massaging of the scalp. A fine spraying of brilliantine is especially helpful in keeping the proper gloss and effectiveness that your coiffure should have. Cultivate a waving lotion this summer if you have not already done so. You can coax your hair into pretty waves very easily with a little attention. It's as easy to learn how to keep your hair lustrous and nicely waved as it is to cook. And have an oil shampoo frequently. This goes for oily heads too!

Life in a bathing suit means that arms and legs become terribly important. Scrubbing them with a stiff brush and soapy lather will help to keep them smooth. Apply your nourishing cream regularly to the elbows. If the skin is flaky, apply warm olive oil regularly. The excellent depilatories on the market mean that no woman need suffer the unsightliness of superfluous hair. If the growth is very slight, you may find that the regular use of fine emery paper is sufficient for good grooming.

HOT WEATHER and the out-of-doors are hard on the fingernails. Use a good cuticle cream to keep the cuticle soft and the nails in good condition. Keep your hand lotion handy. And be as particular about your toenails as your fingers. Unless your feet are pretty, beware of a too-bright nail polish. Gently scrub around the nails when you bathe, and remove dead cuticle with the same cuticle remover you use for your fingernails. Did you know, by the way, that cuticle remover is a grand help with calluses? Soak the feet in hot water, rub with pumice stone and dry with a rough towel. Apply the cuticle remover, allow it to remain on for a few moments and then rub it away. If your feet become tender allow a few days to elapse between treatments.

A last word—something about which many women write. Perspiration sometimes leaves a dark mark beneath the arms. For this, or any other darkened parts of your skin, use a pad of absorbent cotton soaked in peroxide, and pat gently, every night. And don't forget that your regular use of a deodorant is twice as important in summer.

Trouble in the Garden by Charlotte McCoy

A gay tomato, dressed in red,
Espied an onion yellow.
"Pray who can you be now," he said,
"You ordinary fellow?"
At this the onion, peeling 'round,
Disdainfully commented:
"A fine appearance may be yours,
But I am highly scented."
Just then the farmer came along
And gave them both the sickle.
This put one fellow in a stew,
The other in a pickle.



if not to thrill you when he admires?
— And your rouge is so important!

There's nothing beautiful about rouge that looks painted, artificial. But Princess Pat rouge—duo-tone—ah, there is beauty!

Let's discover the Princess Pat rouge duo-tone secret. In Princess Pat rouge there's an undertone that blends with an overtone, to change magically on your skin. It becomes warmly beautiful. Unbelievable as it may sound—the color actually seems to come from within the skin; just like a natural blush. You can be a more glamorous personality—try Princess Pat rouge today and see. All drug and department stores sell Princess Pat rouge. Why not get this new beauty today? Sample on request. Write to Gordon Gordon, Ltd., Dept. C-717, 489 King Street West, Toronto 2.

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For Calendar apply to Bursar.



Which Ink Would You Rather Spill on Your Rug?

Make up your mind now that ink will be spilled on your rug sooner or later. It happens in every home. Unless you throw your old ink away and get WASHABLE Quink, your rugs are in danger of being ruined.

The Parker Fountain Pen Co. spent \$68,000 to develop this amazing new ink that soap and water wash from hands, clothes and rugs without trace. Not only is Quink the safest ink for home and school, but also it does what no other ink can do: It cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker Pen or any other—because it contains a secret harmless ingredient that dissolves sediment left by pen-clogging inks. Also, Quink dries 31% faster ON PAPER, yet will NOT dry in a pen. Always rich, brilliant—never watery.

Parker Quink is made two ways—WASHABLE and PERMANENT. The PERMANENT is for everlasting records—will not wash out. But for home and school, get WASHABLE Quink today at any store selling ink. 15c, 25c and up.

Parker
Quink



Made by
The Parker Fountain Pen Co., Limited, Toronto.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF GOOD GROOMING



In setting forth ten rules for feminine charm, Victor Stiebel, London couturier, says—Have good accessories.

Strive for simplicity. For practical clothes, choose a good weight material in a dark plain color.



Sets of little scarves give verve and dash to a black or navy blue dress.



Keep skirts short as possible, fairly straight, and waist and neck high for longer, more youthful lines.



Instead of a brilliant print dress, splash your color on a short box coat or accessories.

Be excessively careful with make-up. The heavy, lash-glistening, mouth-gashing kind is out.



Keep your nails well tended, and harmonize their colors with your costumes.



Lavish time on your hair. Brush and wash it till it shines—keep it off your face and not too short in the back.



Get a dark color ground-length party dress. Brighten with sugar-striped taffeta box coats and belts or accessories.

Dress to your own personality. Don't be ruled by advisers—be led by them. Translate the style story into your own language.



Now So Easy—

with these GERM-FREE Beauty Creams
to have Smooth, Supple Skin

"LOOK! A blemish! Tonight, of all times, when I'm going out with Tom!"

"EDITH, why not try Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream? It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth."



A FEW WEEKS AFTER:

"EDITH, you're one girl I can always count on to look lovely. Your skin's so clear and soft, I'm tempted to kiss you here and now!"

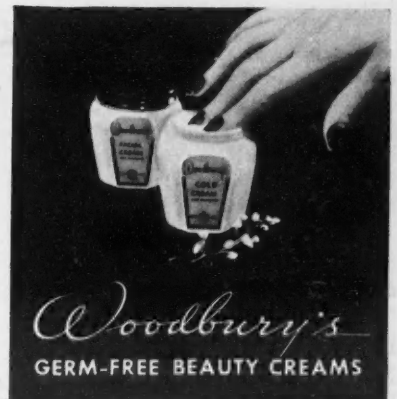
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MADE IN CANADA

you all, but especially this little Dodie. Get your things, Dodie, and come with me." She rose from her chair, upheaving like an earthquake. Gratton Fraser helped her with the sable cloak. Paul retrieved the gloves and handbag that had fallen out of her lap. She said peremptorily: "You come with me too, doctor. I am accustomed to male escort! And you, Paul, call a taxi."

AT THE HEAD of the stairs she paused, and laid a hand on Claire's jewel-red sleeve. She said in a hoarse whisper: "Claire, I want to give you a word of advice. Get that woman out of the house."

"What do you mean, Aunt Emma?" Claire's voice sharpened dangerously.

"I mean that Russian woman—if she is a Russian. She's a sly one. She's after Paul."

"Nonsense!" A spot of color burned suddenly in Claire's cheek. "Vera and I understand each other perfectly. She is my closest friend."

"Nonsense yourself, my dear. I've seen more of the world than you have. After all, Paul is good-looking. He has a good position. I guess, by the way you run things here, there is still plenty of the Widgeon money. You're a fool to trust her."

"But—"

"Get her out of the house," said Aunt Emma. "Now kiss me, Claire. You're a very pretty woman, and a very spoiled one. Maybe life will have some surprises for you yet. Good-by, my dear. Go back to your guests."

It was impossible to disobey that air of bland accustomed command. Claire said: "Good-by, Aunt Emma," like a dutiful child, but her head was bent in thought as she returned to the living room. They heard Vera's voice, cautiously lowered, but taking it for granted that they must have reached the lower floor: "Claire, my darling, those jewels! Claire, she will surely leave you something—"

Aunt Emma winked at both of them, contorting her purple lids, a flagrant wink that somehow to Dodie was profoundly disturbing, so obscure were its implications. Halfway down the stairs Paul met them.

"The cab's here, Aunt Emma. I'm sorry you have to go. I mean—really sorry."

"I'm sure you are, Paul. You're a very nice boy, but a typical weak Widgeon. It's about time, my lad, you did a little real old-fashioned putting-of-your-foot-down around this house."

Paul said, like Claire: "Why, what do you mean, Aunt Emma?"

"Do you like Claire's friends? Do you like that Vera Obolensky?"

"After all," Paul began nervously, "Claire's friends—"

"—Are your business! And they're spoiling your marriage. Anyone could see that. Specially that she-devil—her black eyes snapped again—"Get rid of her, Paul!"

"But how?"

"Oh, my dear, don't be a fool! Try being nicer to her. And another thing—" She whispered in his ear, but even her whisper had that carrying quality, so that Dodie and Gratton Fraser were also privileged—"What that girl of yours needs, Paul—a baby. Better two babies—"

They left Paul standing bareheaded on the sidewalk, shivering in the sleety wind. Gratton Fraser said severely: "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself! Eh, Dodie?" His eyes met hers around Aunt Emma's fur-clad lively bulk. It had been quite a business, getting her safely installed in the car. The rug had to be fixed just so. The driver had to promise to go carefully on these appalling roads, to assure her solemnly that he would take the shortest possible route to the Ritz.

"No, I am not ashamed, young man. I am very proud. I figure I've done a good day's work. The trouble with these young people, they are so busy being clever and

unusual, so busy talking about life—oh, very brilliantly and analytically, I am sure—that they have no time left for living. Even you, Dodie, you have let yourself get into their rut. You have let that house weigh down upon you till you are not being yourself at all. And that is a little frightening, isn't it, my precious Dodie?"

The hoarse voice could be treacherously kind, insidiously tender. Dodie was startled to feel tears pricking behind her eyelids. She couldn't trust herself to speak. Aunt Emma went on, patting their two knees with plump gloved hands: "So what are we going to do about it?"

Gratton Fraser said: "Aren't we taking a good many things for granted?" There was a dryness in his manner, and she looked at him sharply.

"Oh yes, young man, I know! I am a very impertinent, obnoxious, impulsive old woman, but you mustn't mind that. You see there is just one thing I want to be sure of: I want to be sure this little Dodie is happy. Happiness is so beautiful. Don't try to be careful and reasonable with your happiness. But don't forget—happiness is like spring. It comes and goes. A day like this—it is impossible to believe in spring. Yet it will come, and it will come again, and yet again—"

"You might at least," said Gratton seriously, "give me a chance to ask Dodie whether she really believes I could make her happy."

"Immediately! Immediately!" cried Aunt Emma, with a crow of triumphant laughter. "Here we are! No, no, don't get out with me."

She kissed them freely and frankly, enveloping them in warm furs and perfume and the faint dry haunting odor of old age. The commissionaire had already opened the door. She heaved herself out on to the pavement and commanded, with mischief in her eyes: "Tell the driver to take them round the park. To drive slowly. They are very busy. They are getting engaged to each other. Good-by, my dear children. Heaven bless you."

Dodie cried wildly: "Aunt Emma! Aunt Emma!" But the car was already in motion. The last they both saw of her, the very last glimpse, she was moving slowly up the steps to the hotel, under the commissionaire's huge umbrella. Holding herself very straight, her head very high, as though she still wore the golden helmet of Brunhild instead of that ridiculous atom of a hat.

SHE WALKED ONCE all around the lobby, gazing about her with arrogance, savoring the warmth, the subdued opulence, the luxurious quiet; then made her way to a side entrance. A lesser commissionaire enquired if she wished a taxi. Ignoring him, shaking her head like a cat who hates the wet, she plunged into the storm. She went along a near-by side street, lined with fine old houses come sadly down in the world, and turned in under an ugly electric "Tourists" sign. The brown wainscotted hall was flavored with tobacco smoke and linoleum polish and an old smell of frying meat.

"Br-ff! What a day—what a day! Charles, my pet, here I am." She shook sleet from her wrap and closed the door firmly behind her.

A little thin old man sat in the only comfortable chair, huddled close to the radiator, which groaned and clattered and made horrible noises in its interior but gave off little heat. His head was wrapped in an old-fashioned woolly "fascinator." His face was drawn with cold and misery, but lightened a little at her entrance.

"You've been a long time. Is it all right?"

"Now, darling, let me get out of these wet things first, and then I'll tell you all about it."

His face fell instantly. "You mean they won't have us? Oh, Emma, Emma, you promised we would go and live with your nephew. You said—"

Elizabeth Arden

PRESENTS

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takes the odor out of perspiration

M117

Old Stars Never Die

(Continued from page 36)

hazy and level between the trees, and the sound of lawn sprinklers, and youngsters laughing and playing, and everyone sitting out on front porches and calling to each other. Now, Dodie has lived right here in the city all her life. I bet she doesn't know who lives next door."

Dodie laughed softly. Her eyes were very bright. "How could I? It's converted into kitchenette apartments, with tenants changing all the time."

"And all looking alike anyway! City people get that way, like the Chinese."

Aunt Emma said with approval: "Young man, your feet are right on the ground. Not like these airy-fairy lunatics. I hope Paul has a good job. Have you, Paul?"

Paul was passing with a plate in each hand. He stopped in a faint confusion. It was a habit with the group to ask, on meeting new people. "But what do you do?" with a subtle inflection on the second verb implying that whatever one did it must be creative, something above the level of a mere job. Paul had long been drilled to answer, with a little deprecating laugh, as he did now: "Oh, I'm just another newspaperman, Aunt Emma." Claire caught the phrase at once and struck in: "Of course, that's just a stepping-stone. Paul is going to write."

Mischief was bubbling up in Dodie. It was not only the nearness of Gratton Fraser, the delicious, heart-thrilling, steady watchfulness of his gaze, the feeling of invisible currents pulling between them—it was Aunt Emma. There was something about this mountainous, preposterous old woman, with her dyed hair and rouge-raddled cheeks, that was intoxicating as freedom. Dodie said clearly, deliberately smashing one of Claire's favorite fictions: "Oh, Paul has a wonderful job, Aunt Emma. He's head of the accounting department. Even newspapers have to keep accounts, you know. Paul is terribly clever." Claire would be furious, and Dodie didn't care.

"All the Widgeon men were good at figures," said Aunt Emma with satisfaction. "But none of them could manage their women. Either drive 'em on too tight a curb, or let 'em run away with wagon and load and everything. Is that caviar, Paul? I wish you'd set the dish down right here. I love caviar. Though this imported stuff is just like the ghost of the real thing. I remember in the old days in St. Petersburg—You and I should get together, Miss Obolensky, and talk it over."

Vera said hastily: "Of course I was a mere child, an infant, when my parents escaped the revolution."

"Is that so?" Aunt Emma looked amazed. "I would have figured you'd been quite a big girl. Well, I'm thankful I've never been back since. I liked it better in the old days. Interesting people, the Russians—the aristocrats, I mean. Savage as cats, and just as smooth and graceful. The men, anyway. Of course they didn't introduce their women to opera singers."

Claire's voice held a note of sweet incredulity. "Were you in opera, Aunt Emma? How odd we never heard—"

"Well, naturally I didn't call myself Emma Widgeon. But you must have heard of Amalia Vignoli—"

THERE WAS a moment of stunned silence. Then deCoste said, loudly: "When I was a little boy I heard Vignoli at the Metropolitan. My father took me—"

"I sang everywhere," Aunt Emma assented. "Berlin, London, Vienna—"

And suddenly, astoundingly, she threw back her head and broke into a wild valkyrie call. Her voice filled the wide

high-ceilinged room, its clarion tones faintly haunted by hoarseness, as though rust had touched a grand old instrument. For an instant Brunhild stood on her mountain top, helmeted, with shining spear and shield—then on the high note she cracked.

"Bah!" said Aunt Emma, returning instantly to her proper person. "What an old frog! But I am Vignoli, my dear children." She reached for a sandwich.

"And all these years—" said Claire, in a voice that trembled. "Oh, really, Aunt Emma, I do think you should have let your family know." Poor Claire, thought Dodie, with joyful malice, she loves fame so, and all her lions have been such second-raters.

"Well, my dear, they were pretty mad at me, you know. And at first I was working too hard, and then I was having too much fun." She chuckled richly. "It's been quite a life—quite a life."

Claire was signalling to Paul for help. He said diffidently: "You know your letter told us very little, Aunt Emma. I mean—"

The old lady's expression was cryptic. "I wrote in haste, my dear. But I am so sorry my dear husband could not come with me. He's a martyr to neuralgia—in this awful climate he is practically a prisoner in the hotel. We're at the Ritz, of course—"

"Why, Aunt Emma," Claire protested, "we don't even know your married name."

"Oh, I am generally just Madame Vignoli. It saves confusion." She gestured largely, with a glitter of rings, and the faintest ghost of a wink in Dr. Fraser's direction. "But I wish you could meet him. He's such a dear. I have always said, he is the nicest husband I ever had."

"How nice," Vera purred at her. "How very nice. You have had a great deal of experience?"

"What do you think?" retorted Aunt Emma. "Oh, yes, it's been quite a life, quite a life. And then there are women who can't even get themselves one man all their own!" She spoke with perfect amiability, but her black eyes snapped a spark in Vera's direction. Vera's sandal tapped the floor again. In the silken tones she used when her heart was specially filled with envy and all uncharitableness, she said: "Do tell us, Madame Vignoli, whatever became of your singing teacher—with the six children?"

"Gracious! I have had several teachers."

"But the one you ran away with—the one with whom you left this house."

Claire said: "Please, Vera—" in a tone of icy annoyance. But Aunt Emma was not annoyed. She began to laugh. Laughter rose in her like a tidal wave, shaking her massive bosom, setting her chins and jowls a quiver. She struggled to find breath. "That one? That one? I haven't thought of him in fifty years! Wait till I tell you. I locked the door—yes, I locked my door and would not let him in. I can still hear him, pleading through the keyhole: 'My dear little Emma! My sweet girl! Please let me in!' And I was little in those days, believe me! But he was useful. He got me an audition with Slombach, and Slombach consented to give me lessons. As for him, he returned to his wife, and she forgave him. I don't suppose he ever dared to tell her I locked him out, and that he submitted. She would never have forgiven him then, now would she?"

She stopped abruptly; leaned across and pinched Dodie's cheek, and said in a different voice: "Dodie, my dear, I am a wicked old woman, no doubt of it. But in those days I was very like you. Little and slim, and—well, stubborn inside. I mean, I was not afraid to wait for what I wanted, to work for it. And now I must go. I do not wish to leave my poor Charles alone too long."

Claire said urgently: "But, Aunt Emma, we will see you again?"

"I doubt it, my dear. We are leaving tonight. Going south for the winter. However, I had made up my mind that I would see the old place once more, that I would see my young relations. And I love

Sirens Shouldn't Swim

(Continued from page 11)

mother let her do anything. Laura Belle had a permanent wave; she had fingernails that looked as if they had been dipped in gore. Laura Belle's mother never minded what time she got home and for years and years, Laura Belle had reported, she had been having cocktails. Feeling disgracefully young and unfashionable Joan drew a sharp breath. Perhaps if her own mother only understood her, her life, too, might have been a success.

Mrs. Lee continued to bubble in a lady-like way. Laura Belle interrupted, "Oh, I'm havin' the best time!" She flicked a handkerchief at Wallie who had emerged, as it were, from spinach. "Wallie and I," Laura Belle beamed, "we're goin' to have a heavenly canoe ride in the moonlight."

"You want," Molly suggested honestly, "to be a bit careful of canoes since you can't swim, Laura Belle..." She yearned to spank the child, still she certainly did not want her drowned.

Mrs. Lee laughed musically. "Oh, I'm sure she'll be all right with the McGuire boy. He's so gallant."

Molly saw Dick visibly grappling with this new description of Wallie. Joan stood dolefully on one foot. "I can't wait," Laura Belle declared, "I just cannot wait for the dance tomorrow night."

Molly said quickly, "Dick, we must fly." In the rickety hotel car she squeezed her daughter to her. She hoped Ann would bring Joan a present. Surely she might!

Ann cried, "Well, Joan!" in her usual stimulating way. Dick was busy about the baggage. In the car, undeterred by jolting, Ann went over her explanations again. "I found I could get away from my office for a few days so I just came." Getting away, Ann implied, meant that all business would undoubtedly take a slump. Women in business, Molly reflected, so often seemed to feel that way about themselves. "So I just got my tickets and here I am." Even plunging over road ruts, Ann preserved an atmosphere of Napoleonic achievement.

"And what," Ann persisted as one requiring data from a whole board of directors, "have you been doing, Joan?"

Fireflies in the bushes beside the road made a fairy village. The moon was a silver roundness, riding high. Recalled, Joan answered, "Oh, I don't know exactly, Aunt Ann. Just..."

"I thought so. Well," Ann announced briskly, "I've brought you something."

Molly's heart lifted. "Now, Ann, that was sweet of you." Even Joan stopped looking at the moon.

"I know how you spend your summers," Ann announced. Through the minds of Molly and Joan there paraded, as possible gifts from an admirable aunt, new tennis rackets, flannel slacks and halters, a dress, perhaps, who knew? even a canoe arriving tomorrow. Because, Molly thought gratefully, Ann was always talking about her marvellous diary and Joan was her only niece.

"So I've brought you a shorthand book!" Ann strained forward. "I—what's the matter?"

It was Dick who had snorted. Molly's heel came down painfully on his toe.

"I know," Ann said firmly, "how Joan is permitted to waste her vacations. This is a beginners' book and I'll show her while I'm here. Because I feel it's time she was putting some of her time at least, to good use. I," Ann declared quite needlessly, "got my start by secretarial work." She left it to the others to cry, "And look where you are now!" No one did.

Undaunted, the businesswoman went on. Kindly, "You should begin to learn

some useful things, Joan. All this swimming and what-not you do here is all right. Still there are other things. People have much more respect and liking for little girls who are capable and—"

At the word "swimming" Joan had squirmed on Dick's knee. Now she spoke. "Oh, no, they don't, Aunt Ann." The car swerved up to the Lane cottage. "People like people who don't know a thing," Joan's young voice was passionate. "If I had my life to live over again I can just tell you I wouldn't take all my trouble to know anything. Life," Joan ended with a sob opening the tonneau door, "has certainly taught me that!"

THE FOLLOWING day was by far the hottest of the summer. Or perhaps it only seemed so, Molly told herself, because everyone was underfoot. Even Dick said it was too hot to swim. Where, Dick wanted to know, was the detective book he had been reading last week? Three times Molly started to look for it and interrupted her search to do something about Joan's bureau drawers. Ann remarked at frequent intervals that it must be pleasant in the mountains. "Well, Joan, let's start. You see this little curve? It always has the sound of th." Joan, sitting on her right foot, competently resisted shorthand.

Out of the corner of her eye, Molly saw Wallie McGuire and Laura Belle heading for the lake. She checked her suggestion that Joan and Dick should have a swim. Laura Belle was decked in a yellow bathing suit and a cap made entirely of rubber daisies. For one only learning the art of the fish the child had certainly come prepared; she had dozens of outfits.

"Now if I say Dear Sir—" Ann's voice prompted.

"I was just up to where the butler came in to announce a second murder," Dick told Molly wistfully.

"Lunch," Molly was happy to announce. She marshalled her family toward the hotel. She turned to Dick.

"Darling, you go and hire the hotel car. For six-thirty. We're going on a picnic. A family picnic," she added wryly. It would be the first family picnic to which Joan had ever gone. "I'll have them put up a supper." In her mind Molly went over the things Joan best liked: cold roast chicken; eggs devilled with anchovy. "Dick, could we possibly take a watermelon?"

"What you mean, darling," Dick said in Molly's ear, "is: could we possibly take Wallie?"

Molly regarded him. "No, Dick, it seems terrible. But this is the first time in my life I can't help my child. Is it a milestone, Dick, the first time mothers can't possibly help their children to be happy?" Molly's grey eyes were glazed with tears.

Dick ran a hand through his red hair. If he had been far from understanding why his young daughter's heart could be shattered over a foolish boy who taught another girl to swim, who took another girl to dance, he could most beautifully understand his Molly's tragedy. He fumbled for her hand beneath the table. He wanted to comfort her. All he could think of to say was, "Did ever I mention you were adored by me?" And Molly was comforted.

AT FOUR, possibly to avoid her Aunt Ann, Joan got into her swimming suit. Molly watched her go slowly toward the lake and did not look at Dick, trying to doze over a book on the economic situation of Peru. Dick had read all the footnotes up to page ninety-seven. "Yes, Ann, and what did the manager say?" The top of Molly's mind paid polite interest to her sister.

Ann caught a glimpse of Joan's vanishing figure. "Really, Molly, I have no wish to interfere. But I think it's a downright shame the way you permit Joan just to waste her time. This is her sixteenth summer and," Ann smoothed her linen skirt which, unlike a linen skirt on anyone

(Continued on page 43)

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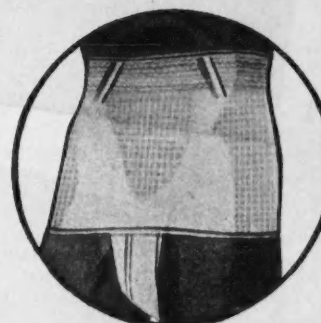
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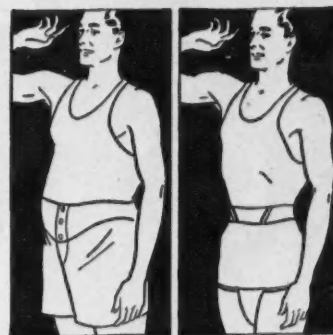
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MADE IN CANADA

"I know, I know," she spoke guiltily almost. "But I always talk too much, Charles. I'm always too hopeful. The plain truth is, it would be impossible. Cats and dogs wouldn't be in it. Paul's a dear fellow; his wife is beautiful but a fool—and I can't stand fools."

"I could stand anything," he said piteously, "if only I was warm."

"Poor Charles! Poor pet!" She got down on her knees, cautiously, not without grunting, and drew his head down against her bosom. "There—is the old face-ache very bad today? I tell you what we'll do. We'll go south. We'll get out of here tonight. Think of it, Charles—sunshine! Real sunshine to bask in. But I wish you could have met Dodie. Paul's little sister. She's the image of me, as I used to be. I thought I was seeing a ghost on the stairs. She's going to marry a doctor—such a nice young man."

He said almost hopefully: "Couldn't we live with them?"

"Gracious! They won't be able to marry for years. Besides, we're going south. We're too old for this climate."

"But money—money—"

"We'll sell something. We'll manage." She rattled her pearls pensively. "I wish we could sell this junk, all this stage jewellery. But it certainly made an impression. Oh yes, Charles, I flatter myself I've made a pretty permanent impression."

"I told you not to wear them." He spoke crossly, jerking his head away. "I told you if you wore them they wouldn't believe we were poor."

"Now, Charlie—Charlie—at least we're not beggars yet. I wasn't going to look like a beggar." Her eyes brightened suddenly. "Gracious! We'll sell the Brunhild!"

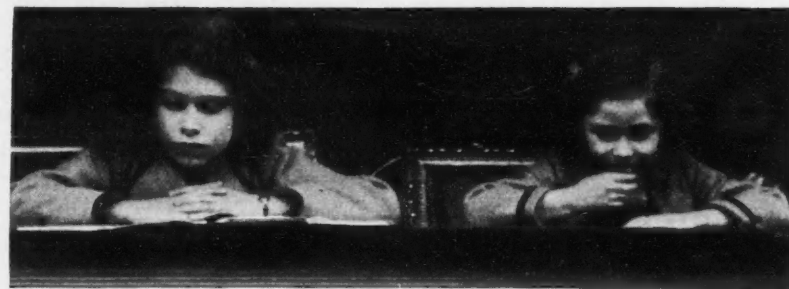
He said in real terror: "No—no, Emma! That's to bury us. You said you'd always keep that to bury us—"

"Now listen, Charles. Paul can bury us—the city can bury us—what does it matter? But we'll sell the Brunhild to live on. It's gold, pet, all gold—bracelets, shield, helmet—everything! The accoutrement"—she spoke dramatically—"of the greatest Brunhild in history! Wasn't I the greatest Brunhild, Charles?"

His face was contorted with the fearful effort it cost him not to weep. "But, Emma—you said—you said—"

She held him closer. "Don't cry! My pet, my precious lamb, don't cry! Emma will look after you. Trust Emma. Everything will be all right." Suddenly she was chuckling. The chuckle grew deeper and richer, her face went crimson. A mysterious and secret mirth shook her whole massive body.

"Oh, Charles! Oh, Charles! That poor young man—Dodie's sweet young man. Listen, Charles; I've left him to pay the taxi—"



The Princesses and the Mounties

*In which the Canadian Redcoats
fill a surprise Royal engagement*

by H. NAPIER MOORE

(By Cablegram from London). Not many people know that the Coronation Detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police staged a private review for Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. At the Duchess of Sutherland's ball a week after the Coronation, Queen Elizabeth was chatting with the Canadian High Commissioner in London, the Honorable Vincent Massey, and said the children had been disappointed at not having seen the Mounties on Coronation Day. She wondered if anything could be done about it. Mr. Massey explained that most of the

men had gone on leave, and their saddlery was packed, but he said he would try. Early the next morning he telephoned Colonel Wood, commanding the detachment, who acted quickly and got together a small detachment. They unpacked their equipment, groomed their horses and at eleven thirty the same morning rode to Buckingham Palace Mews, where they were received by the Queen and two Princesses. The Queen made the men a little speech while the Princesses delightedly fed sugar to the horses.



Sirens Shouldn't Swim

(Continued from page 41)

else, wouldn't have a wrinkle after hours on a porch swing, "you let her laze it away"

Joan swam with sure, strong strokes. The little lake was deserted because people took naps and then dips and this was nap time. After a bit Joan turned on her back and floated and in her mind she practised saying, "Ooh, Wallie, I'm afraid! . . . Ooh, isn't the water—isn't the *walah* cold . . . Ooh, Wallie, you're so strong!" Joan flopped over and began swimming again.

She would, she decided, make for the little island. It was nearly a mile from shore. She and Wallie had done it several times. She recalled how, in the dear, dim days said to be beyond recall, the crowd used to paddle over sometimes for steak dinners. Joan began to hope there might be a tin of crackers left around somewhere from last time. She hadn't had much lunch. But then she remembered that one so miserable as she, a woman whose life was wrecked, couldn't be hungry. She thought again how different her life would have been if she had had yellow, artificially waved hair instead of her own babyish natural curls, and if she had had a family who hadn't made her learn practically everything. She saw again the fat swimming instructor she had had when she was five; she heard the awful woman's counting, "One, two, three," and her sharp whistle, and then she saw Walter McGuire bending fervently above a rubber daisy cap and she heard a girlish voice squeal, "Ooh, I'd be frightened to death if you weren't here!"

Joan grasped ferns on the wrong side of the island, opposite the tiny beach, and

shook herself like a puppy. The ferns and bushes were a bit scratchy as she roamed around the miniature patch of land. When she came in sight of the beach she stopped.

A canoe was pulled half out of the water and tethered to a convenient rock. In white paint on its side was lettered the single word, Joan. She had been a self-conscious spectator to the lettering three weeks ago. "And this canoe," Wallie had declared, busy with his paintbrush, "is half yours. You must remember that. Half," he said firmly.

Joan stood thoughtfully looking at the little bark. From among the trees came a soft giggle. "Ooh, Wallie, do you honestly think I'm pretty? Honestly?"

Joan continued to stand motionless. She looked at the half of the canoe she had suddenly decided was hers. It was the half to which the rope was fastened.

"And, Wallie, you're goin' to dance every single dance with me tonight?"

Joan's hand went out to her half of the canoe. If people had to stay on an island they couldn't go to dances.

"Ooh, Wallie, wouldn't it be lovely if I had some of those kind of l'il flowers? 'Course I couldn't climb 'way up there. But you're so strong I jus' bet you could."

Somehow the rope came untied. Somehow Joan seemed to push her own half of the canoe—she wouldn't she told herself, touch Wallie McGuire's half for a million dollars. The little shell rocked gently for a moment and then went bobbing gaily over the blue waters.

Simultaneously there came a shriek from the trees. Joan started casually around for the other side of the island. She didn't precisely run but she didn't lag.

The screams increased. "Wallie! Ooh, Wallie, look! A snake. Wallie, look at the awful snake!"

JOAN SAT DOWN beside a leafy bush. The explanation of the screams and shrieks wasn't what she had expected. However, they prompted her to a sort of

(Continued on next page)

LIKE SPUN GOLD



There is no one more entitled to the term "well groomed" than attractive Constance Bennett. For hers is no synthetic imitation of breeding and good form. Observe her carefully and you'll see that each detail of her costume and make-up have been attended to with meticulous care.

But there is no feature of Miss Bennett's that is so strikingly lovely it cannot help attracting special notice. That is her hair. It shines and gleams with a bright lustrous charm and while it seems to maintain the illusion of falling with soft carelessness, it yet caps her head smoothly and closely,

Because its brushed
says

Constance Bennett

with no mussy curls or straight ends to spoil the effect.

There is only one answer to such exquisite hair beauty. Brushing! Brushing with long regular strokes to bring out those rich glints and lights; brushing with morning and night determination, to turn up the ends of curls or to set the wide deep wave, whether it be natural or a permanent, more firmly. For brushing and only brushing will awaken the natural oils of the scalp, the true way to hair health and hair beauty.

The brush you use must have long, widely spaced bristles, stiff and penetrating in order to achieve the very best results. It must sweep clean the scalp with firm, even strokes. And it must be wiped between strokes and whisked through soap-suds frequently. Remember—a shining, gleaming head of hair is not a freak of nature. Anyone can possess it if they possess good health and the will to brush!

OVER HER FRESH UNDIES -A 5-DAY DRESS!

Foolish Joan! But when cousin Judy came to visit she learned —



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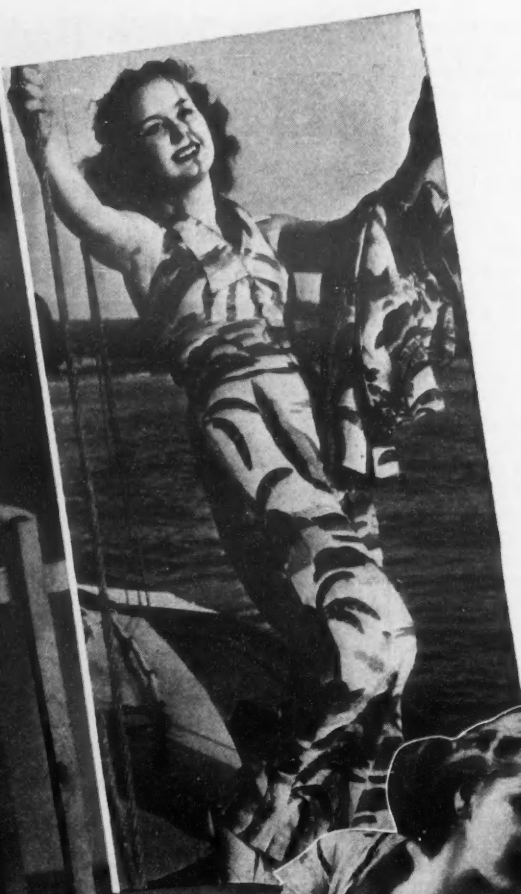
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Prints All Over the Place



1.



2.



2.



4.

5.

1. WORK—in this gay Parisian version of a peasant apron, striped and dotted in brilliant shades.

2. PLAY—As movie star Barbara Read does in a three-piece ensemble—slacks, halter neck and tight-fitting coat of hand-blocked natural linen—all splashed in gay nautical and desert motifs. Or as Olivia de Havilland does, in great white tulips printed on a navy blue background sports linen.

3. DANCE—In this lovely summery cotton frock, with tight bodice and full gathered skirt patterned of scalloped stripes against a background of lavender, yellow and green. Flowers of the same shade are sprinkled about and the sash is brown velvet and so are the neckline bows. The girl is Judith Barrett.

4. DINE—Far left, in dots and dashes done in gay green and white. June Travis's frock has large, white flowers hiding the buttons, and a white crepe stand-up collar and sleeves.

5. SHOP OR GAD ABOUT — In a crisp and cool ensemble, as Rosalind Russell does. It's a one-piece brown and white crepe dress topped with a short white linen bolero jacket and interesting overskirt of the same material.

Wear prints from morning till night—and you'll be in the swing of the 1937 summer mode.

My Seventy Years

(Continued from page 22)

The weather was atrocious; every day rain or snow or sleet, with cold winds. I travelled for hours on unheated trains, and many of the halls in which I spoke had no fires. I slept in different beds every night and always in fireless rooms. One bitterly cold night I was "billeted on" a retired miner, turned innkeeper. On returning from the very cold hall, my host asked me to have a cup of tea with him in the "front room." I gladly accepted, as I noted a cosy grate fire there. After tea I commenced writing a letter to my husband. Looking up, I saw that my host had taken off his shoes, his socks, and between sentences, I noted his coat, vest, tie, collar, and then his false teeth! At this stage I gathered up my belongings and went to my icy bed. I learned in the morning that "Pa" had given up his room to me, and had slept on a couch in the "front room."

Some of my meals were good, some regular, but the average were poor and irregular. When I returned to London, I was thoroughly exhausted and was laid up for several weeks with laryngitis and rheumatism.

My lecture work did result in a distinctive honor—when on July 18, 1917, I was elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. My name was proposed by Miss Pullen-Bury, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I., author of "From Halifax to Vancouver," and seconded by Sir Thomas Mackenzie, High Commissioner for New Zealand.

NO OTHER organization did a greater work than the Y.M.C.A., and I was glad to lend a hand in the canteen work. This meant being on duty every evening, except Sunday, from 5 p.m. to 9 p.m., behind a counter in the large general sitting room, where the volunteer workers (usually four women and two or three orderlies) sold, at low prices, hot coffee, tea, malted milk, oxo, soft drinks, cigarettes, candy, buns, rolls, tarts, fruit (mostly apples, and what scrubs they were!) shoelaces, pencils, pens, paper and matches. There were wholesome amusements, such as boxing matches, concerts, a circulating library. The boys used to like to gather at these places; they cheered each other up and received a good deal of comfort in being able to tell their troubles to sympathetic listeners.

My Battersea Women's English Pension Board work took one very full day a week, when I left my flat at 8 a.m. and was seldom home before 7 p.m. My work was taking down statements from wives, mothers and daughters, with pursuant investigation of their family affairs. There were many marital entanglements which certainly did need straightening out. I recall my first case—both sad and amusing. Private X had three wives, all unknown to one another. He and wife number one had separated by mutual consent, some years before, she in the meantime marrying again; the husband had remarried twice. Now wife number one was demanding that Private X support their three children, and he, in the meantime, had acquired two more children by wife number three!

Whenever I was feeling low because all my dear ones were away, or envious because I had no new clothes, or tired because my work wasn't going right, Battersea was the place to go, as there wives and mothers of disabled soldiers, living on mere pittance, and bringing up families, were all so uncomplaining and cheerful. They always gave me such an ovation, I could have wept.

It was when I visited the boys in hospital that my heart failed and my soul sickened. To see the youth, the flower of the

Empire so devastated—men with eyes burned out by poisonous liquids, faces so eaten away that they scarcely looked human—men minus arms and legs, who would live on and on for years, with such handicaps. Almost to a man, these wounded, suffering soldiers bore their pain with a cheerful endurance, complaining neither to visitors, nurses nor doctors.

The Yukon Comfort Fund kept me busy too, buying everything to add to the comfort of our Yukon men. Here is a typical order—machine gun buttons, razor blades, a basket of green grapes, four fresh eggs at twenty cents apiece. After the Battery went up the line the casualties were heavy and some days I'd visit as many as seven of our boys in hospital, always taking some "comfort" gift. There was the occasional fraud, but generally it was the other way, they were so appreciative and concerned about causing me trouble.

Men never seem to get over the need for mothering. Sometimes the farther away from home the more definite grows this mother-need. I hadn't been travelling with the Yukon Company long, when a delegation waited upon me (shy and diffident they were too, apparently afraid they were going to hurt my feelings by casting a reflection on my age) to ask me if I would mind if they called me "Mother." I have never minded telling my age. Of course, being "well nigh on to fifty," I had accepted the fact that I had reached middle life, although I did have a twinge of resentment when a contemporary remarked: "You must have been a beautiful young woman." I consented gladly, and from that day on I was "Mother," not only to my own three sons, but to hundreds of soldiers. No honor I have ever had, not even the "Honorable Member for Yukon" has been greater than to be known as the mother of those intrepid men of the North, who answered the call of the Empire and travelled eight thousand miles to face the hell of trench warfare.

I received many letters from my Yukon boys—letters from strange places in France, written just before they went over the top, or just after they had come through the hell fire of No Man's Land; not literary masterpieces, nor historical records, but boyish letters of life in the trenches, letters through which ran a marvellous sportsmanship, a sublime acceptance of their roles.

MORE THAN anything else, the horrors of the War were brought home to us in London by the air raids—and I went through twelve. The bombs played queer tricks; seldom were buildings demolished, and comparatively few people were killed. They would scoop out huge holes in parks, in the middle of streets, and "bomb pox" stone buildings. The explosions would now and again twist off signs, pull out window casings, leaving most of the panes intact.

I was in my first raid, when tagging for Armenian relief, in front of Westminster Abbey. It was before the inauguration of air-raid alarms, but the newspapers were agitating for them. I was pinning a flag on a woman when suddenly I heard a terrific crash. "Do you think it's a bomb?" she asked, turning pale. I didn't know, but moved near a policeman, from which place I saw two bombs burst in mid-air. It is a strange and fearful sensation to feel that sudden death is lurking in the heavens above you.

Again, I was typing, and was startled by two crashes. With pounding heart I rushed to the window, but my brother-in-law (on leave) pulled me back, saying: "You haven't lost any bombs today." We soon learned, above all, to keep away from windows, when air raids were on.

I have recorded in my journal a few notes on one of the worst air raids: "Another air raid! Guns have been going more or less regularly for several hours and they do make a devilish noise. What must it be like for our men in France, where they never cease? Fire engines are tearing up and down. Sirens are screaming. The



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FOR YOUR EYES

laboratory interest, as it were, in what would follow when the missing canoe was discovered. "Anyhow I just guess I have a right to rest on this island," Joan assured an only slightly guilty conscience. "I have a right to have a little ole nap if I feel like it." Joan yawned thoroughly. It was no surprise to find she was not sleepy.

Suddenly the voice of Walter McGuire rang out in the still air. "Look! Laura Belle, look! The canoe—the canoe!"

Joan gathered that Laura Belle looked. Wallie's sneakers padded like the wind down to the beach. The canoe, still bobbing cheerfully, was nearly home. Laura Belle, in crisp white and green like a Christmas package, was now beside Wallie. Even at this moment Joan had time to admire Laura Belle's fluttering ribbons.

But there was even more flutter in Laura Belle's accents than in her ribbons. "How we goin' to get back, Wallie McGuire?"

"Well, of course, I can swim back and then get the canoe and come back for you."

"And leave me here with snakes!"

Wallie shifted his sneakers unhappily in sand. "I don't know what else—oh, Laura Belle, I'm awful sorry. I don't know how it came untied—"

"Because you didn't even know how to tie a knot, that's why." Icicles seemed to drip in the heat of the late afternoon from Laura Belle Lee. "Because you're just a clumsy and no-good boy who doesn't even know how to tie a knot good—"

A slow look of astonishment crept over Wallie's face. "Why, Laura Belle. Why, Laura Belle. I—I—"

"Oh, you make me tired." Peering around the sheltering bush Joan saw Laura Belle's hands furiously unfastening ribbons and hooks.

Wallie cried out in horror. "Laura Belle, what you going to do?"

Laura Belle stepped out of her dress. Her silken slip caught and swung in the breeze. "I'm going to swim back of course!"

Knowing he shouldn't look, realizing he must keep this mad girl from a watery grave, Wallie wailed, "But, Laura Belle. You can't. You—can't—swim!"

Joan watched Laura Belle trip to the water in her slip. Joan was profoundly shocked by the exhibition. "She's just a woman of the loose world," Joan told herself. She saw with astonishment Laura Belle capably submerge.

Laura Belle's voice floated back to the island. "Don't be a dumb bunny all your life, Wallie McGuire. Of course I can swim!"

For a stricken minute Wallie watched a very efficient swimmer. He couldn't believe his eyes. He glanced down at the flutter of organdie at his feet and when he looked back at the lake he perceived a second swimmer. It looked like Joan. A dull red flush mounted on Wallie's smooth cheeks. He just kept on standing there.

Joan had never made such good time in her life. She was determined to reach shore before Laura Belle and it took some doing. The beach was peppered with people, returned from their naps, and Laura Belle's advent was startling.

"Why, Laura Belle, you swam from the island . . . Why, Laura Belle . . . Why you could swim all the time . . ."

Laura Belle, her hair dank straight strings on her back, uttered a single cry. "Mother!" Mrs. Lee's abundant purple parasol had never come in so handy.

JOAN WAS dressed in an unfrilled blue print when Wallie, with an air of just happening to be passing by, stumbled up to the Lane cottage. Molly caught her breath and flashed a warning look at Dick. Ann said, "Well, Wallie. When I hadn't

seen you around I thought you weren't at the lake—"

Joan said nothing. There was a curious look in her eyes.

"Evening." Wallie leaned tentatively against the porch rail.

Dick mentioned it was cooling off a little. Molly agreed. Ann wanted to know where Wallie had been keeping himself.

"Oh, I—I been around. I've been, well, kind of busy. One thing and another, sort of."

"Busy?" Ann echoed hopefully. "Splendid, Walter. Improving yourself, learning something during vacation, eh?"

Dick's left eyebrow went up. Really, Molly thought, Ann was terrific.

Wallie scuffed his beautiful white shoes along the porch floor which, no matter what Molly did, always had enough sand to scuffle.

"I guess Wallie," young Joan's voice came clearly, "has learned a thing or two this vacation. Haven't you, Wallie?"

Molly looked at her child. Something had happened. She couldn't think what. But whatever it was, Joan had handled it herself. The certainty gave Molly a strange little exaltation mixed with sadness. Joan had reached the place where, if her mother couldn't help, she could help herself. Molly went over and stood very close to Dick.

"Why," Wallie was saying with difficulty, "aren't you—well, what I mean, Joan, is, why aren't you ready about for the dance? Because," Wallie's voice went high, went low, "I mean I sort of thought we ought to begin to get over there."

The hotel car rattled up to the front of the cottage and stopped.

"We're going on a family picnic." Joan indicated two large baskets and a more than adequate watermelon near the swing. "I don't really," Joan imparted, "find any in/rust in dances any more. 'Course they're all right," Joan ended loftily, "for dumb bunnies."

Molly recognized that Joan and Wallie might have things to say to each other. "Come on," she cried. "Ann, will you carry the vacuum bottles down? Dick, the baskets—"

"Picnics are fun. I haven't," Wallie eyed the watermelon plaintively, "been on a picnic this year. I don't," he added thoughtfully, "think much of dances myself."

Molly looked at Joan. If Walter McGuire came on this picnic it would only be if her child wanted him. Between Joan and Molly there passed something infinitely less tangible than a wave length. Molly asked politely, "Why don't you come along with us, Wallie?"

Molly couldn't imagine how they could all manage to get into the little car. She decided that Joan could figure it out.

"Swell!" Wallie started for the car as if delay might cause a retraction of his invitation. Wallie and Joan fumbled a little opening the rickety door of the tonneau.

Joan bent over the watermelon. Then she straightened. "Oh, Wallie." There was a note in her young voice Molly had never heard before. Walter McGuire bounded back to her. "Help me with this, Wallie. It's too heavy for me. But you're so strong—"

Molly was thoroughly happy. "Ann," she said, "you're wrong." Not the least of her happiness was saying that; it was only infrequently anyone could tell Ann she was wrong. "Joan," Molly said, "has learned a lot this summer." She started to open the tonneau door and then stepped back. This, Dick had said, was her summer for learning too. "Oh Dick," Molly called, "can you open this? It's too hard for me, but," Molly smiled sunnily at him, "of course it's nothing for you, darling."



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faint clapping of hands that finally brought me to the window.

On the walk just opposite stood three small boys tooting whistles—dirty little gamins, too young to realize why they were being noisy, but screaming with delight at being able to make a noise, unrebuked.

Beyond were four uniformed lift girls, dancing to the jazz music of an old hand organ.

Directly across the very narrow street, standing on the first floor balcony, was a little grey-haired woman in black, nodding her head to the beat of the music, and smiling at the street urchins, as she deftly fastened a small stand of Allied flags to the iron railing.

Beside her was a sad-faced young woman, with a wide black armlet on her V. A. D. uniform. I saw her large dark eyes distinctly—but there were no tears in them, nor was there a smile on her lips.

On the balcony above, shrilly cheering and wildly waving flags, stood a bright-faced woman, with her two small sons clinging to her skirts, while their baby sister, looking very much like a fluffy dog, with a huge bow of red, white and blue ribbon tied round her neck, shouted and danced with excitement.

As I turned from the window, my eyes travelled to the top balcony where, locked in the arms of her sailor husband or sweetheart, was a young woman. At the same moment they turned their happy faces to me, blew a kiss, and called "Good luck!"

I thought: It is good luck for me, dear unknowns across the street. My loved ones on land and sea and in the air are safe now. They will return to me. The Armistice is signed!

I LOOK back upon my two years of war-residence in England, and six months after, as one of the greatest experiences of my life. Of course, we saw all the well-known "tourist" sights. There are many advantages in living in an old country, where every building, road and countryside is saturated with tradition, where its people have been collecting treasures for centuries—priceless specimens for museums and pictures of the old masters for its art galleries. We motored miles and miles through lovely landscapes, never out of sight of picturesque old homes, cottages, or rambling farmhouses and stables, with thatched roofs.

I grew to think the English people the most wonderful on earth. Unflinchingly facing the vicissitudes of life, they stand like the Rock of Gibraltar, fearlessly beating back the storms of adversity. Like others, at first I thought them "muddling and queer," but in spite of it I was always ready to pay my tribute to their great accomplishments.

Nor do I wonder at the stability of the British monarchy, nor the popularity of the Royal family. During the War, every member was a shining example of courage, duty and devotion to the Empire. No sacrifice was too great. They rejoiced and suffered with the people. They were always in, and among and of them.

I saw His Majesty the late King George, Queen Mary, and other members of the Royal family many times, always bowing pleasantly, mingling with and encouraging their people. Queen Mary was always every inch the Queen and Empress, especially in her state robes with diadem or crown upon her perfectly coiffed hair, her carriage graceful, slow and dignified, yet above all, the wife and mother. I saw her sweet smile when a young woman with a babe in arms waved the baby's hand at her. I heard many a wounded soldier speak with pride of her personal word of sympathy as she passed through the wards on her many, many hospital visits.

Shortly after the Armistice, Mrs. Black was sent to France by the Overseas Club, to

visit many of the rehabilitated villages and as well, the soldiers' cemeteries. Throughout the journey she was struck by the complete desolation and destruction of the war. She trudged for miles over battlefields, and saw the pathetic but determined efforts of the people everywhere to re-establish their homes.

ON ARRIVAL home I found an invitation to represent the Yukon at a garden party to be given by Their Majesties the King and Queen, in honor of ten thousand women war workers. Of course, I went. It was a beautiful day and the flower-bordered lawns of Buckingham Palace never looked more gorgeous. We stood on either side of the garden paths and the King and Queen and Princess Mary walked between the lines, stopping now and then to say a word to people they knew, or to have others presented.

I was presented with a group of men, seven or eight "war lecturers."

"Where have you lectured?" asked His Majesty.

"Throughout the British Isles, Your Majesty, to the wounded, at soldiers' camps, munition works and at industrial centres."

"Most interesting," he said, as he moved on.

The Queen, as usual, looked very regal in an embroidered dress of pale blue, with matching hat and a necklet of perfect pearls, while Princess Mary wore a V. A. D. uniform.

Following the garden party, Mrs. Black was granted permission to see the interior of Buckingham Palace. Miss Sibley, the Queen's first "dresser," and Mrs. Clarke, the housekeeper, accompanied Mrs. Black and showed her the Queen's boudoir, hung with French blue silk tapestry and decorated with a profusion of pink flowers. In one cabinet she noticed a nugget bracelet and necklet, and discovered it was from Vancouver, British Columbia. Her Majesty's sitting rooms held many pictures of the palace gardens at Windsor, Kew and Hampton Court. The King's sitting rooms were furnished with East Indian rugs, hangings, teak chairs, and cases of priceless jewelled daggers, swords, crowns, boxes and belts.

The tour finished, I had tea (brown bread and butter, delicious homemade strawberry jam—a special Windsor garden product—and fruit cake) with Miss Sibley, at a round table, covered with a plain white cloth, in her private sitting room, overlooking the gardens.

There, in a small pavilion, the King was having tea with his mother, Queen Alexandra, the Dowager Czarina of Russia, Princess Victoria, the Grand Duke Michael and Sir Arthur Davison. The King's dog nestled close to his Royal master, knowing probably that he would have his tea also. Soon the Royal tea party came to an end, and the King escorted his mother to her car, affectionately assisted her in and pleasantly bowed the party away. As he lifted his fine panama hat, banded with a folded plaid scarf, I noted that he was beginning to show a bald spot. He then returned to the pavilion, where a dispatch bearer had brought a bag of papers, and he was soon immersed in their contents.

MY OVERSEAS work was done. My husband and son had completed their "Army of Occupation" duties. My husband's post as Commissioner for the Yukon, which he had given up to enlist, had been abolished during his absence—and so there was no position awaiting him in our own country. However, we decided to return to Canada, and, although past the half-century mark in years, to try to re-establish ourselves there.

(Next month's installment is an enthralling account of life in Ottawa as wife of the Speaker and later as Member for the Yukon.)



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 "I must be sure
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Your wardrobe is just as important to you. Now get rid of moth dangers as movie stars do. Spray with Larvex today.

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Mothproof with
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 and be sure

TAKE THE HEAT ON HIGH (or Keep In High Gear This Summer)

WHEN the heat comes, some people, like old cars, can't make the grade—they have to slip into "second" or into "low." The heat slows them, saps their "horsepower." Why can I, a youngster of almost 80, who, judged by conventional standards, should be on the scrap heap, drive in high through the hottest summer, defying Mr. Sol, just as in winter I scorn Mr. Zero? The answer is foods. People give no thought at all to the foods they ought to eat, only the foods they like. They follow the herd. Herd intelligence is notably no intelligence at all.

If people would really think, they would realize that bodily health depends upon the blood that feeds the body cells. The blood depends upon the kind of foods which build the blood. Therefore the kind of blood that flows through our bodies can make us shrivel and shiver on cold days and wilt and wither on hot days. The cause of both is viscid, ropy, toxic blood, derived from denatured, dead, demineralized, constipating foods.

Here is how to prove me right or wrong. During the hot spell, make your breakfast of Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy or Lishus, all you can enjoy with milk or cream, raisins or chopped dates, not body-heating sugar. Make thick enough to chew thoroughly. If hot cereal is not liked, cook any of them the previous night, allow to cool, place in refrigerator and serve for breakfast, with sliced or canned peaches, ripe bananas, fruit jelly, preserve, or honey with cream or milk. Drink iced Kofy-Sub, sweetened with brown sugar, or preferably honey, added while hot, a very delightful and healthful beverage. For noon meal a salad of fresh fruit or raw vegetables, iced Kofy-Sub. For evening meal, a large fruit or vegetable salad, sprinkled with grated nuts, grated cheese or cottage cheese, or lightly

steamed vegetables if salads are not liked, as second choice. Any kind of juicy fruit for dessert. Iced Kofy-Sub or hot Kofy-Sub if hot drink is preferred. Train the intestines to eliminate after each meal. It is of utmost importance to exercise all groups of muscles briskly, fifteen or twenty minutes daily, to the point of deep breathing, to burn up internal poisonous waste. If you do not know how, send fifty cents for my book "SYSTEMATIZED MUSCLE EXERCISES," illustrated.

Rub the body down with rough towel wrung out of hot water in hot weather; cold water in cold weather. Relax muscles, nerves and mind. Do not fret or worry and—well, I stake my reputation on this assertion—follow this program for one month, or at most two, and so remarkable will be your improvement, you will always follow it. Write for University proof that Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and Kofy-Sub are wonderfully rich in blood-forming minerals, also other important health literature free. Address: Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

6-37



The above is from a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M. D., taken in his 77th year.

Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

London searchlights, huge phantom fingers not unlike the northern lights without color, sweep the sky, penetrate the darkness, making it as light as day."

I shall always be glad that I went overseas and could be with my men during those dreadful years. While I did not see two of my sons during that time, yet my husband, his brother, a cousin, and my youngest son and I had some happy times together when they were on leave. We always agreed that we had done the right thing in coming over and if we had to make the decision again we would do the same.

On arrival in England the men went into strenuous training at once. They were transferred to a machine gun unit and the machine gunners were put through their courses in half time. In order to reach France sooner, my husband had signed an order to revert to lieutenant, while Lyman was so eager to get to the front that he felt he was being "trained to death."

But soon, too soon, the parting time drew near. As each visit ended we thought it might be the last, yet we seldom spoke of it. After the men did go to the front, I tried to cultivate the habit of believing all was well, to convince myself of the utter uselessness of worry, to prepare myself, if trouble came, to bear it bravely.

I shall never forget the week of anguish when Lyman was reported missing, and the great joy when he turned up; nor the hours of anxiety when I hurried to meet George, who had been wounded and was being sent to hospital in England. I used to feel that I could go in rags the rest of my life, if we could only be in our Yukon home again. Would those days ever return; days of peace and prosperity, and would we ever renew old friendships or become the happy, carefree people of olden days?

Once in awhile I exploded. I surprised one beautiful woman, who was grumbling about poor food, incompetent servants, dull times, by turning on her fiercely: "You haven't any idea of what hard times mean. You have a magnificent centrally-heated home, beautifully furnished, eight servants, good clothes, and plenty of money to buy more. You have nothing to do but be pleasant. If you were in my shoes you might grumble. Although I left my lovely home and do live on 'the third floor back,' what's the use of complaining?"

I was a bit shocked at myself, but George and Lyman hadn't been gone very long. Warren had been ordered to Bangkok, Siam, to bring an interned German ship to San Francisco, and I didn't know where Donald was. Besides, this woman was wearing a new black satin dress, trimmed with real seal, and, what was still worse, I had to buy and wear English "boots," and they made my feet, which are fairly small, look like badly-shaped hams. It always peeves me anyway to wear old clothes.

"Blighty" leaves were joyous occasions. We'd combine our food tickets, and there was generally a parcel from home, so we had the "makings" for sumptuous home-cooked meals in my small flat. We linked up with other Yukoners and there was a round of dinners, theatres and sight-seeing. I note in my journal at such a time: "My boy has been on leave two wonderful weeks. He's grown like a weed, loves his work, and never forgets he's a soldier. He is the picture of health, but shows the strain of the War—looks twenty-nine instead of nineteen."

I was a very proud Yukon mother too, when the press of the day was featuring "the bravery of a Yukon youth of nineteen, who caught a Company of Hun cavalry as they rushed through a chance gap in our lines." That youth was my son.

Lyman was awarded the Military Cross.

WEEKS LATER, the morning of the investiture, when he was to receive his M. C., was a very busy one. The boy had his buttons and shoes to shine, his uniform to brush (no batman there), while I was excitedly getting breakfast and donning my very best dress.

We had received beautifully engraved

invitation cards, the words, "weather permitting" outlined in red ink, as the Investitures were being held outside, on the grounds of Buckingham Palace, so that parents, immediate relatives and near friends might be present. These cards were also accompanied by engraved note-paper announcements: "With the compliments of the Master of the Household, Derek Keppel."

On arrival at the Palace, and presentation of our cards, Lyman was ushered into the hall, while I was taken to the garden, where the inner quadrangle was roped off with thick scarlet woollen cords. In the centre of this was a canopy of shabby and worn-looking red and white awning, supported by bare, rough, ugly wooden props. Under this was an elevated platform, with inclines on either side, all crimson-carpeted, while the platform furniture consisted of a very ordinary-looking table, on which rested a crimson velvet cushion for the decorations, and two gilt-backed straight chairs upholstered in crimson brocade. I thought at the time that with very little expense or effort this setting might have been made much more effective with a beauty and elegance that would have suited the occasion, but I presumed, too, that Their Majesties the King and Queen wished it as simple as possible, to stress the economy and plainness of living, necessary in War time.

The King and his aides, all in full service uniforms, arrived, followed by about two hundred others, twenty of whom were nursing sisters. Although I had seen His Majesty dozens of times, from my very "good seat," I had my first opportunity of watching a continuous performance, in which he played a leading part. I thought him very attractive, especially when he smiled, more with his eyes than his mouth. He was just beginning to get grey and looked very dignified and fine in his uniform resplendent with red tabs and rows of decorations.

He gave the first decoration, a Victoria Cross, to a young Australian lieutenant, who had lost his right arm during the March offensive, 1918. He chatted cordially with the young hero, who, after the first trying moments, quite lost his shyness. His Majesty then pinned a decoration on each, with whom he had a few words—all the while looking so pleasant and interested.

After my son received his decoration, "the M.C.," a handsome silver cross pendant from a crown, the whole hanging from blue and white moiré ribbon, he went to an anteroom of the Palace, where he was given a box for his cross, then outside to be photographed by the Canadian official photographer.

On August 13, 1918, I received one of those dreaded War-time telegrams. It read: "Sincerely regret to inform you Captain George Black, Infantry, officially reported admitted to Stationary Hospital, Abbeville, August 11—gunshot wound—thigh." Close upon this came a letter from my husband, making light of his injuries, which, in his words, were a "slam in the left leg with a chunk of shrapnel . . . and the right leg punctured with a machine gun bullet."

"I suppose I should count myself lucky," he continued, "for this is as nice a 'Blighty' as one could wish—a regular hand-picked one. If the hospital in France hadn't been so crowded, they'd have patched me up over there, but by the second day of the big offensive there was standing room only, and the standing wasn't very good."

George never went back to the firing line, for the War was over in three months, but both he and Lyman spent the last six months on the Rhine, with the Army of Occupation.

FOR SEVERAL weeks we knew the War was drawing to a close. Hourly we awaited the signing of the Armistice. I can never forget that memorable morning of November 11, 1918, in London.

Subconsciously I heard the bells of a near-by church ringing, and the distant sound of factory whistles, but it was the



GIVE BABY MORE OF YOUR TIME

Why waste entire half-days preparing, cooking and straining his food? It is needless because you can buy Heinz Strained Foods—vegetables, cereal, and fruit—at the store. And they carry the Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association's Council on Foods.

Heinz Strained Foods are garden fresh, highest quality; prepared, cooked and strained according to exacting laws of dietetic science. Natural in colour, in taste—cooked and canned in their own juices. The Heinz 57 trademark on every tin is an additional assurance.

Write for booklet "Questions and Answers about Heinz Strained Foods". H. J. Heinz Co., Toronto.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for You and Baby too

BABY'S SUMMER DIARRHOEA NEED NOT ALARM YOU

ONLY when you allow Baby's diarrhoea to continue need you be alarmed. It is then that his little body is sapped of its strength and its resistance to disease.

But what mother would allow her baby to suffer from diarrhoea when she can get quick relief for him with Baby's Own Tablets? Read this note from Mrs. Allard of Whitby.

"My Baby was so bad with summer complaint that we despaired of saving her. A friend advised Baby's Own Tablets. After the third dose baby fell asleep. By noon next day she took her regular bottle feeding."

Baby's Own Tablets are speedy and effective in their work. Safe and harmless in their action. Sweet-tasting and easy to take. Contain no opiates or stupefying drugs whatever. Can be given with safety to the most delicate baby. Analyst's report with every box.

Also used by mothers everywhere for simple fever, upset stomach, irritability, simple croup, colds, teething troubles and other ailments of babyhood.

Always keep Baby's Own Tablets on hand. 25 cents. Your money back if you are not satisfied.

FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS

Mothers desiring to receive the leaflets for Expectant mothers and advice about a layette should write to Superintendent, Victorian Order of Nurses, 311 Transportation Building, Ottawa, Canada. The Victorian Order have very kindly offered to supply this information to expectant mothers.

milk 15 oz., water 15 oz., and sugar 1 oz., in seven feedings at three-hour intervals. Begin cod-liver oil, 1 teaspoonful, before each of three feedings. At two to three months the milk is increased to 20 oz. and the water left at the same amount. See this column for details of feeding in later months.

In the first month boys gain on the average about one lb. Girls may not gain any. At two months the average boy will weigh (seven lb. at birth) ten lb. eight oz. and a girl ten lb. three oz.

Question—My baby was weaned at seven months. Please give me a feeding plan for nine months and onward. She has had eczema.

Answer—At nine to ten months the formula may be gradually changed to whole milk with no added sugar. A soft-boiled egg yolk should be given at the 2 p.m. feeding and also a crust, zwieback or Sun Wheat biscuit.

6 a.m.—8 oz. milk. 9 a.m.—1 oz. orange juice with equal water. 10 a.m.—8 oz. milk. One to two rounded tablespoonfuls cooked cereal. Piece of rusk or zwieback. One teaspoonful cod-liver oil before each of four feedings from September to June. 2 p.m.—8 oz. milk. Raw, soft- or hard-boiled yolk of egg. 6 p.m.—8 oz. milk with cereal as before. 10 to 12 p.m.—8 oz. milk if hungry. The change of diet may clear up the eczema.

Question—Please advise as to what I should do for a girl with small, white worms.

Answer—You do not say what is the girl's age. The reason that these worms persist in spite of treatment is because the child reinfects herself; that is she gets the eggs from which the worms are hatched, under the fingernails. Consequently, to gain any lasting benefit from treatment, she must be clothed at night so that she is prevented from getting her fingers on the parts. This may be prevented by having her wear closed drawers. For the itching, an ointment of calomel, B.P. should be applied to the anus. Internally she should have a powder containing a quarter to one grain of calomel and one grain of santonin. This may be repeated on alternate nights two or three times. It is useful to inject into the bowel one ounce of warm lime water. But this and all other remedies will fail if she is allowed to reach the parts with her fingers.

CHATELAINE LETTER CONTEST

The Circulation Department of Chatelaine is grateful for the many interesting and helpful letters which were received from subscribers with suggestions on how to simplify the renewal of their subscriptions. The first prize has been awarded to Mrs. J. S. McMaster, of Saskatoon, Sask.; the five remaining prizes go to Mrs. Arthur Cherry, Toronto; Mrs. Bert Cole, King Kirkland, Ont.; Mrs. J. A. Wynd, Armstrong, Ont.; Miss Freda Gladding, Toronto, and Mrs. Charles Van Somer, Prince George, B.C.



●"Look! See what she's got in her pocket... her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"



●"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? I'll tell you—just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful."



●"There!... Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice?... And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"



●"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—isn't it lovely and downy and soft? Never gritty like some powders. It keeps a baby's skin just perfect!" And that, Mothers, is the surest protection against skin infections! Johnson's Baby Powder is not only made of the finest Italian talc—it's BORATED! Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too!

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A LOVELY SKIN
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HOW TO BE FRESH AS A FLOWER
Bulletin No. 19—5 cents

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A LOVELY SKIN

Service Bulletin
No. 18



A Lovely Skin

By the Beauty Editor
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Address

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)



The daily bath is a protection against disease.

THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by John W. S. McCullough, M.D.

CLEANLINESS IN CHILDREN

HOW FRESH and sweet is the clean child! It is not the clothing that makes the child clean. Far more important is the clean body. In a land where soap and warm water are readily procurable by all, there is no excuse for a child being habitually dirty.

Cleanliness helps to keep the child well. The dirt that coats the hands and body of a child may carry dangerous disease. Dirt invariably carries germs of one kind or another. Some of these germs may be dangerous to the child's health, others harmless.

If children learn something about germs they will understand better how cleanliness helps to keep them well. Germs go by the various names of microbes, bacteria, or micro-organisms. The name germs is a handy one; it will do very well for this article.

Germs are of a variety of shapes. Often they are divided into rods, spheres and spirals. They are infinitely small. If a germ were magnified 500 times, it would appear to be about the size of a small pin's head. It has been said that millions of them could be packed into a single grain of sugar.

The importance of cleanliness in the child rests in the fact that germs live everywhere. There are literally millions and millions of them about us all the time. They are in the air we breathe; in the water we drink; in the food we eat, and in dust and dirt of every description. Germs are on everything we touch; in the bodies of animals and of men, women and children. How important it is that one's face and hands and the rest of one's body are kept as clean as possible.

Fortunately the greatest number of germs are harmless. Some are essential to life; others are valuable. Milk is soured by germs and sour milk is a useful food. Bread rises through the influence of the yeast germ. The varying flavors of different cheeses are caused by germs. Dead and decaying matter is dispersed by germs.

A few germs carry disease. Such germs are our enemies. They are commonly found on dirty hands and faces. Teach the child to be clean.

YOUR QUESTION BOX

Question—What about tickling children? How would you undertake to cure bed-wetting? Would tonsils have anything to do with it?

Answer—Such practices as tickling are apt to overexcite a small child and upset sleep like any other excitement. Bed-wetting is a difficult problem because in most cases, the mother has failed to teach the baby good toilet habits early in life. It will help to limit the amount of fluids before bedtime and to anticipate the practice by taking the child up. There are medicines which help but these are necessarily to be prescribed by the doctor to suit the individual case. Unhealthy tonsils could have only a general effect on the child's health. Anything that disturbs the health might serve to promote the habit.

Question—Please give formula for baby two weeks old and say how it is increased. What is the average weekly gain of baby seven lb. at birth?

Answer—By the time this reaches you, your baby will be about a month old, and should have, at from one to two months,

DR. MACHAFFIE WRITES ON DIET

"Nine Diet Essentials," a helpful analysis of food for the pre-school child, which was published in May Chatelaine, was written from material prepared by Dr. L. P. MacHaffie, Medical Officer of the Public Schools of Ottawa and Consultant in Pediatrics to the Canadian Welfare Council. Through a misunderstanding, the article appeared under the name of Marjorie Bradford, assistant to the Director of the Canadian Welfare Council.

Housekeeping

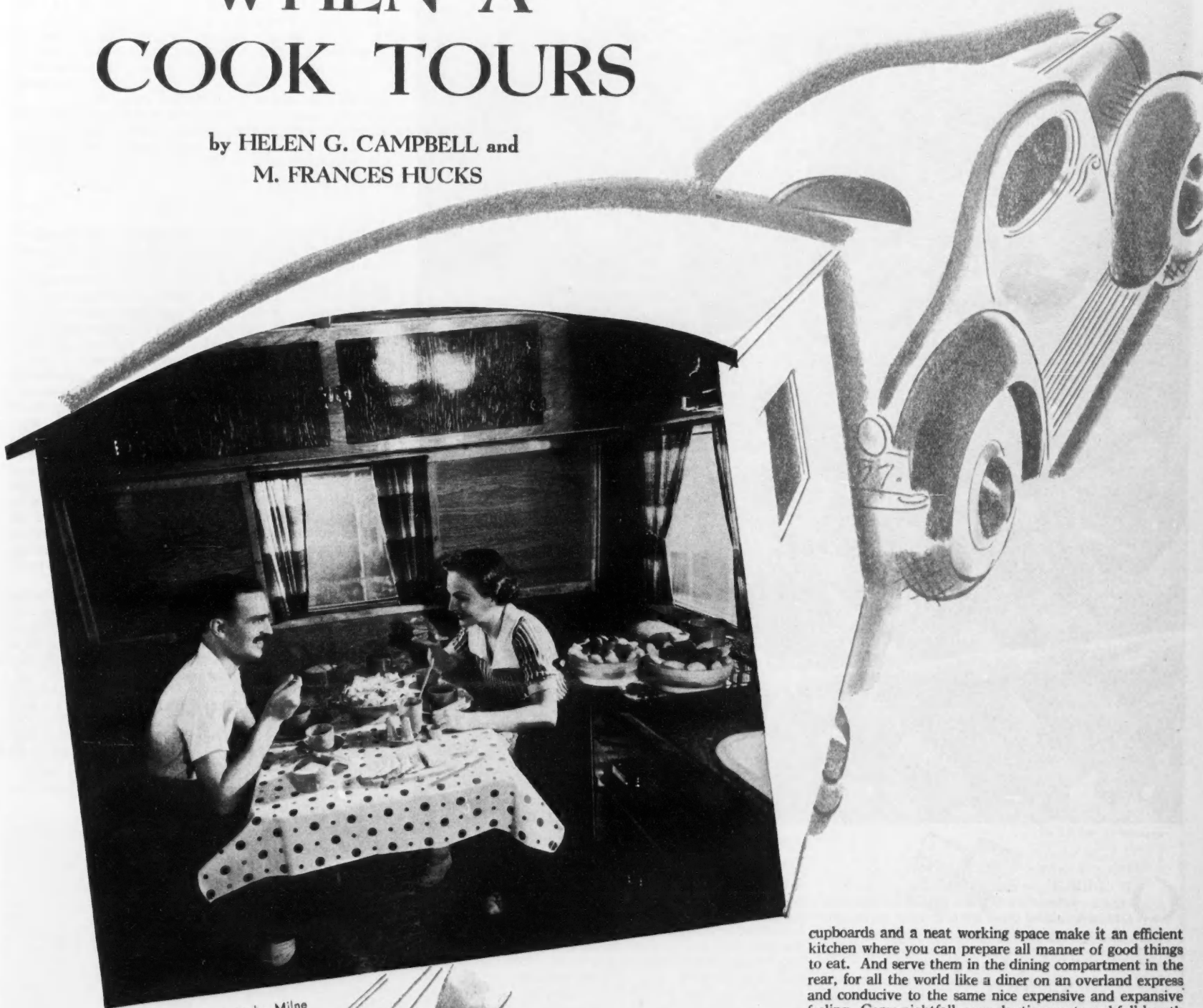
WHEN A
COOK TOURSby HELEN G. CAMPBELL and
M. FRANCES HUCKS

Photo by Milne

THERE'S a new race of gypsies on the road. As fun-loving, carefree and footloose as any of their predecessors—but a lot of softies nevertheless. They can't take it. Mosquitoes and hard beds get them down entirely, and bumpy, slow-moving caravans aren't at all to their notion.

A trailer is more like it in the opinion of an elite generation that likes its simple life in easy doses and even sits down to strike. Well, you can't blame it for these de luxe houses on wheels take all the discomforts and none of the happy adventure from a nomad's life. Men like them because they can travel the King's highway and still remain masters of their destiny, all the time enjoying their wives' good cooking. Women approve because they can ride and shop and sight-see without looking a perfect fright. And children adore them because they have room to stretch their legs instead of being cooped up with the baggage in the back seat. So it's pretty unanimous.

Many people this summer are setting out to take the

world as they find it but making sure they find it good. No trusting to luck that a nice, airy room and a good meal are waiting for them at the end of a day's journey; they bring along their own bed and board and are as independent as a hog on ice.

Trailer travel is quite the latest rage; the finest holiday you can imagine and—after the initial outlay—one of the least expensive. To begin with it costs you some money but look what you save on the way and the miles you can cover year after year for next to nothing. If you're a plutocrat and want the last word in luxury you will pay anything from \$1,000 up—and up. But plain folks like you and me are content with a swanky little two- or four-passenger model in the \$500 to \$700 class and live happily in a style to which we've been accustomed.

IT'S AMAZING what home comforts designers have built into the steel bodies of even the less pretentious ones. A tiny but businesslike stove, an ice refrigerator, sink, storage

cupboards and a neat working space make it an efficient kitchen where you can prepare all manner of good things to eat. And serve them in the dining compartment in the rear, for all the world like a diner on an overland express and conducive to the same nice expensive and expansive feeling. Come nightfall, your daytime seats and full-length couch turn into comfortable beds and you sleep anywhere your caravan has rested. Practically in the open, too, for screened windows let in all the fresh air you can use but keep out the winged beasts which bite and annoy. Morning breaks and you feel ready for anything as you slip into a bathing suit for a dip in the lake or into slacks for hiking. Or when you take a fresh dress from its hanger preparatory to knocking a little white ball around the links or shopping in town for the day's supplies.

This is the life say the trailer fans who have worked out from past experience the right technique for the most enjoyment. It doesn't do to be too slapdash and haphazard or roaming the roads becomes a penance for your sins. But don't go to the other extreme and housekeep all day.

BE PREPARED—that's the thing. Prepared for any kind of weather that overtakes you, for social contacts with pleasant people you meet by the way, for good meals without unnecessary fuss and bother and for any situation you meet in a day's travel. There's your wardrobe first. Young fry will practically live in slacks [Continued on page 56]

And when they come

**KEEP
THAT DOOR
SHUT!**



ETHEL is planning a little dinner party and Mother is wisely encouraging her to entertain her friends at home. Everything is spic and span—a little rubbing and polishing and the dining room furniture looks like new.

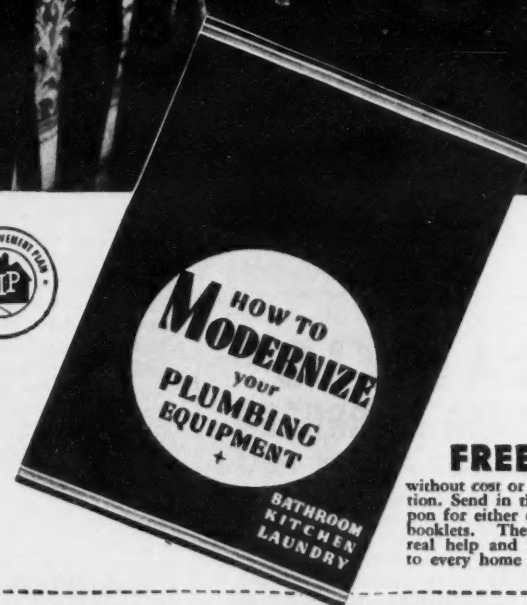
But the kitchen—rubbing and polishing will never make that anything but what it is. The family have become used to it, but tonight it looks more untidy than ever. Just a little bit of this and a little of that. A stove placed here and an ice box there. There isn't enough cupboard space and the sink looks as though it had never been cleaned.

"Keep that door shut," warns Ethel as she realizes what Mother has been putting up with for years.

No longer need the family apologize for a make-shift kitchen. Fortunately a beautiful, compact, labor-saving kitchen can now be installed even if the money isn't available. The Home Improvement Plan enables home owners to arrange loans for home improvements through Chartered Banks and Approved Lending Institutions at the lowest of repayment rates—and on the easiest basis of borrowing. Payments can be spread over a period of one to three years.

The Canadian Institute of Plumbing and Heating is a non-commercial organization interested in promoting modern kitchens, bathrooms, home heating and laundries. **FREE** booklets have been prepared to assist home owners to plan these conveniences to the greatest advantage. Mail the coupon now or —

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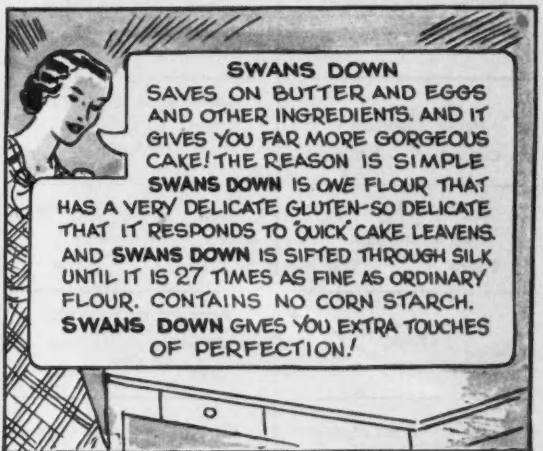
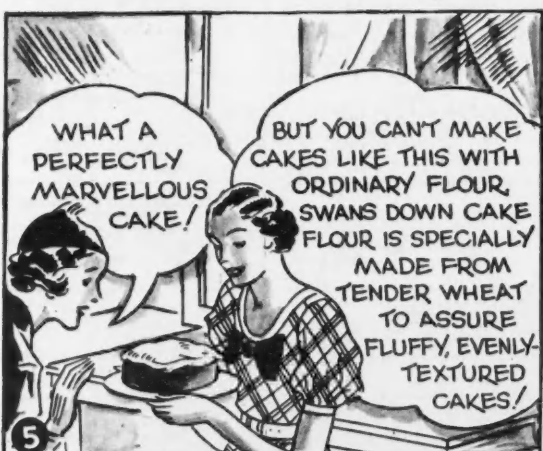
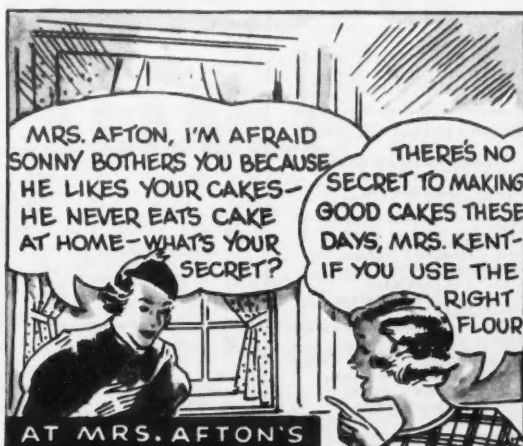
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(((CANADIAN INSTITUTE OF PLUMBING AND HEATING)))



ONE EGG CAKE

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg unbeaten
¾ cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add egg and beat very thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 minutes. Spread Chocolate Orange Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE FROSTING

2 teaspoons grated orange rind
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
Dash of salt

3 tablespoons orange juice (about)
4 tablespoons butter
1½ squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted

Combine orange rind and butter; cream well. Add part of sugar gradually, blending after each addition. Add chocolate and salt and mix well. Add remaining sugar, alternately with orange juice, until of right consistency to spread. Beat thoroughly after each addition.

(All measurements are level.)



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BRAND
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A complete cake-making book that every beginner or expert will prize. Tells reasons and remedies for cake difficulties. How to mix and bake perfectly. 64 illustrated pages. 102 delicious recipes for cakes, frostings and quick breads.

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Photo by Milne.

OF COURSE you can. Meaning you'd be silly not to, when strawberries, pineapple, cherries, rhubarb and all other fruits in their season are simply begging for a place on your cupboard shelves. And when preserving methods are so simplified that even the novice can be sure of "good luck."

Only by taking thought, however, for there are rules to follow and pitfalls to sidestep. To begin with, the fruit should be sound in mind and body, firm but not overripe and as fresh as you can possibly catch them. It pays to sort them according to size, color and degree of ripeness so that your jars will present a trig, stylish appearance. Then wash them and make a good job of it—removing any stems, stones, pits or other superfluities.

If it is necessary to loosen the skins from such fruits as peaches, put a few at a time in a wire basket or cheesecloth bag and dip them in hot water. Plunge them next in a cold bath as a shock to their systems and the job of peeling is half done for you.

Meantime, the jars should be tested for leaks and the perfect ones washed in warm, soapy water, rinsed in clear, set on a rack in a pan of water and boiled for five minutes to sterilize them. Take them out one at a time as you are ready to fill them with fruit, but have a care not to touch the inside with fingers, cloth or any unsterilized object—or your good work is undone.

Scald new, springy rubbers—you're foolish if you try to economize with old ones—in hot water, set them in place on the rims and fill the jars to within one inch

of the top—no more. Then—get a move on too—pour in enough syrup to fill to overflowing. It's a good idea, now, to remove any air bubbles by running a scalded knife blade around the inside of the jar, pressing back the fruit very carefully at the same time so that the syrup will fill all the spaces. Put on the cover and partially but not wholly seal. If screw tops are used, turn the metal ring until it catches hold, then loosen slightly. With the clamp top type, adjust the upper clamp but do not pull down the lower one.

Cook the fruit in the jars for the length of time given in the following table according to the method used. If you are processing by immersing the filled jars in a hot water bath, preheat them in hot water and place them on a rack in a deep boiler which contains enough boiling water to cover them to the depth of an inch or more. Count the cooking period given in the table from the time the water boils around the jars and remember that this is no matter for guesswork. Remove when the time is up, complete the sealing, invert for a few moments but do not leave them standing on their heads. And don't go tightening screw tops after the fruit is cooled as you are liable to break the seal you have so carefully formed.

When a steam cooker is used, have the water boiling and the steam rising before the jars are set in place on the shelves. Then keep things going full tilt and begin counting the time after they have been in for three minutes.

Steam pressure canners make quicker work of the

business as the temperature within reaches higher-than-boiling point. For that reason, they are particularly useful when a large quantity of fruit is being put by for winter. Several types are available and it is important to follow the manufacturer's directions for their use.

Processing can easily and simply be done in an oven equipped with a heat control device. Set the regulator at 275 degrees Fahr. and preheat the oven while the jars are being filled. Put them at once on the rack, allowing a space of two inches in between, and keep them at the temperature stated for the required length of time as given in the table. Remove them and complete the seal immediately.

Tin cans are used successfully in home canning by anyone who likes to invest in a simply operated little machine for sealing them. In fact, the housekeepers I know who use this equipment swear by it—not at it—and wouldn't go back to any other method.

Jams and Jellies

IF IT'S jams and jellies you're making, the short boil method is all over the old-fashioned process. Not only from the standpoint of speed but in texture and flavor of the finished product. It's more dependable, too, for it takes all the gamble out of what otherwise is a ticklish business even for the old hand at it. Pectin, that substance that makes jelly jell is a variable quantity in different fruits and in the same fruit at different stages of ripeness. Furthermore, it is not always the same from year to year, so what's a poor cook to do! The best thing is to use commercial pectin which isn't at all a substitute but a natural product of pectin-rich fruits—extracted, refined and standardized to a definite jelling strength. You can buy it in either liquid or powdered forms but you must use it according to stated proportions and directions. Don't be tempted to deviate from them in amount of any ingredient, time of cooking or procedure. Success depends upon following the recipe precisely, with exact measurements and exact timing.

In cooking, be sure to use a good big kettle to allow for that full rolling boil the method calls for. And don't try to do too much at once, for it's a lot easier and less clutterly to make a series of small batches as the various fruits reach their peak of ripeness and flavor.

At the moment of "doneness" pour your jams and jellies into scalded glasses, leaving a space of about one-half inch at the top. Cover with melted paraffin or use the new Cellophane seals which you can adjust in a jiffy. All you do is to dip the transparent disc in cold water, spread tightly over the top of the jar and hold in place with an elastic band. In a few minutes the seals stick fast to the rim and become as tight as a drum, showing off your handiwork to the best advantage.

They come in packages complete with rubber bands and, gummed stickers for labelling the jar's contents. Smart eh?

[Continued on page 57]

When You Can . .

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Follow these simple rules and you won't go wrong. It's easy to fill your fruit shelves with these luscious home preserves



Sing a song of salads

Any number of blackbirds baked in a pie could never have been half so delicious, and not nearly so good for one, as mid-summer salads patterned by milady's own fair hands. Nature provides a riot of colour and flavour these summer days—superb foundations for blithe dishes that are the *making* of delightful repasts. And if the salad makes the meal, surely the dressing *makes* the salad!

With joyous confidence, wizards of the salad bowl turn to the Heinz shelf for the wherewithal to contrive dressings that are almost melodies. Here are Heinz Vinegars—White—Malt—Cider—true liquid essences of Nature's finest

fruits and grains—aged for months to rich, full-flavoured maturity, in wood. Breath-taking aroma; lasting, tangy taste.

Heinz Olive Oil, too, has a quality all its own: pure, clear, true-flavoured, just as it was pressed from fine, ripe olives in the Heinz plant at Seville, Spain. Every glistening drop has a perfect affinity for the sharper ingredients.

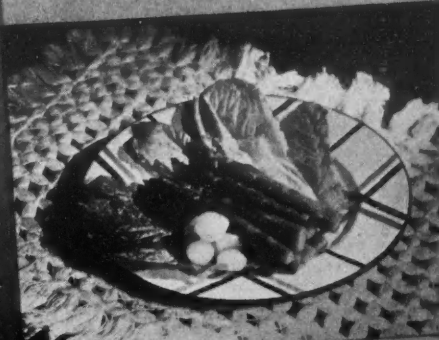
To serve salads often is the height of dietary wisdom; and to protect their freshness and enliven their taste it is only good judgment to make the dressings with Heinz Vinegar and Heinz Olive Oil. **(57)**



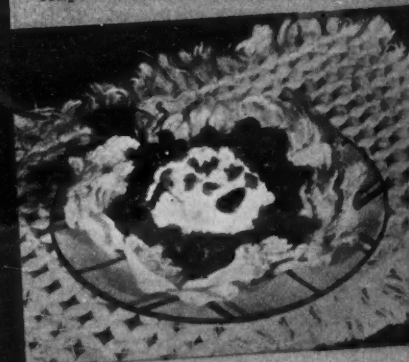
With the Heinz Book of Salads and Meat Recipes at hand you'll find the way to make scores of different, interesting salads and meat dishes, sandwiches and canapés. The price is twenty-five cents (or only ten cents if accompanied by labels from three tins of Heinz Soups). Address H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. C81 Toronto, Ont.



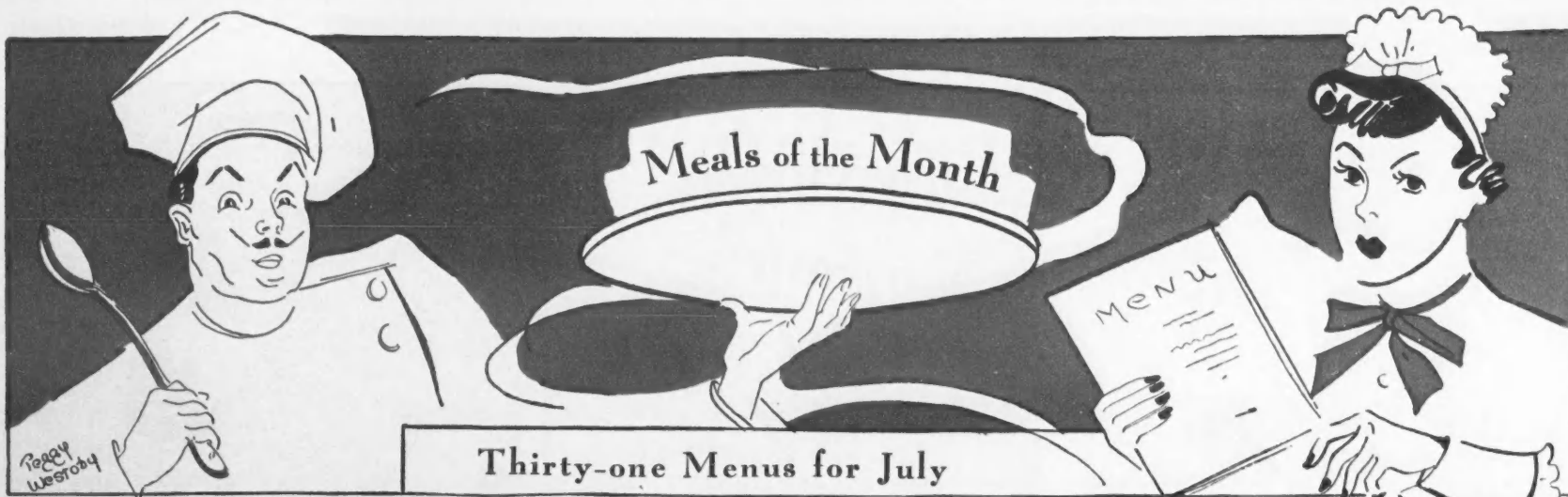
All this delicious-looking tomato-shrimp-celery salad needs to make it truly irresistible is a generous portion of dressing à la Heinz. There are 33 different dressing recipes in the new Heinz Book of Salads and Meat Recipes.



A salad of firm, big stalks of asparagus, cooked and chilled with hearts of tender white onions. You'll find it simple to prepare, delectable and healthful. There are 90 salad recipes in the Heinz book.



Heinz Red Kidney Beans, chilled in the tin, form a foundation for many taste-tempting salads. This one combines the luscious beans with crisp lettuce, cottage cheese and dainty cubes of pineapple.



Thirty-one Menus for July

1 BREAKFAST Half Grapefruit Bacon Marmalade Tea Toast Coffee	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Chopped Egg Sandwiches Cucumber Sandwiches Cream Cheese Sandwiches Celery Pickles Iced Raisin Loaf Cake Fruit Ginger Ale Coffee	DINNER Sirloin Steak Horseradish Creamed New Potatoes Buttered Asparagus Vanilla Cornstarch Pudding Fresh Strawberry Sauce Tea Coffee	17 BREAKFAST Sliced Bananas Bacon Marmalade Tea Toast Coffee	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Chicken Broth Crackers Cheese Fresh Currants with Cream Cake (from Friday) Cocoa Tea	DINNER Minute Steaks Mashed Potatoes Sliced Beets Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea
2 Tomato Juice Cereal Honey Tea Bran Muffins Coffee	Fresh Spinach with Poached Eggs Banana Fritters Lemon Sauce Cocoa Tea	Broiled Mackerel with Lemon Butter French-fried Potatoes Green Beans Rhubarb Pie Tea Coffee	18 (Sunday) Pineapple and Lemon Juice Ham and Eggs Jelly Tea Toast Coffee	Jellied Raw Vegetable Salad Brown Rolls Melon Rings with Ice Cream Cookies Cocoa Tea	Roast Lamb Roll Duchess Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Raspberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
3 Sliced Oranges Cereal Jam Tea Toast Coffee	Pea Soup Croûtons Shredded Raw Vegetable Salad Hot Biscuits Conserve Cocoa Tea	Grilled Smoked Ham Mashed Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Cup Cakes Raisin Spice Sauce Tea Coffee	19 Cereal with Fresh Fruit Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea Coffee	Sardines with Lemon on Toast Quick Tapioca Pudding Cocoa Tea	Tomato Soup Cold Sliced Lamb Creamed Potatoes Spinach Sliced Oranges and Bananas Tea Casserole of Noodles and Cheese
4 (Sunday) Unhulled Strawberries with Fruit Sugar Omelet with Chopped Chives Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Waffles with Creamed Lobster Green Salad French Dressing Frosted Cup Cakes (from Saturday) Iced Tea with Lemon	Grapefruit Juice Roast of Veal Brown Gravy Pan-browned Potatoes Glazed Carrots Cherry Tarts Tea Coffee	20 Grapefruit Cereal Jam Tea Brown Toast Coffee	Sliced Fresh Bologna Home-fried Potatoes Relish Pickle Strawberries and Cream Cocoa Tea	Buttered Carrots Baked Chocolate Pudding Marshmallow Mint Sauce Coffee Tea
5 Chilled Pineapple Juice Cereal Jam Tea Toasted Rolls Coffee	Cheese Toast and Bacon Green Onions Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Cocoa Tea	Tomato Bouillon Cold Sliced Veal Boiled Rice with Veal Gravy Green Peas Custard with Sliced Bananas Tea Coffee	21 Orange Juice Poached Eggs Toast Tea Coffee	Creamed Carrots (from Tuesday) Peas and Young Onions on Toast Diced Fruits in Ginger Ale Jelly Wafers Cocoa Tea	Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Fresh Cherry Crisp Tea Coffee
6 Watermelon Pan-broiled Perch Toast Tea Coffee	Baked Stuffed Peppers or Tomatoes Pan-fried Potatoes Nut Bread Cocoa Tea	Liver Loaf with Bacon Curls Parsley Potatoes Buttered Beet Greens Strawberry Shortcake Tea Coffee	22 Raspberries Cereal Honey Tea Toast Coffee	Bacon Lyonnaise Potatoes Lettuce Salad Chilled Melon Cocoa Tea	Asparagus Soup Cold Sliced Corned Beef Mustard Pickle Duchess Potatoes Butterscotch Tapioca with Peanuts Tea Coffee
7 Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Tea Coffee	Sliced Canned Corned Beef Pan-fried Potatoes Mixed Pickles Sugared Cherries Cocoa Tea	Scotch Broth Spinach Ring with Harvard Beets Wax Beans Potato Croquettes Ice Cream, Maple Nut Sauce Tea Coffee	23 Tomato Juice Cereal Jelly Tea Raisin Scones Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Toasted Scones Stewed Gooseberries Cocoa Tea	Baked Lake Trout with Top Dressing Parsley Potatoes Shredded Raw Vegetable Slaw Baked Lemon Pudding Tea Coffee
8 Stewed Prunes Cereal Jelly Tea Scones Coffee	Asparagus on Toast with Hollandaise Strawberries and Cream Wafers Cocoa Tea	Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Scalloped Potatoes Parsley Carrots Rhubarb Tapioca Tea Coffee	24 Stewed Gooseberries (from Friday) Creamed Fish on Toast (left-over) Tea Coffee	Pea Soup Crackers Banana and Nut Salad Sweet Rolls Cocoa Tea	Grilled Sausages Scalloped Potatoes Beet Greens Fresh Strawberries and Cream White Cake Tea Coffee
9 Cereal with Fresh Berries Griddle Cakes Corn Syrup Tea Coffee	Bean Soup Lettuce, Tomato and Onion Salad Hot Cheese Biscuits Marmalade Cocoa Tea	Steamed Salmon Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Cole Slaw Lemon Foam Tea Coffee	25 (Sunday) Grapefruit and Strawberry Cup Waffles and Bacon Maple Syrup Tea Coffee	Devilled Egg Salad with Sardines Whole Wheat Bread Fruit Sherbet Cake Cocoa Tea	Roast of Beef Horseradish Mashed Potatoes Diced Beets Bavarian Cream with Fresh Cherries Tea Coffee
10 Grapefruit Juice Cereal Jam Tea Toast Coffee	Chilled Salmon (from Friday) with Mayonnaise Sliced Cucumbers Individual Baked Custards Caramel Sauce Cocoa Tea	Hamburger and Onions Fried Potatoes Creamed Celery (outer stalks) Blackberry Roll Tea Coffee	26 Pineapple Juice Cereal Jam Tea Toast Coffee	Corn Pudding with Green Peppers Sliced Oranges with Cocoanut Cookies Cocoa Tea	Cold Sliced Beef Mustard Browned Potato Cakes Creamed Onions Fruit Trifle Tea Coffee
11 (Sunday) Chilled Melon Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Assorted Sandwiches Radishes Celery Hearts Ice Cream with Crushed Raspberries Cocoa Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Chicken Molds Potato and Egg Salad Sliced Tomatoes on Watercress Hot Rolls Macaroon Cake Tea Coffee	27 Orange Halves Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Tea Coffee	Minced Beef (left-over) Croquettes Mushroom Soup Sauce Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Lime Jelly Whip Custard Sauce Cocoa Tea	Boiled Ham Savory Rice Scalloped Tomatoes Black Currant Roly-Poly Tea Coffee
12 Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Stewed Fruit Tea Coffee	Pilchard à la King on Toast Canned Pears Cake Cocoa Tea	Oven-cooked Steak Brown Gravy Baked Potatoes Scalloped Corn Cottage Pudding Cherry Sauce Tea Coffee	28 Cereal with Fresh Berries Bran Muffins Honey or Jam Tea Coffee	Cold Sliced Ham Potato Salad Lettuce and Sliced Tomatoes Blueberries and Cream Cocoa Tea	Chicken Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes Carrots with Parsley Butter Brussels Sprouts Creamed Celery and Almonds Raspberry Tart Pie Tea Coffee
13 Fresh Berries Scrambled Eggs Toast Tea Coffee	Casserole of Spaghetti with Savory Tomato Sauce Stewed Gooseberries Sandwich Cookies Cocoa Tea	Hot Boiled Cottage Roll Mashed Potatoes Green Peas Raspberry Whip Tea Coffee	29 Chilled Melon Bacon Marmalade Tea Toast Coffee	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Celery Jam Tarts Radishes Cocoa Tea	Baked Meat Loaf Riced Potatoes Butter Beans Individual Baked Custards Tea Coffee
14 Tomato Juice Cereal Fried Small Fish Toast Tea Coffee	Jellied Cherry and Nut Salad Fruit Salad Dressing Butterscotch Tarts Cocoa Tea	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Browned Potato Cakes Boiled Shredded Cabbage Gingerbread with Whipped Cream Tea Coffee	30 Strawberries Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes Toast Tea Coffee	Clam Chowder Crackers Mixed Fruit Salad Nut Bread Cocoa Tea	Fried Salmon Steaks Tartare Sauce Creamed Potatoes Spinach Molds Blueberry Cup Cakes Lemon Sauce Tea Coffee
15 Orange Halves Bread and Milk Whole Wheat Muffins Jam Tea Coffee	Baked Stuffed Potatoes (Add left-over meat, if any) Shredded Lettuce, Radish, Onion and Cucumber Salad Gooseberries Left-over Gingerbread Cocoa Tea	Veal Stew with Vegetables and Dumplings Fresh Strawberry Pie Tea Coffee	31 Tomato Juice Cereal Jam Tea Toast Coffee	Raw Vegetable Salad Toasted Cheese Rolls Cornstarch Molds with Fruit Sauce Cocoa Tea	Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Green Apple Sauce Gingerbread Tea Coffee
16 Chilled Watermelon Cereal Conserve Tea Toast Coffee	Baked Eggs in Ramekins with Creole Sauce Brown Toast Chocolate Layer Cake Cocoa Tea	Pan-broiled Halibut Steaks Potato Chips Asparagus Pineapple Cornstarch Pudding Tea Coffee	The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month		

When You Can . .

(Continued from page 52)

Strawberry and Rhubarb Conserve

- 4 Cupfuls of tender rhubarb
- 4 Cupfuls of strawberries
- 6 Cupfuls of sugar

Wash the rhubarb and cut in half-inch pieces. Wash and hull the strawberries. Combine the two fruits and add the sugar. Cook over very low heat until the sugar is dissolved and continue cooking slowly until the mixture is thick and clear. Pour into hot, sterilized jelly glasses, cool and seal.

Fresh Pineapple and Dried Apricot Jam

- $\frac{1}{4}$ Pound of apricots
- 2 Cupfuls of water
- 1 Medium-sized, ripe pineapple
- 7 Cupfuls of sugar
- 1 Bottle of liquid pectin

Wash the apricots, add the water, cover and let stand overnight or for at least four hours. Simmer in the liquid in which they were soaked in a covered container for one-half hour. Drain the fruit, reserving the juice and grind or chop very fine. Mix with the juice and combine with the pineapple which has been crushed or finely ground. There should be four cupfuls of this mixture; water may be added to make up the desired quantity if necessary.

Combine the sugar with the fruit mixture in a large kettle and bring to a full rolling boil over strong heat, stirring during the cooking. Boil for one minute, continuing to stir, then remove the kettle from the heat and stir in the liquid pectin. Skim and pour immediately into hot, sterilized jelly glasses, and seal.

Raspberry and Red Currant Jam

- 4 Quarts of ripe raspberries
- 2 Cupfuls of strained red currant juice
- Sugar

Wash and pick over the raspberries and put in a large kettle. Crush and add the currant juice, obtained by heating washed currants slowly until the juice flows, then simmering for ten minutes and straining through a jelly bag. Allow the mixture to stand for ten to fifteen minutes. Bring to boiling point and simmer for twenty minutes. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of sugar for every cupful of fruit and boil rapidly until the syrup sheets from the edge of a spoon. Turn into hot, sterilized jars and seal.

Strawberry and Pineapple Jam

- 2 Cupfuls of crushed ripe strawberries
- 2 Cupfuls of finely cut or ground ripe pineapple
- 7 Cupfuls of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Bottle of liquid pectin

Combine the completely crushed strawberries and the ground pineapple in a large kettle and add the sugar. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over strong heat. Boil vigorously for one minute, stirring before and during the boiling. Remove from the heat and stir in the pectin. Skim, stir again and repeat the skimming and stirring for about five minutes to cool the mixture slightly and prevent floating fruit. Turn into hot, sterilized jelly glasses and seal.

Black Currant Jelly

- 5 Cupfuls of black currant juice
- 7 Cupfuls of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Bottle of liquid pectin

To prepare the juice, wash and crush about three pounds of ripe black currants and add three cupfuls of water. Bring the

[Continued on page 67]

CANNING TIME TABLE FOR SUMMER FRUITS

Fruit	Method	Time of Sterilization			
		Hot Water Bath	Oven Temperature 275 deg. F.	Steam Cooker	Steam Pressure 5 pounds
Blackberries Blueberries Currants Loganberries Cherries	Wash, stem and pack in the sterilized jars. Use a medium syrup and fill the jars when the syrup is boiling hot. Stem and pit the cherries and proceed as above.	20 min.	35 min.	30 min.	10 min.
Strawberries	Wash the berries and stem carefully. Pack in sterilized jars and fill with boiling thick syrup.	16 min.	35 min.	25 min.	10 min.
Gooseberries	Wash and pick over the berries. Pack closely in sterilized jars and fill with boiling thick syrup.	16 min.	30 min.	25 min.	10 min.
Peaches	Blanch by immersing in boiling water for two minutes. Dip in cold water, pare, pit and cut in half. Pack the peaches into sterilized jars and fill with boiling thin syrup.	20 min.	35 min.	30 min.	10 min.
Plums	Wash the plums and prick the skins. Pack in sterilized jars and cover with thick syrup.	20 min.	45 min.	30 min.	10 min.
Pears	Pare, halve and to prevent discoloration, drop into water to which a little salt has been added. Pack in jars and fill with boiling thin syrup.	30 min.	35 min.	30 min.	10 min.
Rhubarb	Wash, and cut in pieces one inch long. Blanch by immersing in hot water for one minute. Dip in cold water and pack in the sterilized jars. Cover with boiling medium syrup.	20 min.	20 min. 250 deg. F.	25 min.	10 min.
Pineapple	Pare and remove the eyes. Cut in small pieces of uniform size and pack in sterilized jars. Cover with boiling thin syrup.	30 min.	35 min.	35 min.	15 min.
Fruit Juice	Crush the fruit and heat slowly. Strain and pour into the sterilized jars.	30 min.	50 min. 250 deg. F.	50 min.	10 min.
Raspberries	Method No. 1. Wash and stem the berries. Pack in sterilized jars and fill with boiling thin syrup. Method No. 2. Pack the berries into hot, sterilized jars and cover with boiling syrup. Seal tightly. Place the jars in a washtub and pour in boiling water until it rises two or three inches over the tops of the jars. Cover with a thick blanket or piece of old carpet. Let stand over night. Remove the jars and tighten the tops.	16 min.	30 min.	25 min.	10 min.

TIME TO THINK OF JAMS AND JELLIES

I OUGHT TO THINK ABOUT JAM MAKING, TOO-BUT IT IS SUCH A CHORE!

NOT WITH CERTO, MY DEAR. ITS PURE FRUIT PECTIN THAT MAKES PERFECT JAM OR JELLY FROM ANY KIND OF FRUIT.

SAVE MONEY. TIME-ENERGY. Make Them This Quick, Easy CERTO Way

WATCH! WITH THIS SHORT BOIL I CAN FINISH A WHOLE BATCH IN LESS THAN 15 MINUTES AFTER PREPARING THE FRUIT.

NOT REALLY! THAT MEANS I COULD MAKE 4 OR 5 BATCHES IF NECESSARY IN ONE MORNING! WHAT A BOON!

AND SINCE NO JUICE HAS BOILED AWAY MY FRUIT HAS MADE 10 GLASSES- INSTEAD OF THE USUAL 6 BY THE OLD LONG BOIL WAY.

NOW THAT'S REAL ECONOMY. THE EXTRA SUPPLY MUST CUT YOUR COSTS WAY DOWN.

DO I EVER HAVE FAILURES? NEVER! I FOLLOW THESE CERTO RECIPES MOST CAREFULLY. THAT MEANS I CAN'T GO WRONG.

WELL! YOU'LL NEVER FIND ME STIRRING FOR HOURS OVER A HOT STOVE AGAIN!

THANKS, DEAR. I WOULD LIKE TO TRY IT. WHAT LOVELY COLOUR- JUST LIKE FRESH, RIPE FRUIT!

YES, AND YOU'LL FIND THE TASTE RICH AND LUSCIOUS TOO. THE SHORT BOIL KEEPS ALL THE NATURAL COLOUR AND FLAVOUR RIGHT IN THE FRUIT.

FREE RECIPE BOOK

Under the label of every bottle of Certo and inside every package of "Certo" Crystals is a book of Tested Recipes for making all kinds of jams and jellies. These recipes are prepared specially for use with Certo. Be sure to follow them exactly—they just won't work with any other pectin.

Certo is pure pectin—the natural jelling substance extracted from fruits. It makes better, richer flavoured jams and jellies from all kinds of fruit in much less time and with much less trouble.

Now In Crystal Form Too

For natural colour and better flavour in jams and jellies, use whichever form of Certo you prefer—Liquid or Crystals. Two packages of "Certo" Crystals yield the same amount of jam or jelly as one bottle of Certo.

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To get this attractive book of Jelly Glass Labels just mail this coupon with the label from one bottle of Certo or two box tops from "Certo" Crystals and a 3c stamp to Consumer Service Dept., General Foods Limited, Cobourg, Ont.

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A cooling paste of Cow Brand Soda and water applied to the affected area will soothe and relieve the soreness of sunburn. Renew, when dry, with a fresh application—it draws out the heat and soon eases the discomfort. This also makes a soothing application for scalds, bee stings, mosquito and black fly bites and other skin discomforts.

When Bicarbonate of Soda is needed for medicinal purposes you may use Cow Brand with perfect confidence. It is pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

UM-M-M!
DOUGHNUTS!
Fluffy-Light
Delicious



"Light as a feather". Each one invites another when you make them with sour milk and Cow Brand Baking Soda.

4 cups sifted flour	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon Cow Brand Baking Soda	1 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt	2 eggs, well beaten
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon	2 tablespoons shortening, melted
	1 cup sour milk*

Sift flour once, measure, add baking soda, salt and spices and sift again. Beat sugar gradually into eggs. Add shortening and sour milk. Add flour mixture. Beat well. Chill. Turn onto floured board. Roll 1/4 inch thick, cut with floured doughnut cutter. Fry in deep fat (375°F.) turning once. Drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with confectioners' sugar. Makes 3 dozen Doughnuts. (Other kitchen tested recipes in our cook book).

*Sweet milk may be substituted by adding to each scant cupful of milk 1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice (or 1 1/4 tablespoons vinegar).

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COW BRAND
Baking Soda
PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

When a Cook Tours

(Continued from page 51)

and sweaters and more sedate ages in knitted suits or printed silks or cottons. But tuck in a few clothes for different occasions—sports dresses for your favorite game of golf or tennis, a dress-up dress in case you go visiting and a light evening dress for a festive evening in town. Unless you're too far from the haunts of civilization you may need them all. And anyway they don't take up much room and there's a cupboard specially designed for them.

Don't be too trusting a nature but take along a warm coat for cool evenings, a pair of rubbers all around, an umbrella, flashlight, thermos bottle, first-aid kit, mending kit and sun glasses. Put in towels, bedding, table linen and dishcloths according to the number of people, and soap to keep everything and everybody clean. Better have a few clothespins and a clothesline, too. For taking your ease, a collapsible chair or two, the odd cushion, a deck of cards, a few books and the latest magazines. A radio if you want a bit of entertainment or a mouth organ to provide your own.

As good meals are an important part of any holiday program, plan to prepare and serve them with a minimum of effort and a maximum of coolness. So stock your larder with a chosen array of canned, bottled and packaged foods ready to serve or prepare for the table in a few minutes. A list is given here for your consideration in laying in supplies as the background of your menus. To be supplemented, of course, with fresh fruits, vegetables, meat, fish, milk, eggs, bread bought en route.

Getting down to brass tacks, we've planned a week's menus for you. Merely as a guide, you understand; you can add, subtract or substitute to your heart's content or make a new set altogether. The main thing is to have a plan of some sort to start out with for this business of thinking up every meal as you go along is apt to be very boring both to the one who prepares and the people who eat them.

To get the day off to a good start there's nothing like a leisurely breakfast, substantial enough for outdoor appetites but easy to get on the table and "redd up" afterward. If there's time now to prepare something for lunch so much the better, for noontime is likely to find everybody ravenous and you may not want to stop long. In any case there is quick-service food in your larder to suit any taste and any weather. Dinner is a big meal prepared after you pull up at camp with a whole evening before you.

To make your food look as good as it tastes have your table at its prettiest with a sturdy linen cloth or oilcloth cover, gay, inexpensive china or the unshatterable kind that comes in a variety of plain, bright colors. Paper napkins, plates and "glasses" are sensible, serviceable and attractive and cheap enough to discard without a qualm of conscience.

So long We'll be meeting you!

Cereals—Your favorite ready-to-serve and hot cereals.

Flour—Pancake flour, ready-mixed cake, ready-mixed pie crust, ready-mixed biscuit.

Canned Meats—Corned beef, corned beef hash, chicken, pressed veal, tongue, ham, sausage, meat loaf, smoked beef, Irish stew, boiled dinner, roast beef.

Canned Fish—Salmon, sardines, kippered herring, lobster, crab, finnan haddie, pilchards.

Canned Vegetables—Tomatoes, peas, corn, pork and beans, string beans, baby beets, carrots, asparagus, spinach, mixed cubed vegetables, mushrooms.

Canned Fruits—Peaches, pears, pineapple, plums, apricots, cherries, grapefruit.

apple sauce, fruit salad, figs, raspberries, strawberries.

Canned fruit juices—Orange, prune, grapefruit, pineapple, cherry, tomato.

Canned Soups—Many varieties.

Other Staples in Tins, Bottles or Jars—Cooked spaghetti; jams, various flavors; jellies, various flavors; marmalade, peanut butter, sandwich filling, mixed pickles, olives, catsup and chili sauce, Worcestershire Sauce, mustard, salad dressings, vinegars, tomato juice, maple syrup, corn syrup, honey, molasses, shortening, cooking and salad oils, coffee, tea, cocoa, marshmallows, marshino cherries, chocolate syrup, grape juice, ginger ale, assorted beverages.

Boxed and Packaged—Soda biscuits, graham wafers, fancy mixed cakes, macaroni and noodles, loaf sugar, jelly powders and gelatine, prepared puddings, tapioca, rice, sago, dates, raisins, prunes, chocolate, coconut, salt, pepper, bouillon cubes, cheese (variety).

FIRST DAY

Breakfast (at camp)

Canned Grapefruit Juice

Boxed Cereal with Fresh or Canned Milk

Bacon

Coffee

Marmalade

Luncheon (en route)

Cream of Tomato Soup (canned)

Crackers

Devilled Egg and Sardine Salad

Bread and Butter

Fresh Strawberries and Cream

Cookies

Milk or Chilled Bottled Beverage

Dinner

Pan-broiled Steak

Horseradish

New Potatoes with Melted Butter

Green Peas

Cherry Pie (purchased en route)

Tea or Coffee

SECOND DAY

Breakfast

Tomato Juice

Cereal with Fresh Berries

Toast

Jelly Omelet

Coffee

Luncheon

Frankfurters

Canned Spaghetti

Sliced Cucumbers and Onions

Brown Bread or Rolls

Melons

Hot or Cold Chocolate Milk Drink

Dinner

Liver and Bacon

Fried New Potatoes

(from previous day)

Boiled Shredded Cabbage

Sliced Oranges and Bananas

Cookies or Cake

Tea or Coffee

THIRD DAY

Breakfast

Orange and Lemon Juice

Fried Small Fish

Toast

Coffee

Jelly

Luncheon

Sliced Canned Corned Beef

Shredded Cabbage, Diced Tomato

and Cucumber Salad

Crisp Wheat or Rye Wafers

Chocolate Blancmange

(made in camp on previous night)

Tea

Dinner

Baked Beans

Chili Sauce

Brown Bread

Celery

Green Onions

Ice Cream in Melon Rings

Cookies

Tea or Coffee

FOURTH DAY

Breakfast

Fresh or Stewed Berries

Porridge

Poached Eggs

Coffee

Toast

Luncheon

Creamed Salmon and Celery on Toast

Diced Cantaloupe and Fresh Raspberries

in Lemon Jelly

(made in camp on previous night)

Cup Cakes (purchased en route)

Ginger Ale

Dinner

Grilled Smoked Ham

Mustard or Horseradish

Boiled Potatoes

(cook enough for tomorrow's salad)

Fried Potatoes

Chilled Rice

(cooked at breakfast time)

Maple Syrup

Coffee

[Continued on page 67]

Homemaker's Helps Sunbeam COFFEEMASTER

Smart modern beauty combined with utmost utility. Vacuum principle. Non-tarnish chrome inside and out. Black trim. 7 heat stove for brewing and keeping hot. 8 cup size COFFEEMASTER complete with stove and brew-top, \$18.75; with sugar, cream jug, tray to match, \$29.95; slightly higher in West.



Sunbeam SILENT AUTOMATIC TOASTER



SILENT. Dual Thermostatic toasting control. No clockwork mechanism. Current shuts off when toast is done but toast remains hot in the toaster even until you touch a lever and take it. Toasts both sides 2 slices at a time—light, medium or dark as desired. Beautiful design chrome plate, smart black trim. Toaster only, \$18.95; with Buffet set, \$26.90; slightly higher in West.



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probably saving pounds. The sunlight produced a flattering glitter on the floor and she was happily crooning to herself when the door opened and Tod walked in.

"Hello," he said, and with an exclamation of dismay she scrambled to her feet. "Oh," she gasped and Tod stopped short, his eyes rivetted by the delicate loveliness of her slim, half-clothed body.

"I'd almost forgotten how beautiful you are," he said slowly and his eyes fell from her small rounded breasts curving the transparent lace to her long, lovely legs.

She blushed a sudden, brilliant crimson. "My dress . . . please . . . It's beside you there." Too embarrassed to move she held out a bare arm, and as he hesitated she added in impatient pleading, "Please, Tod."

As he brought the gown to her he said grimly, "Anyone would think I was a complete stranger. After all this is rather a ridiculous panic, isn't it?"

"Ridiculous or not, it's the way I feel . . . that you are a stranger," she said breathlessly, clutching the dress so that it covered her. "Go out and have a look at the view from the roof—or something."

Without a word he went and when, fully dressed, she joined him there the color had faded from her cheeks and he, too, had apparently ceased to be disturbed. He was smoking and he turned to say:

"You're right, it's quite a view. It should be good at night."

"I'm glad you like it. I wish you'd told me you were coming. There's not much in the house for dinner." She was making conversation.

"Well we can eat out."

"Not at all," she said with wifely sharpness. "That's how the money goes. I'll run out and fetch something, unless you've made an appointment with one of your many friends."

"I haven't. I've just got back. I'd like a home-cooked meal for a change—if you can cook. So far it's only been cold stuff." He was teasing her goodhumoredly enough. "And what are you doing in there anyway, all dressed up like something out of *La Vie Parisienne*."

She blushed again slightly, but he was easy in this mood. She led him inside and he surveyed her work and said unkindly:

"You can see the brush marks."

She was indignant. "That's only the part that hasn't dried. Look, here in this corner. It's practically perfect. If you're not satisfied, just try yourself. It's not as easy as it looks."

"I don't mind trying. But must I do it in my underwear? It's not as picturesque as yours."

"If you'd really like to do some, you can, and I'll go out and get something for a meal."

Somewhat to her surprise he began unbuttoning his coat, and while she stood there, her head on one side, watching him speculatively, he began brushing where she had left off.

"Fascinating occupation. How the poor live."

But when she returned a few minutes later, a pair of his old flannel trousers over her arm, he was whistling and working away at a great rate. He sat back on his heels:

"How am I doing? Perhaps I could get a job as a house painter. Oh, thanks for the trousers. I'll take the hint about this suit." His face darkened. "I've had a polite little communication from my tailors. They, among others, have seen the newspapers."

She went off quickly and as she made her purchases in the high street she was not unhappy; there was even a distinctly pleasurable sensation at the thought of preparing a meal for Tod. She chose a juicy steak and extravagantly bought mushrooms and all the way home argued herself into believing that it was the occupation, any occupation, which was heartening her. People don't go on being tragic forever. The big thing has gone out of our lives, and will never come back. But

there's no reason why we should be at each other's throat all the time; why we shouldn't take and give little things to make the time pass bearably.

When she went upstairs again to the flat Tod had done all but one side of the room. "I think that's enough for this evening. It gets boring after a while."

She lifted her large, serious eyes. "Not to me. I'm making it important. It's—oh, it's building something. Everything's kind of gone smash and I can't just sit in the ruins and weep. This keeps my mind off things; working up here, and planning and imagining the flat as it will be. I don't suppose you understand. As you say, it's not really important. But I'm trying to pretend it is."

"Well, of course, if you feel like that," he said diffidently.

She laughed unsteadily. "I'll admit it's a poor makeshift. Instead of the marriage, the house of the spirit I'd hoped to build with you I've substituted this—a merely material house. The little part has become the whole." She had not meant to say that, had not wished to say it. But there was something in her which could not compromise to preserve the peace this afternoon's almost friendly relation had promised.

"Is that how you felt about our marriage?" Tod said, his eyes queerly fixed on her.

"What I felt doesn't matter now. I'd rather not discuss it."

"And I even let you down in this, wanting to call off the varnishing before it's finished." But the joke fell flat because his smile was not really mirthful.

"Oh, that's all right," she said turning away. "I didn't expect you to help with this."

"If you badly want it finished, I don't mind. Another half hour won't kill me." His little effort to understand and please her was covered by nonchalance, and as she went downstairs, she merely wondered mildly at an action so uncharacteristic. It was not like Tod to continue doing anything which bored him. For the moment, capriciously he must be enjoying it, she decided.

Nothing further occurred to mar the surface tranquillity of their evening. He ate heartily of the meal she had cooked and congratulated her.

"Well, if all else fails we can set up as cook and house painter," he said, and she resisted the impulse to say anything about his finding work. For the moment she was lulled into serenity and when he suggested they should go to a cinema she agreed, stipulating only that they should go in the cheap seats.

"Well, if you insist," he said smilingly, as if he too were conscious of the brittle truce and would offer no word to break it.

In surprise as they took their seats she whispered, "This is the first time we've been together to a cinema."

"There are lots of things we haven't done," he said.

And they never would do them now, she thought drearily. As her eyes grew accustomed to the partial darkness she saw, all round her, the close-pressed heads of lovers; there was a pale blur, his sweetheart's small hand, on the knee of the man next to her. She averted her eyes hastily and sat very straight and stiff in her seat and was disturbed until the film began to engross her and she was able to forget her own unachieved love in the screen's more fortunate romance. She wondered once if it would be more painful to have a memory of herself and Tod, hands clasped in the darkness, as these other lovers, than to endure merely this ashy regret for little sweetnesses which they had never had and never would have now. Better never to have known, she decided harshly. The less ghosts to haunt the future the better, and the things soonest ended were soonest mended.

BUT FOR THE next two days their amiable relations continued. A shade diffidently Tod had offered his help in the



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Are You Spoiling His Chances?

(Continued from page 13)

one secretary told me. "Almost everyone got fired." I learned one thing about the Big Men of many organizations. They were definitely the masters of their households. And their wives didn't bother them during business hours or interfere with their working arrangements.

"It's the wife of the junior executive—the one who has just been promoted—who wheels the baby carriage in and expects to be ushered right to his office. The big chief's wife almost never comes—and when she does she sits quietly and graciously in the waiting room until he's free."

One secretary who had worked for a number of big men put it this way:

"I think most executives and their wives have come to an understanding about the importance of work long before the men got to the top . . . otherwise they wouldn't be there. They don't pester them with unimportant phone calls. They don't raise the roof when a social engagement has to be cancelled for business. My present chief and his wife have it worked out this way. She doesn't complain when he has to break dates with her—and in return if she can make important ones a week ahead he tries his level best to keep them."

Finally I went to see the most successful

wife I know. Her husband is one of Canada's great and distinguished professional men, known from coast to coast. And, although he most certainly runs his own show, they're known by everyone as "the R—s," instead of "Mr. R. and his wife." There's a subtle difference.

"No man can go far and fast if his wife doesn't believe in him," she said, gently, thoughtfully. "You say some very kind things about me . . . Well, at any rate I knew my husband was a remarkable man long before the Canadian public did . . . long before he was known at all . . . twenty-five years ago."

That many wives were anything but an asset to their husbands she felt convinced.

"I could name you a few," she said, smiling, "if I weren't so discreet." She went on, seriously:

"Women are essentially different from men—that is their main justification for existence. The one sex corrects the deficiencies of the other.

"But when the wife has a tendency to put a finger too deeply in the pie of her husband's business . . . she should strike out in a line of her own. The woman of strong personality who cannot keep out of the world of affairs will be far better off working out her own job independently than mixing up in her husband's. Interference by wives in their husbands' business is much resented by those concerned . . . even if the husband doesn't mind.

"The perfect wife? I'd say she has the mother spirit strongly developed . . . and she's the gracious, intelligent, sympathetic lady. It's her best method of being useful in her husband's career," she finished.

pride," she said sullenly. "Besides, he's done so much to help. You shouldn't impose on him."

"I see. Well I'll leave your friend out of it," Tod said as he left. His voice had been dry, and the accent on the "your" disturbed her for a while until she forgot it.

Marriage Made on Earth

(Continued from page 17)

could say anything he had gone and for a minute she stood rigid looking at the closed door, then all her body feeling suddenly weak she sank limply into a chair. When the chaos of her thoughts had settled into a clear decision she got up and set about performing the few tasks which preceded her going to bed. She would not be weak at this juncture. She owed him no help. He had never attempted to stand between her and hurt; he had let her face all the blows which had come to her, and he must face his own . . . the first he had felt in an indulged life. Whether he endured them or was beaten by them was no real concern of hers. She was not here to help him in that way, but to fulfill a definite bargain, and her own salvation was as important as his.

IN THE NEXT few days she saw little of Tod. She did not question his comings and goings. He only spoke once of the thing that had happened, and then with a kind of awkwardness:

"I don't know what we're going to do for money. This cuts the ground from under my feet. But I suppose some of my friends will take a risk and fix me up with a loan."

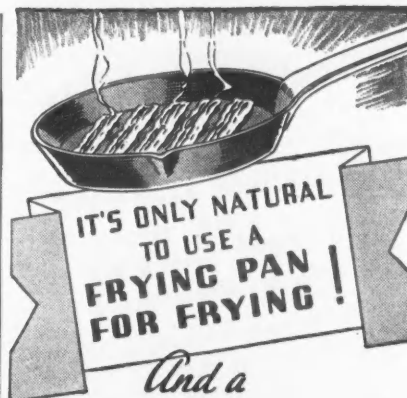
"Why shouldn't we try to manage? If you got a job that brought in even a couple of pounds a week . . . something . . ."

He brushed that aside impatiently. "That's absurd. I'll get a hundred from Geoffrey."

"Oh no!" she said swiftly and he glanced at her curiously.

"Why not? He's the most likely person." But she could not explain the repugnance with which this suggestion had instantly filled her.

"Well, I think you should have more



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of his absences nagged at her like a tooth-ache. She would read, concentrating on her book until drowsiness overcame her; do anything, in those long evenings, rather than think, and in this self-induced coma contrived to make life bearable. But there was now no real friendliness between them.

At the college she was absorbed in her work and beyond a few polite interchanges made no progress in acquainting herself with her fellow-students. Only one girl, an effervescent, insensitive youngster who occupied the desk next to hers was on speaking terms with the mysterious Mrs. Firth. And this was sheerly by reason of propinquity. Anne Morath would have struck up a conversation with a brick wall, if nothing better offered and Beverly was not quite that. Shy, but always courteous, she responded in time to the other girl's advances, and though they never saw each other outside the classroom, inside it they occasionally indulged in whispered conferences.

It was Anne who gave Beverly an idea which, after two weeks, she put into practice.

"If I had your looks and figure I wouldn't spend my life pounding on a typewriter," Anne stated one morning during an interval in the lesson. "No, sir! It would be the stage for me."

Beverly laughed deprecatingly. "Why I can't act. I can't sing. I can't dance. And I'm no Helen of Troy. It takes more than a good figure to get on the stage."

"Well, perhaps it does," Anne's feather brain flew ambitiously in other directions. "All the same there's lots of interesting things you could do besides typing and shorthand. You could be a mannequin. A friend of mine's one and she has a marvelous time. Get's taken out to dinner every night of the week. And her figure's nothing like yours. There's nothing to stop you trying, is there?" She occasionally tagged a personal question to the end of her chatter in the hope, now becoming vain, of finding out something about the girl who was so little disposed to talk about herself. She was married, she was living with her husband, but that was as far as Anne ever got for all her sly questioning.

THE IDEA of trying for work as a mannequin persisted in Beverly's mind. As far as she knew no special talents were required for that, and though it was not a particularly well-paid profession, even a small sum coming in regularly each week would help to buttress her shaky sense of financial security.

"But how do you get these jobs?" she enquired of Anne, while she was nibbling at the idea. But Anne, though enthusiastic was not helpful. She said vaguely, "Oh, you just go into one of the dress shops—the good ones—and ask them. I think that's what my friend did. I'll ask her, if you like."

But it transpired that the friend had gone to an academy for training and the position had been found for her by the president of the academy.

Well, that was out of the question and probably Beverly would have done nothing more in the matter if her need for money had not become acute.

But on the following Saturday her few small monthly bills came in and she had little money left to pay them. Too anxious to be embarrassed she approached Tod as he was leaving the flat.

"Haven't you any money at all?" he said in a dull, almost indifferent voice, and she was a little shocked by his face, by the tired droop of his shoulders. But the shock was momentary, occupied as she was with her crisis of the bills.

"Very little. If I pay these I'll have nothing."

"Well, you can't pay them. That's all. Leave them over until next week. I'll have some money next week."

"But that's absurd." Anxiety made her irritable. "If you haven't got it now, you won't have it next week. Unless of course . . ." her lip curled. "I'd forgotten your source of revenue, borrowing from

your friends. What will we do when they get tired of lending you money?"

He went white and for an instant his eyes blazed at her, with an unbearable hurt in which something like hate was mingled.

"I'm sorry," she said into the silence, strangely afraid, and hardly knowing she had spoken.

"You say I've got no imagination," he said hoarsely. "But have you ever stopped to think what I might be going through these days?"

With that he left her, and she moved about the flat in a kind of trembling quiet, aghast at this revelation of some real torment which burned him. This was no trivial revolt of a spoiled boy denied the easy gratification of his pleasures. It was disturbing, frightening. And what he had said was true. She had not stopped to think what he might be feeling, what he might be going through. Now she realized that she had noticed him looking ill for a week past; noticed it vaguely, as one remarks something which does not actually concern one. A sudden stab of pain and pity weakened her whole body and in her fear at again complicating their relationship, losing her new-found immunity, she sought fiercely to justify herself, to shut out the remembered hurt and hate she had seen in his eyes. Of course he was finding life hard, and it was his own fault. Lounging round clubs and bars, without a penny, trying to borrow here and there, without work or purpose; useless, aimless. It must be hell, but a hell of his own choosing.

"It has nothing to do with me. Nothing," she said aloud at last and dropped her head on the table among the bills and the unwashed breakfast dishes and cried as if her heart would break.

ON MONDAY afternoon she went, calling up all her courage for the interview to the only shop in town from which she had ever purchased frocks, that exclusive, expensive place to which Tod had taken her on their wedding day. The horse-faced woman, Madame Zelig, being recalled to her identity, greeted her with the right mixture of reserve and affability suitable to a customer whose father-in-law had refused to be responsible for his son's debts, but who might just possibly have money. You never could tell. No credit of course.

"Of course I remember you, Mrs. Firth. I was hoping we would see you again. I have some charming things at the moment, our advance autumn modes."

Beverly's mouth was dry but she managed to stammer out her request and on hearing it Madame Zelig froze out the affability and remained merely reserved. She stroked her long upper lip with a scarlet-nailed forefinger and then, on the brink of dismissing this ridiculous child she hesitated. After all, the girl had looks and her figure was all that one could desire. She walked with natural grace and she had the air of breeding and refinement which was really better if it were natural. Not that it was necessary, of course. Contrary to popular ideas this air could be acquired. But if a girl possessed it already, so much time and trouble were saved.

"I can't give you whole-time employment," she said after a brief discussion. "Perhaps three or four afternoons a week to begin with. And we'll see how you get on."

Beverly went home jubilant as if she had been left a fortune. She had no intention of concealing the new turn of events from Tod, but he was out when she arrived and he had not come home at midnight. Through the long hours bitterness festered in her and the result was a decision to keep her affairs to herself. What she did or did not do had evidently ceased to concern him. He had taken her at her word; she had become a housekeeper. He no longer asked her to share in his life. He did as he pleased, went where he pleased. Well that was fair enough. But her first instinct to confide in him was replaced by an obstinate, if vaguely founded resolve to keep her own life as secret as his.



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settling of the furniture and engrossed in her activities, flying about in the cheap little cotton house-frock which she had bought to obviate any repetition of the varnishing episode. Beverly accepted his services as she would those of any useful male who had been available.

He helped her move the furniture in when it arrived from Fairholme on a Saturday morning. The next morning she got up late, and found Tod, in dressing-gown and slippers making tea and toast. The kitchen reeked of burned bread and he said rather dismally:

"I thought I'd have a shot at getting breakfast, but I'm not much of a success."

His hair was rumpled and he was still unshaven.

She laughed gaily. She felt quite gentle toward him; the blundering male stranger, linked to her in a curious intimacy which was not intimacy of body, mind or spirit.

They went for a drive in the afternoon and, because they spoke of purely impersonal things, they did not quarrel. The beautiful sun-warmed day soothed them both and the countryside, joyous in summer's flowering, quieted their nerves and did nothing to provoke the energy required to occupy themselves with their problems.

They had a late, scrappy supper when they came home and afterward Tod played, capriciously, as his pleasure dictated, not speaking to her at all as she sat curled up in a big chair and growing gradually drowsy, lulled by the music. She fell asleep there and woke to find him standing over her.

"You're very complimentary," he said, and she was a little confused until he laughed and told her it was a genuine compliment, that he had been playing nocturnes and it was a lullaby that had put her to sleep, and himself very nearly. And how about bed?

It was all so normal and tranquil that they looked at one another half-fearfully and Tod said, with sudden gravity:

"We do get along all right really. As long as we don't ask too much."

She cried out, "Oh, don't!" It was like the breaking through of pain when the effects of a drug begin to wear off. A frightful apprehension. But she proceeded more soberly, uncurling her legs and standing up. "In marriage one does ask much. Marriage should be strong, like granite, not thin ice that won't withstand the least pressure. That's all we had—and the ice broke. Don't let's discuss it. Let us go on like this, blind and deaf."

"You have no love left for me at all?" He asked it almost casually, but his hands were clenched.

"Does it matter now?" she said. "A romantic girl was in love with somebody she thought was a kind of god. I'm no longer the girl, and the god never existed anywhere except in my imagination. Love!" she laughed drearily. "Why do

you want to go and spoil everything? You admit yourself, we get along all right if we don't ask too much of each other. Stick to that."

She went to the windows and closed and locked them and his eyes following her slim, graceful figure were hurt and baffled.

"Well, I think I'll go to bed," he said, and she turned to him, outwardly quite placid again.

"And mind you don't leave your light on. You left it on all night."

"That's a habit of mine," he said ruefully.

"You'll have to cultivate more economical habits. Luckily I noticed it and turned it off. You were asleep," she added quite kindly, smiling a little.

If only I could keep this, she thought as she undressed. This calm, not-thinking, not-caring.

ON MONDAY she began her attendance at a secretarial college and threw herself with enthusiasm into her studies. Though she had arranged to go only to morning classes, she spent her afternoons partially in study, and this together with the household duties kept her fully occupied. Tod pointedly ignored the whole thing after one reference to it on the first morning when, having to be at the college by nine o'clock she had knocked on his door to say that his breakfast was keeping hot in the oven and that she was leaving.

He affected to be surprised, and said stiffly that of course her time was her own and she could fill it with any nonsense she liked. But with her mind occupied by the new venture she scarcely noticed his surliness and after that he never mentioned the subject; though once, coming into the room noiselessly, she found him looking at some of her textbooks which she had left on the table. As soon as he was aware of her he put the books down and moved away without saying anything.

During that first week he was home to dinner each night, but the second week he was absent, coming in always long after she had gone to bed.

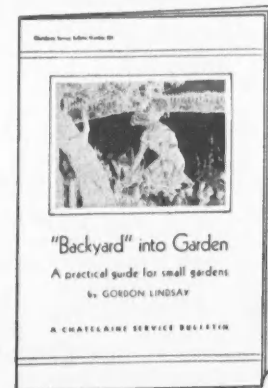
She tried to pretend she did not mind this but at last was driven to saying:

"It would save money if you came home for dinner; or at any rate let me know, then I won't cook as much."

And with a grim politeness he had answered: "I'm sorry. I should have told you. I thought it would save you trouble as you have your own work to attend to. Don't worry about the money side of it. I still have enough friends to secure me free meals." He seemed deliberately to provoke her contempt, but she had resolved upon preserving an outward semblance of calm and did not make the retort she would once have made. She was able finally to crush down the hurt to her vanity, the conjecturing as to where he went, what he did and with whom, which for the first few evenings

[Continued on next page]

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CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS
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To a Young Girl

by Verna Loveday Harden

Your features are a smooth, unwritten page
Where only passing dreams have been recorded;
Your eyes are not yet darkened by dim pools
Where sweet and perished promises are hoarded.
Your timid hands held out to happiness
That reach for roses on the thorny hedges
Are still unpierced, and your reluctant feet
Unbruised upon the high and rocky ledges.
And like that breathless hour before the dawn
When morning's pearly mists are yet unrisen
Your unawakened heart beats quietly
Within its warm and very secret prison.
But life will find your fortress, call you out
Upon the hills, your reticence forgiving,
And write upon your face, your hands, your heart,
The agony and ecstasy of living.

What's Going on in Hollywood?

(Continued from page 24)

swimming pool, fully clothed, to save a kitten from drowning. She was giving a luncheon at the time, too.

Betty Bronson, remembered for her "Peter Pan," returns to the screen as Gene Autrey's leading lady in "Singin' Kid from Pine Ridge."

Jack Oakie is the despair of every cameraman. He sunburns easily, and after a day at the beach, or a morning on location, his complexion changes radically.

Janet Beecher turned down what would have been one of her best parts because she didn't think she was suited for the role. Few actresses would have had the courage to do this.

Cary Grant, unknown to any of his friends, has paid for two operations for his stand-in.

Mary Livingstone, wife of Jack Benny and prominent on his air program, has finally cast in her lot with the screen and will be seen in "This Way, Please."

AMAZING THE resemblance between many of the stars and their stand-ins. A stand-in, in the event the term is unfamiliar, is one of the same build and coloring as the star, who stands for the star while the lights are being adjusted and the camera focused. In this way, the star may then enter the scene fresh and ready.

I actually mistook Edward Arnold's stand-in for the actor as I first dropped by the "Easy Living" set to chat with the character star the other day, and I'm always greeting the girl who stands in for Rochelle Hudson as Rochelle herself. Bette Davis is another whose stand-in looks remarkably like her and so, too, does Gary Cooper's double resemble him. And there are others, too numerous to enumerate.

Stories of little Jane Withers' acts of kindness are legion in Hollywood, but I think the one of her taking unto herself a protégé is the finest I have heard.

Some time ago, Jane gave her church \$100 to be used in the education of some needy child. In searching for a worthy person, the church finally selected a girl of twelve, one of four children whose widowed mother supported them on a waitress's pay.

This young girl hopes some day to be a concert pianist, so Jane has added to the original fund and purchased a piano for the child. Moreover, she is paying for

piano lessons, and not alone constituted herself a foster parent to the girl of twelve but to her two brothers and sister as well. Jane met her small protégé, a year older than herself, not long ago and the two are already intimate friends.

Did you know that: Robert Montgomery writes short stories for magazines under an assumed name and derives a neat income from this source; Marlene Dietrich permits only white flowers in her home and dressing-room at the studio; and Warner Oland (Charlie Chan) always carries his lunch, prepared by his wife's own hands, to the studio in a tin dinner-pail?

ONE OF THOSE funny things that happen during the making of a picture: Robert Taylor in the recording room singing, accompanied by a large orchestra, a love song called "Yours and Mine," to Eleanor Powell. Except—Eleanor isn't there; she's on another stage, dancing for another scene in "Broadway Melody."

When you see Taylor singing on the screen, he'll be directing his song to Eleanor, sure enough, but in the actual recording of the song Eleanor didn't have to be in the room with him. When they are shown together, in this singing scene, Taylor already had recorded the song, and the song is being played on a record for the action, in play-back form. As I say, one of those funny things that happen. I hope you understand.

Believe it or not, but Boris Karloff, monster par excellence on the screen, receives thousands of letters from young boys and girls; the majority of the boys sympathizing with him for having to portray such villainous roles, and the girls pouring out their troubles to him. Strange, the effect wrought by so grim an actor.

And now it's John Boles very much in the limelight once more. Boles is to sing "Rio Rita" again, in the same role he interpreted in the original screen version; and to this announcement is added the news that he will enact, as well, the part of Lieutenant Pinkerton to Gladys Swarthout's Cho-Cho-San in "Madame Butterfly."

Hollywood is a hamlet of somewhat demented endeavor. And its denizens, many of them, are a bit on the insane side of the record. So don't be surprised—unduly so, that is—at Alan Dinehart's recent "Fathers' Party," for fathers with baby sons.

The big event—of all things—was a "diapering contest." All the fathers participated, in this "diddy" race. As was fitting, Dinehart was one of the winners, but he had to share honors with Preston Foster and John Carradine for speed!

See you next month!

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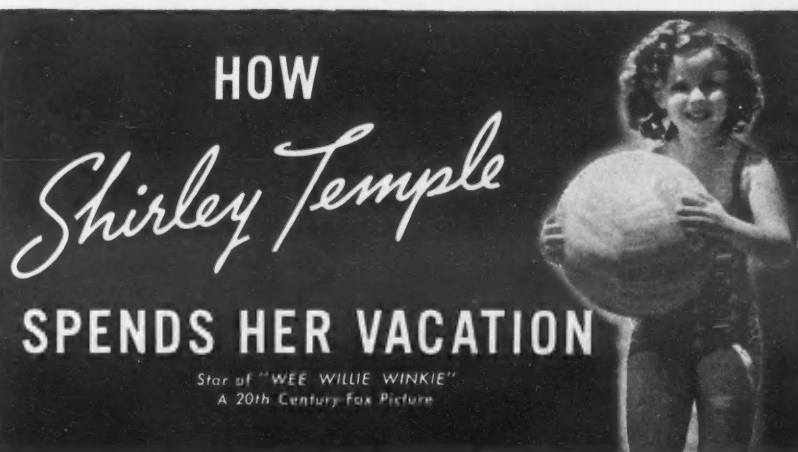
"That Unexpected Dinner Guest,"

"What to do About the Other Woman,"

are a few of the questions handled in a brilliant, clever manner by Anne B. Fisher, internationally known physician and psychiatrist.

It will appear later in book form under the aegis of Dodd, Mead and Company. It's another Chatelaine First — and one of the most striking and revealing features ever appearing in a magazine.

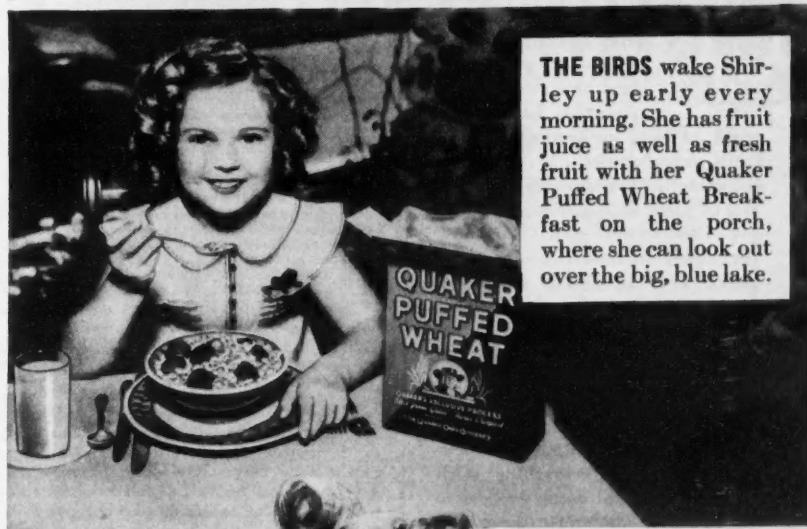
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Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays were the afternoons on which Madame Zelig had said she would require her services; and the first afternoon was such an ordeal that she could scarcely control her trembling limbs. There were three mannequins regularly employed; all of them were kind enough, impregnable in their own positions, and quite prepared to be helpful to the newcomer. Beverly, once she had conquered her shyness, moved with fair address and Madame Zelig was quite pleased with her new find.

BUT SOME of the girl's gratification with the very thin pay envelope which she received on Friday afternoon was marred by Tod's dropping a heap of bank notes in front of her when he came home, surprisingly early, at eight o'clock. She was sitting at the table practising shorthand and had looked up startled at his entry.

"I didn't expect you so early," she said and when he dropped the money on her book she was silent.

"Well, you've found someone fairly generous," she said at last. Her eyes, as she regarded the money, were cold with disdain.

Tod who had been moving round the room whistling, stopped stock-still.

"You've got very pleasant ideas about me, haven't you?" he said finally. "You're quite sure that I'm an absolute rotter. Nothing I could ever do or say would take that idea out of your head, would it?"

She was rather taken back by his tone, but said defensively:

"It doesn't matter much what ideas I have, does it? As long as I keep them to myself. I try to do that. But when this sort of thing happens . . ." she flicked one of the banknotes with a contemptuous finger. "I don't suppose any woman would have much respect for a man who can only live by borrowing."

"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that I might have got this money in any other way?"

"I'm afraid it hasn't!"

He made no answer to that, and without turning she heard him go out and close the door.

She was unable to concentrate on her work after that and when Mrs. Bonati's maid called her to the telephone half an hour later she flew downstairs in relief. It was Geoffrey and she greeted him with a nervous, almost hysterical delight.

"You must be upset about something," he said with his usual penetration. "All this pleasure at having me telephone isn't natural."

She laughed shakily, a sad little sound, travelling over the wire.

"I'd be willing to bet you haven't given me a thought since we last met, and now you greet me like a long-lost brother. All the same I like it. Are you and Tod in the mood for a visitor, because I've two hours to fill in before I have to go off to a case."

Eagerly she insisted that he come round and he was there by the time she had powdered her face and combed her hair which she invariably rumpled when she studied.

"But where's Tod?" he asked at once and she said, without embarrassment, that he was probably at one of his usual haunts.

"You didn't really expect to find him here, did you?" she said with such bitterness that Geoffrey refrained from the joking retort which sprang to his lips.

"Things are no better then?" he said, and in a sudden surge of desire as he looked down at her flowerlike face he cursed himself for a fool for ever having sent her back to her husband.

His presence here tonight was the end of a tormenting struggle to keep away from her. Just to see her, to watch her shadowed eyes, her sensitive, curving mouth—bitter-sweet pain that could not possibly hurt her. He was safe within the far limits of his control, and utterly, cruelly safe in her complete unconsciousness of him as a potential lover.

"Oh, everything's all right I suppose," she said settling in her chair. "Better than

I expected, truthfully. One doesn't go on agonizing forever. You get used to things. I'm not happy or unhappy. It's just . . . a dullness. I don't let myself think. And, Geoffrey"—she sat forward suddenly, quite unconscious of using his name and the effect it had on him—"I'm working. I've got a job!" She explained and waited like a child for commendation, but his reaction was not that which she expected.

He sat frowning and silent for so long that she said sharply, "Well? Aren't you going to congratulate me?"

"No. I'm afraid I'm not," he said slowly. "I don't like the idea at all. And I'm sure Tod must hate it."

"Tod doesn't know. And besides, what has it got to do with him?"

"He doesn't know? Well that makes it infinitely worse. Don't you see what a humiliation it is for him? If you leave him you can take a job, any kind of job you like I suppose, though I'd never recommend one like this for you personally. You don't know enough. You haven't enough sense or knowledge to take care of yourself. But the point is you're still living with Tod as his wife."

"Not really his wife. We're in the same house. That's all," she said impulsively, and then realizing what it implied she colored, a slow, rich color which dyed her face and neck.

Because of the treacherous, fierce exultation which rose in him he spoke harshly.

"That's got nothing to do with it. You are in the same house, and you're his wife, and he has a certain social standing—which has been damaged enough without your adding this humiliation. This woman who is employing you—what must she think of Tod? And I suppose friends of his are among her customers."

She interrupted indignantly. "I'm not humiliating him more by earning money than he is humiliating himself by living on what he can borrow from his friends!" The moment the words had escaped her she regretted them, and the expression on his face increased the shame which burned her.

"I wouldn't say that to anyone but you," she said half sullenly. "I know you're a friend of his and that you understand him."

"It was not a very pleasant thing to say," Geoffrey said dryly.

"The things you say come out of the life you live. My life isn't very pleasant."

"Well, it appears to me you aren't doing much to make it more pleasant. You're an unforgiving little person, aren't you?"

"I suppose it's hereditary. My mother hasn't forgiven my father yet for what he did."

"That's about the lamest excuse I've ever heard," Geoffrey said crisply. "I'm beginning to feel sorrier for Tod than I am for you."

Her mouth was half open with surprise; her eyes, in which tears had started, blankly regarded him.

"It must be rather trying for a man to be in possession of a woman like you, and not to possess her." He spoke with a curious deliberation, turning with tight-gripped hand a knife in his own breast.

She stood up. "It's not hurting Tod. He is never at home, not one evening last week. And in the places he goes to there are plenty of women who . . ." But she had the grace to leave her sentence unfinished. "I'll get some supper," she said uncertainly and before he had time to reply she had fled to the kitchen.

After a minute he followed her there, but from the way in which she contrived to keep her face hidden from him, searching in a cupboard for something she apparently did not find, and her high, shaky voice answering some trivial question, he knew that she wanted to be alone.

"I think I'll go out on your famous roof," he said. "If you're sure I can be of no help." Mercifully he let her continue the preparing of the supper which he did not in the least want, and which he guessed she did not want either.

The sky was studded with stars and

below him were the river lights. He was grateful for the cool night air, and leaning against the roof parapet he added the tiny glow of his cigarette to the manifold lights which pricked the darkness. He was very still, and gradually the terrible sense of impotency was eased, dispersing into a melancholy which was wholly passive. He could do nothing. Despite his wisdom and experience he could do nothing to help her to a clear path in the chaos in which she lived. If the way she took led her finally to him, that would be an almost unimaginable happiness. But the way to the refuge of his own love must never be pointed by him.

IN THE SMALL hot kitchen Beverly tried to cut sandwiches while she cried hopelessly. Everything was so muddled and wretched and she was disloyal and a fool. In her nervous state she was ready to be hurt by any condemnation and Geoffrey's had cut her to the quick. She put wineglasses on a tray and got from a shelf one of the bottles of Burgundy which Tod had bought. But when everything was ready she still felt unable to face Geoffrey, though she had stopped crying. She listened for a moment but there was no sound from the roof. Then after standing there indecisively she went into her bedroom and powdered her nose which was pink from crying. Then she carried the supper tray into the living room and she was there, plucking up courage to summon Geoffrey when the hall door was opened and she heard Tod's footsteps.

He came into the room and straight to where she stood, by the table. His eyes were bloodshot and his mouth drawn into a wrinkled tightness. For a moment he just stared at her startled face, saying nothing as if he feared to relax that strained control of his mouth. But at last he said, in a hoarse voice, panting like a man who has been running hard:

"Beverly! I can't go on like this. I can't stand it!"

"Has anything happened?" she said fearfully. "You—you're not ill are you?" Instinctively she put out her hand and he caught it, held it in a hurting, twisting grip. His whole body was shaking.

"I'm not ill. But I can't go on like this. It . . . it's impossible, Beverly," he said again as if the name were some magic from which to wring ease for his suffering. "I . . . everything's smashed down on me. I can't see ahead, whichever way I look. Everything's gone. My family has thrown me out. Fellows I've known all my life—they cut me dead in the street. Little rats of hotel-keepers who used to be all over me. I—I—" he was grinding away at her hand, tormenting it in his torment. "And you despise me. I can stand the rest. But not you. Beverly . . . if you'll only give me a chance!"

There was a tumult in her breast. Her eyes were wide and dark. She stared at him voicelessly.

He went on in the same broken voice. "I need you, Beverly. If I could feel you wanted me, just a little! If you would only look at me once, like you used to . . . when I didn't want it . . . when I didn't know what it meant to have a woman think about a man the way you did about me. I didn't know what it meant! I know I'm a rotter, but for pity's sake can't you make me think I'm not!"

His head was close to hers. She was trembling, all her limbs were in upheaval under the flooding of compassion, dissolved by a strange dark force which she had not before experienced. Her eyes were on his tormented, riven face. But her mind resisted and her words came stiffly like a defense:

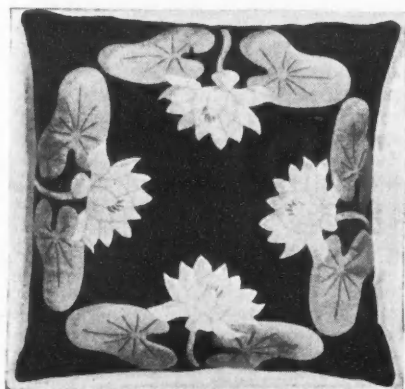
"I don't understand," she said, denying the understanding of her breast which was thrust forward, to pillow his unhappy head, to give him the peace he craved. Her arms rose jerkily, of their own volition.

"We two . . ." she said surprisingly and then the moment of revelation was shattered by Geoffrey's voice at the door.

[To be Concluded]

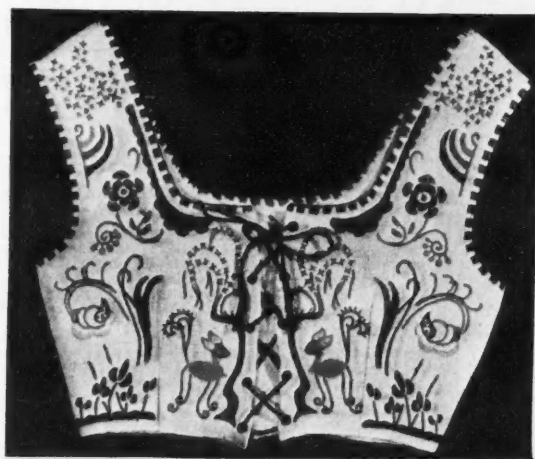
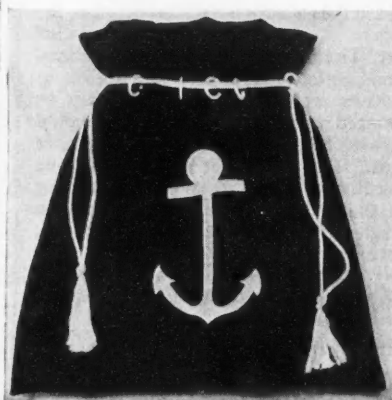
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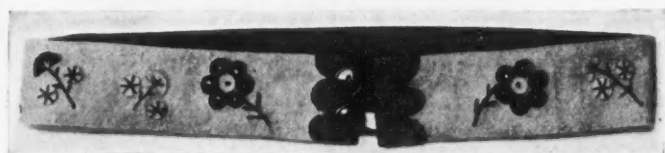


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ALFRED ROGERS, President ELWOOD A. HUGHES, General Manager

5296A

Canadian National EXHIBITION TORONTO

AUG. 27 TO SEPT. 11, 1937

Make It for Midsummer

This is Chatelaine Pattern No. 1600 - Price 15 cents

Available only by mail order to Pattern Dept.,
Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Number 1600.
This pattern
available
July 1.

Here's a cool, versatile frock that will keep you looking crisp and fresh as the traditional lettuce leaf, even in wilting weather. For sports or street, the plain frock, right, with its above-elbow length sleeves and simple, free swinging lines, would be delightful in pale pink linen, with Coronation blue belt and buttons. Or in a lovely blue green shade, with spruce green touches. In linen or cotton or denim or a shantung broadcloth; in a print if you like it.

Your same pattern makes the more formal frock at the left—with its feminine, frilly pep-

lum and fashionable lace inset yoke. It would be beautiful in one of the lovely sheers—in a plain or print. Do it in soft mimosa yellow with carnation red belt and buttons. Or in grey with purple or in black with white. Or one of the lovely pastel prints. It would be more festive, if you like, in a crisp silk marquisette or a silk chiffon.

Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 34 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch material for dress without contrasting yoke and without peplum, and ¾ yard of 44-inch organdy for sleeve stiffening.

Chatelaine's Home Improvement Contest

Chatelaine will pay \$25.00 for the best example of home improvements submitted each month.

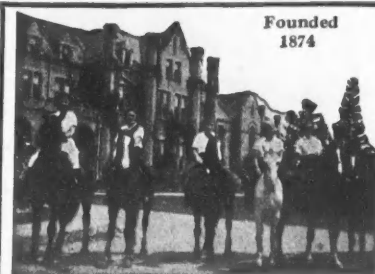
Each month Chatelaine pays \$25.00 for the best before-and-after photographs showing actual renovations undertaken by readers. In addition, interesting photographs that may not win the monthly prize will be bought by Chatelaine at usual space rates.

The amount of money you spend is not important. It's ideas we want — and actual photographs or sketches illustrating those ideas. Attach with your photographs a brief outline of the cost and detail of the plans involved.

The contest is for readers of Chatelaine anywhere in Canada, except employees of The MacLean Publishing Company and their immediate families.

Photograph your renovations, and submit them in our new Home Improvement Contest. Photographs of prize winning entries will appear shortly.

Send your entries to
HOME IMPROVEMENT DEPARTMENT
CHATELAINE INSTITUTE
481 University Ave., Toronto.



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1874

Ontario Ladies' College

WHITBY, ONTARIO

A Residential School for Girls

Beautiful situation in 100 acres of grounds. Complete Modern Education in attractive cultured environment. Public School to Honour Matriculation. Music, Art, Household Science, Secretarial Courses and Dramatics. Swimming Pool and Gymnasium. Resident Mistress of Physical Education—supervised Winter and Summer Sports. Riding on quiet country roads—Reopens Sept. 8th.

For Calendar apply to Principal.

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Day and Boarding School
for Junior and Senior Girls

LAWRENCE PARK WEST, TORONTO



Ideal situation in grounds of over twenty acres. From Kindergarten to Honours Matriculation. Music, Art, Physical Training. Courses in Household Science and Dietetics. Special care given to Junior Boarders.

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MISS G. E. MILLARD.



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Burning and swollen feet from golf, hiking and other summer activities readily relieved with H.Q.Z. Chiropodist's Foot Oil. Deodorant, antiseptic, healing. Write for trial bottle, enclosing ten cents, to

H.Q.Z. LABORATORIES,
64 Wellington St. West,
Toronto, Canada.

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With these culinary secrets from the
Chatelaine Institute

Five Service Bulletins

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Price 10 Cents — No. 2,200

MAN-MADE MEALS
Price 5 Cents — No. 2,204

WEDDING ETIQUETTE
Price 5 Cents — No. 400

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Price 5 Cents — No. 2,203

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THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE
Price 15 Cents — No. 2,201

Ask for Them by Number

CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS
481 University Avenue, Toronto

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When a Cook Tours

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Sliced or Halved Oranges
Cereal with Milk
Toast Bacon and Eggs Coffee
Luncheon
Vegetable Soup
Pickles Assorted Sandwiches Olives
Blueberries and Cream
Chelsea Buns
Lemon or Lime Drink

Dinner
Cold Meat
Potato, Celery and Onion Salad
Shredded Raw Carrot and Cabbage
Fresh Raspberry Shortcake
(use prepared flour) Coffee

SIXTH DAY

Breakfast
Fresh Fruit
Cereal
Pancakes (prepared flour) Coffee
Syrup
Luncheon
Cheese Toast and Bacon
Lettuce with French Dressing
Apple Sauce
Gingersnaps
Iced Grape Juice

Dinner
Fried Fish Steaks with Lemon
Mashed Potatoes Green Beans
Butterscotch Tapioca with Peanuts
Coffee

When You Can . .

(Continued from page 57)

mixture to boiling point, cover and simmer for ten minutes. Drip through a jelly bag. Measure the juice and sugar into a large saucepan, mix well and bring to boiling point over strong heat. Add the pectin at once, stirring constantly, bring to a full rolling boil and boil for one-half minute. Remove from the heat, skim, turn at once into hot, sterilized jelly glasses and seal.

Red Cherry Jelly

3 Cupfuls of red cherry juice
1 3-ounce package of powdered fruit pectin
4 Cupfuls of sugar

Wash and stem about three pounds of ripe, red cherries. Crush thoroughly in a large saucepan, but do not remove the pits. Cover with just enough water to prevent burning and cook slowly or simmer until the fruit is very soft. Strain through a cloth or jelly bag and measure three cupfuls of the juice, adding water if necessary to make exactly three cupfuls. Place over the heat and when the juice is hot but not quite boiling, stir in the powdered fruit pectin, making sure there are no lumps. Continue to stir the mixture until it begins to boil. As soon as it boils, add the sugar and stir until it is dissolved. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil for five minutes or until the jelly "sheets" from a spoon. Remove from the heat, skim and pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Seal and allow to remain undisturbed until set.

Syrups to Use in Canning Fruits

	Sugar	Water
Thin Syrup	1 Cupful	2 Cupfuls
Medium Syrup	1 Cupful	1 Cupful
Thick Syrup	2 Cupfuls	1 Cupful

Combine the sugar and water and boil together for five minutes.

Easy to Use!



Perfect Results!

Faded fabrics become new in a jiffy with Tintex. And what fashionable colors! 45 of them! 15¢ a package at drug and notion counters.

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

... the largest seller in the World!

FOR FREE BOOKLET, "Manual on Home Tinting and Dyeing", by Janet Powers, A.B., write Dept. 51, Box 1050, Montreal.

Over 350,000 Businessmen Have Accepted This Opportunity — "How to Win Friends and Influence People"

Every Real Businessman Realizes the Value of Winning People to His Way of Thinking

Ability to study people, make friends and influence the thinking processes of others is a great asset. A movement for education on this important subject is sweeping over the nation and the most spectacular force in that movement is Dale Carnegie. He started out to conduct merely a course in public speaking but the students who came were **businessmen**. Many of them hadn't seen a classroom for thirty years—they wanted results and they wanted them quick—results that they could use the next day.

Dale Carnegie was forced to be swift and practical, so he developed a system of training—a striking combination of salesmanship, human relations and applied psychology.

This system is available to every reader of this message in his book "How To Win Friends and Influence People."

More than 200,000 copies have already been sold. Many large companies are buying extra copies for their sales staffs.

Twelve things Dale Carnegie's system will do for YOU:

1. Get you out of a mental rut, give you new thoughts, new visions, new ambitions.
2. Enable you to make friends quickly and easily.
3. Increase your popularity.
4. Increase your influence, your prestige, your ability to get things done.
5. Help you to win people to your way of thinking.
6. Enable you to win new clients, new customers.
7. Increase your earning power.
8. Make you a better salesman, a better executive.
9. Help you to handle complaints, avoid arguments, keep your human contacts smooth and pleasant.
10. Make you a better speaker, a more entertaining conversationalist.
11. Make the principles of psychology easy for you to apply in your daily contacts.
12. Help you to arouse enthusiasm among your associates.

This 340-page book will be mailed promptly postpaid to any address in Canada upon receipt of cheque, postal or money order for \$2.00. Send order today to Business Book Company, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

The Smartest People use

SHU-MILK

to Safely
CLEAN and WHITEN
WHITE SHOES

Best Ever Used or Money Refunded



TOILET ODORS are a danger sign. They mean germs! And germs breed fast in hot weather. Don't take chances on an unsafe toilet bowl. Sani-Flush cleans and purifies—without scouring.

This odorless powder is made scientifically for toilets. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Then flush, and the job is done. Stains and spots vanish. The porcelain glistens. Odors go. Germs are killed. The hidden trap that no other method can reach is safe and sanitary. Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing.

It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and syndicate stores—30 and 15 cent sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Goodbye FRECKLES

Send for this true story of a freckled girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily—how her homely freckles made her miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft, smooth and beautiful.

Free BOOKLET Write—The Stillman Co. Toronto, Ont., Can., Dept. 390

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 69¢

BIT ON YOUR PORCH IN PEACE

This delightful cream keeps mosquitoes away. Will not soil clothing.



Potter & Moore's 35¢ TUBE ANTI-MOSQUITO CREAM

CHARM POPULARITY ROMANCE

COMPLEXION Dreams COME TRUE

Regular care with Cuticura is a wonderful way to help win and keep loveliness. FREE sample, write "Cuticura," Dept. 44D, 286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

MADE IN CANADA

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

Has Your Husband Made a Will?

(Continued from page 4)

appoint her executrix and save paying fees to an outsider. But if she is the kind of woman who can't balance her housekeeping money, someone else should be given the job.

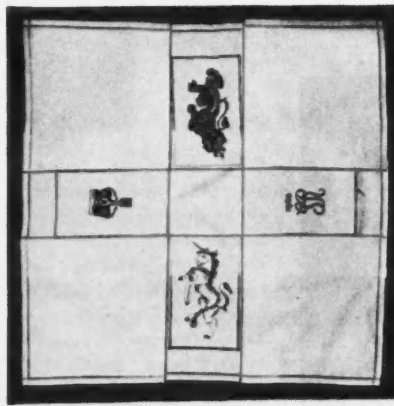
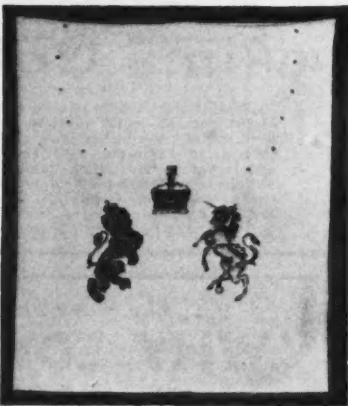
When an executor is chosen, either to act with the wife or for her, he should be someone who is honest, capable, and also congenial. Uncle John may be a fine fellow and a good golfer but have no head for business; Mr. Smith may be a friend of the husband's and a shrewd financier, but have a personality which the wife finds very trying; someone else may be clever, but none too scrupulous. An executor cannot be passed over because of bad character bankruptcy, or even felony, provided his crime had nothing to do with mishandling trust funds, and it has happened that some men carry on their executors' duties with jail as headquarters!

Considering the potential dangers of letting scatterbrained wives or incompetent executors handle estates, many people favor leaving their affairs in the hands of a trust company. I asked Judge Wearing if he approved of this. He replied that a trust company was absolutely essential if an estate was of considerable size and apparently would take several years for settlement. A trust company never dies but has a continuity of existence impossible to the most capable executor. Then, too, trust companies specialize in the work of settling estates, and have a wealth of experience unattainable by private execu-

tors. Also, trust companies are not called upon to give a bond for the faithful administration of the estate, which is often an expensive undertaking for private executors. On the other hand, in the case of most small estates the judge considered that there was no need of any trust company, especially when a wife, husband, or child was named as executor.

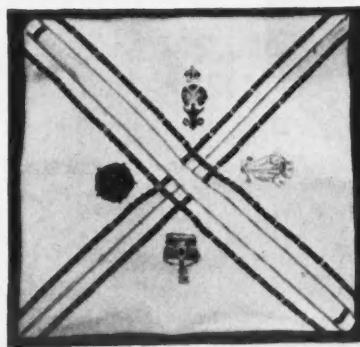
Besides providing for care of children where both parents die at the same time, it is now an everyday occurrence for wills to direct disposal of property in the event of a common disaster. Judge Wearing mentioned that such a thing was unheard of until about twenty years ago, but the prevalence of motor accidents has forced people more and more to take this precaution. In the judge's opinion this is an important development, because under English law, there is no presumption as to who died first in a double tragedy. Until this point is determined, affairs relating to the estates are often in absolute chaos.

Judge Wearing cited one remarkable case from his own experience, in which a couple seemed to have a premonition of doom. The wife owned property as well as the husband, and they had no children. Both made wills, and in hers, she asked that in the event of a common disaster, the wills be interpreted as though she had died first. That is, what she left to her husband would go into his estate, what she left to relatives would go to them exactly as arranged, and what her husband would have left her would be divided among other heirs. Each named the same man as sole executor. Within two months of drawing up the wills, both lost their lives in a summer resort fire. Because of the wife's instructions as to interpretation it was easy to settle the estates, whereas without them there would have been endless trouble and expense and perhaps hard feelings among the next of kin.



PRIZE EMBROIDERY

From hundreds of beautifully embroidered pieces, these three were picked as the big prize-winners in the recent Coronation contest, staged by the Canadian Spool Cotton Company. All the motifs to be embroidered, were symbols of the Coronation. The judges were impressed with the beautiful quality of the embroidery submitted.



First prize (above, left), went to Dr. Florence Stark of Cobalt, Ontario. Second prize (right), to Eleanor B. Turnbull, 61 Eastbourne Avenue, Toronto, and third prize (above, right), to Mrs. A. R. Wintermute, 62 Arthur Avenue, St. Thomas, Ont.

Do you quarrel in hot weather?
Do you know how to take a really cooling bath?
Do you eat too much — or too little, for your own good?
Read "WAKE UP AND PLAY" in AUGUST CHATELAINE.
A sparkling challenge to get the most out of life in hot weather.

CHANGED HER SHOES FIVE TIMES A DAY

Suffered for 20 Years with Rheumatism

Try and picture the life this woman led for twenty years—changing her shoes several times a day in a vain endeavor to attain some relief from the rheumatic pains that were constantly troubling her. Then imagine her joy when she found that Kruschen was driving away the rheumatism. This is what she writes:—

"I have been using Kruschen Salts for four years. For twenty years previously I had suffered with my feet, sometimes changing my shoes five times a day, and frequently sitting without any as the pain was so great. Now I can wear the same pair of shoes all day with comfort. I cannot speak too highly of Kruschen Salts. Only those who had been in constant pain with their feet for years can realize what it is to be free."—(Mrs.) E. A.

It is deposits of excess uric acid, lodging between the joints, which are frequently the cause of rheumatism. Kruschen Salts contain two ingredients—sodium and potassium—which are effective solvents of uric acid.

CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly relieve pain; stop pressure on the sore spot and safely remove callouses. Cost but a trifle. Also sizes for Corns, Bunions, Soft Corns. Sold everywhere.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

ONLY worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. By insisting on trade-marked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

WASH all his FLEAS Away!

How your doggy will enjoy his Skip-Flea Soap Bath! Fleas dead, skin soft, no odor, coat sleek and glossy! Look in the bathwater! See those brown specks? They're dead fleas!

Skip-Flea Soap is Guaranteed to kill fleas or your money back. Large cake only 25¢.

Sergeant's Skip-Flea Powder contains the most powerful flea-killing agent known to science. Dust it on. Its powerful action lasts. Sold by Drug and Pet Stores. Ask them for a FREE copy of Sergeant's Dog Book, or write: SERGEANT'S DOG MEDICINES, Ltd. 169 Dufferin St. • Toronto, Ontario

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

Double Your Money Back

IF Libby's

**Deep Browned Beans are not
the Finest You Have
Ever Tasted!**

Libby's will pay you **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** if you don't agree these Deep-Browned Beans are the best you have ever tasted from *every* standpoint!: 1. Flavour; 2. Texture; 3. Colour. But we *know* you're going to like Deep-Browned Beans made by Libby's new exclusive "Deep Browning" method. We *know* your taste is in for a new thrill.

Plump, sound beans are "done" so thoroughly by Libby's new method of cooking that each and every bean is browned through to the very centre, leaving them firm but tender, deliciously mealy. **EVERY** bean is the same uniform, richer flavour . . . not overdone, not underdone . . . just right. And the sauce — there's added goodness! The tempting tang of ruddy tomatoes, plus zestful seasoning. Four delicious varieties — with or without pork, pork and molasses, and for those who prefer them, Kidney Beans with pork.

Try Libby's Deep-Browned Beans to-day. If you don't agree that Libby's Deep-Browned Beans have a more zestful flavour — a finer texture — and a more appetizing colour, simply write and tell us why, sending the label with your name and address, your grocer's name and the purchase price — and Libby's will give you double your money back. You *can't* lose. You either get a new taste thrill or your money back — doubled!

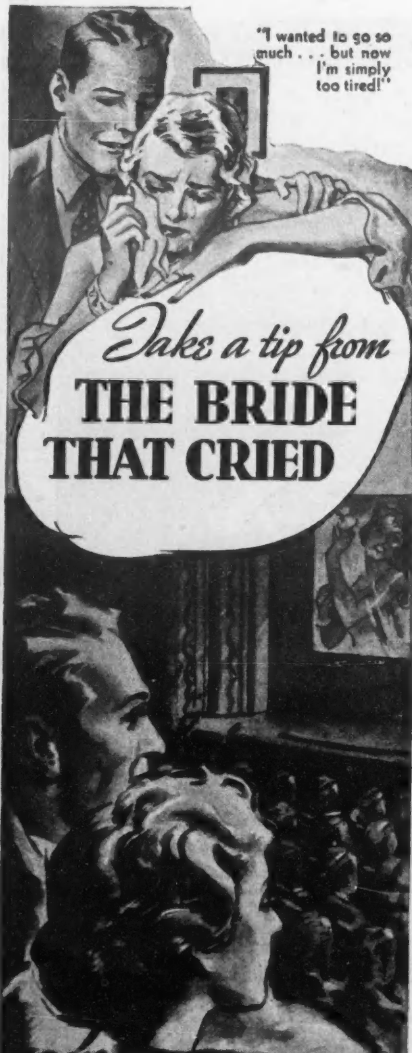
**LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY OF CANADA, LIMITED,
Chatham, Ontario**



Your choice of Libby's Deep-Browned Beans
with

1. Pork and Tomato Sauce.
2. Vegetarian with Tomato Sauce (without meat).
3. Pork and Molasses.
4. Kidney Beans with Pork.





Take a tip from THE BRIDE THAT CRIED

Go places...

ON WASHDAYS TOO!

Get a Westinghouse washer and enjoy the new freedom from that weary washday "stay-at-home" feeling... Let Westinghouse cushioned action washing do the tiring work for you... quickly... easily... and without back-breaking scrubbing. And you'll save money at the same time, because Westinghouse cushioned action saves your clothes from wear and tear... actual competitive tests have proved this to be a fact! Remember too that Westinghouse quality and precision construction represent extra value for every dollar you spend in laundry equipment.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE CO., LTD.
HAMILTON, CANADA



SIX MODELS
TO CHOOSE FROM
PRICED FROM
\$79.50

up (slightly higher in
West and Maritimes)
Ask your Westing-
house dealer for
demonstration

Westinghouse
Cushioned Action WASHERS

It's News

by Lotta Dempsey

NEW IDEA OF CHARITY NEEDED

By the time you read this, delegates from Canada's 700 branches of the Catholic Women's League will have finished their convention in Kingston, Ont., and in all likelihood Florence Boland, a worker in the organization since 1918, will again be president. There was more round table discussion and less mass lecturing this time. A lot of emphasis on the social service work the League does in such large measure.

"The trouble with charity is that people have forgotten how to give it in the right spirit. If they'd just remember the old theme, 'Love thy neighbor,' and give service as well as substance, it would be happier all round," says Miss Boland. "We don't believe charity should be a matter of cold officialdom — but, of course, we're careful to choose people who have a bent for social service work to take it on."

She's one of a family of 12 and lives with three brothers and two sisters in the Toronto house in which they were born. Besides her League work, she's chairman of the Mothers' Allowance Board for Toronto, manages to keep house in a highly efficient manner and, when she has a little spare time, plays golf!

TIPS ON TELEPHONING

It's simply amazing the number of people who don't know how to talk over a telephone. It's come to such a pass that telephone companies have started issuing little booklets with special suggestions. One I got hold of the other day had a lot of bright ideas, especially for the people who say things like "wadjado" for "what did you do," or who step four paces back from the mouthpiece before saying anything. Half an inch should be your deadline for distance from the mouthpiece. If you say 378 words in three minutes (that's the ordinary conversational rate of the average individual) you're doing very well. And remember that the telephone is made to carry sounds no louder than those used in ordinary conversation.

Nowhere in the world does your voice so definitely take on your personality than over the telephone. In this case, your voice is you. So why not smile with it? (So suggests the

booklet.) Some tricky words that get mixed up over the wire are nine and five, oh, four and eight, and, strange as it may seem, two and three. Be especially distinct when using them.

Here are three first-class exercises that will not only make you a first-class telephone conversationalist, but help you to speak distinctly in general:

To exercise the lips: (1) extend them forward in open circular form; then let them relax and return to normal. Repeat several times. (2) Starting with lips closed, puff them apart with the breath, as for the sound of "p" in the word "part," and repeat this rapidly. (3) Repeat, adding the various vowel sounds, in order, as "pah," "pay," etc. (4) Again repeat, substituting the "b" sound, as, "bah," "bay," etc.

To exercise the tongue: (1) with mouth well open, curve tip of tongue upward to touch gums just back of front teeth, and return to normal. Repeat several times, gradually speeding up. (2) Repeat, sounding "lah" each time tongue is lowered. (3) Again repeat, successively using the sounds "tah," "nah," and "dah."

To exercise the jaw: (1) drop the jaw, with muscles relaxed, far enough to permit inserting the thumb sideways between the teeth. Return to closed position, and repeat several times. (2) Repeat, sounding the syllable "mah" each time the jaw is dropped. (3) Repeat, using the sounds "maw" and "moh." Avoid any forcing down or stiffening of the jaw. It should drop loosely.

WOMEN NO GOOD AT RACING



him in Toronto, bound for a fishing trip, after his spectacular winning of the Indianapolis Race and some thirty odd thousand dollars. "You see," he explained to me, "I walk the floor all night before a race. I'm so scared I think I'll die. It's not the actual racing that a girl couldn't take — the high tension pounding around the speedway. It's the two days before—that awful nerve-wrenching, heart-pounding time. It would be too much for a woman."

Once he gets on the track, Wilbur's all right. He isn't so scared any more. Not like he is in ordinary traffic when you don't know what the heck a man or woman's going to do in the car

ahead or behind. Just the same, he's seen five people crack up in fatal accidents right ahead of him in the years he's been racing, and he's spent his own quota of time in the hospital with broken bones. So he's going to race the Roosevelt track in New York and then quit. Wedding bells in the offing and the girl says no to racing. And believe you me, says Wilbur, he's going to stop that young brother of his who's already rigged up an old bus and is tearing up the track. "Cool customer, though," he says, with admiration, "smart kid."

So I'm not laying any heavy bets on the retirement of the Shaws, elder and younger.

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Growing lovelier day by day...
 The Dionne Quins use only
PALMOLIVE
the soap made with Olive Oil!



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**NURSE LEROUX, WITH THE QUINS SINCE THEIR BIRTH,
 TELLS WHAT PALMOLIVE CAN DO FOR YOU!**

HOW I ENVY THE QUINS THEIR SOFT,
 SMOOTH COMPLEXIONS, NURSE LEROUX!

WE KEEP THEM THAT WAY,
 MADAME, BY USING ONLY
 PALMOLIVE. DR. DAFOE FOUND
 NO OTHER SOAP SOOTHING
 ENOUGH FOR THE
 QUINS' UNUSUALLY
 SENSITIVE SKIN.

YOU WOULD FIND PALMOLIVE
 BETTER FOR YOUR SKIN, TOO.
 ITS LATHER IS GENTLER, MORE
 SOOTHING—BECAUSE PALMOLIVE
 IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL. GIRLS
 WHO USE PALMOLIVE NEVER NEED
 FEAR DRY, LIFELESS,
 "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! IF
 PALMOLIVE IS BEST FOR
 THE QUINS BECAUSE IT IS
 MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, THEN
 PALMOLIVE IS CERTAINLY
 THE COMPLEXION SOAP
 FOR ME!

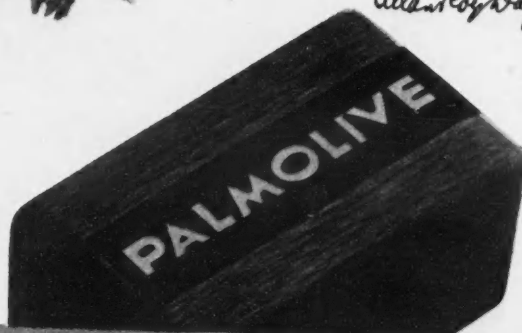
**IS THE SOAP YOU ARE USING
 AS GENTLE AS PALMOLIVE?**

Are you *sure* the soap you're now using
 is as pure, gentle and safe as Palmolive?
 You *know* that Palmolive is made
 from a blend of real beauty ingredients,
 gentle, soothing Olive and Palm oils
 —famous as beauty aids since lovely
 Cleopatra's time.
 That is why Palmolive gives your
 skin such matchless beauty care . . .
 Why more than any other soap, it
 brings you the promise of a lovelier,
 more alluring complexion!

**DR. DAFOE TELLS WHY
 HE CHOSE PALMOLIVE!**

"At the time of the birth of the
 Dionne Quintuplets, and for some
 time afterward, they were bathed with
 Olive Oil . . . When the time arrived
 for soap and water baths, we selected
 Palmolive Soap exclusively for daily
 use in bathing these famous babies."

Allen Roy Dafoe



TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY, USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS